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A SHORT HISTORY OF GERMANY

BY

ERNEST F. HENDERSON

VOLUME II

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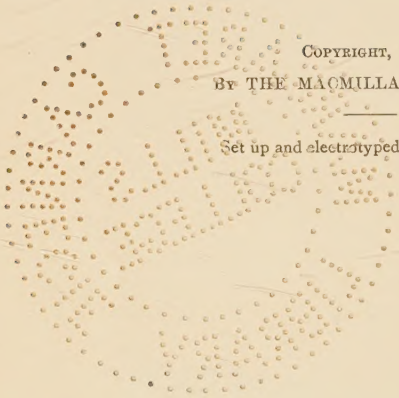

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A SHORT HISTORY OF GERMANY

CHAPTER I

THE RISE OF THE PRUSSIAN MONARCHY

LITERATURE: A storehouse of information for all that concerns Prussian history is the series known as *Forschungen zur brandenburgischen und preussischen Geschichte*. Eberty, *Geschichte des preussischen Staates*, must be used with caution. In Schmoller, *Umrisse und Untersuchungen*, are many valuable studies on economic matters. Tuttle's *History of Prussia* has its merits, but is partial and occasionally uncritical. Erdmannsdörfer, in his *Deutsche Geschichte*, 1648-1740, is good but does not devote much space to Prussia. Pierson, *Preussische Geschichte*, is up to date with his facts. Waddington, *L'acquisition de la couronne royale de Prusse par les Hohenzollern*, is a valuable study. Dohna's *Mémoires* are interesting. Varnhagen von Ense's *Leben der Königin von Preussen Sophie Charlotte* is charming.

The early margraves of Brandenburg.

LEAVING aside for a moment the general history of Germany, it becomes necessary to trace the steps by which one state rose so high above the rest that it finally became the acknowledged head and leader. Up to the accession in 1640 of that Frederick William who was later known as the Great Elector, the family of Hohenzollern could boast of no very distinguished members, and their territory consisted of scattered provinces with no real bond of union. The Mark Brandenburg had been in Hohenzollern hands for two centuries and a quarter, and the early margraves, save for fulfilling their occasional duties as electors of the Holy Roman Empire, had spent their time in conflicts with their own nobles and cities. Frederick I., on whom, at

the Council of Constance, the Emperor Sigismund had conferred the Mark, in recognition of his belligerent ways and administrative talents, had devoted his life and fortune to improving the land. He gained the upper hand of the Quitzows, Rochows, Alvenslebens, and other independent minded noble families by the aid of "Faule Grete," or "Lazy Peg," — a very ordinary cannon to those who view it to-day outside of the Berlin Arsenal, but an instrument of coercion without its peer in the early fifteenth century. Margrave Frederick II. tried much the same kind of argument against the citizens of Berlin, and finally built a strong fortress in their midst, which forms part of the present castle. This same Frederick II. it was who purchased from the insolvent Teutonic Order the province known as the New Mark, stretching from the Oder on the west, and the Warthe on the south, far north into Pomerania. Thus was inaugurated that specially Hohenzollern policy of widening the inherited boundaries. From that day to this, with but one or two exceptions, each ruler in turn, by inheritance, by purchase, by conquest, or by peaceful annexation, has added something to his original domains.

Joachim I.

Brandenburg's attitude in the great religious conflicts of the sixteenth century, was dubious and unfortunate ; there was no attempt to take an independent stand, and there were times when, in the larger affairs of the empire, the electorate was merely the satellite of Saxony. At the time of Martin Luther's great activity the elector was Joachim I., a stern, just man, essentially of legal mind, — the same who introduced Roman law into the land, and established at Berlin the first general supreme court for all the marks or provinces. He travelled around to see that his cities were well governed, reformed the weights and measures, tried to put down the all-pervading tendency to luxury in dress, and even organized an effective fire service. For

theology he cared little; astrology was far more to his taste; and once, when the destruction of Berlin by lightning had been foretold for a certain day, he drove out to the Tempelhof heights to witness the spectacle. If, therefore, in spite of the fact that many of his subjects cherished Lutheran sympathies, he emphatically declared for the Catholic cause, the grounds of his action were chiefly political. He feared that a change of religion would bring about a revolution, and, indeed, laid the whole blame of the Peasants' War to the new teachings. Having once taken his ground, he maintained it with great determination, joining with those who urged Charles V. to break his safe-conduct to Luther, and threatening to put to death his own wife, the daughter of the Danish king, whom he one day discovered to have partaken of the Holy Communion in both forms. The electress fled to Saxony, where she spent three months under the humble roof of Luther and his wife, and then settled in a castle near Wittenberg.

The Reformation accepted.

More important than the electress's own choice of a faith, is the fact that her eldest son shared her views; and, in truth, four years after his accession, in 1539, Joachim II. formally and publicly threw off the mask by taking the Lutheran communion at the hands of the newly converted Bishop of Brandenburg. In the course of an additional three years all the necessary changes were made, the monasteries dissolved, the chief power in religious affairs placed in the hands of a consistory. Not that Joachim II. was a man who would have followed his religious convictions, had they not guided him in the line of his advantage; it was well known to him that a very large proportion of his subjects were by this time Lutherans, and that, by taking this course, he could induce the estates to assume the heavy debts of the crown. The steps by which Brandenburg

became the bulwark of Protestantism in the North were not, therefore, greatly to her credit. Nor even after making his choice could Joachim II. bring himself to abandon altogether the Roman Catholic ceremonial; he loved the music, the incense, and the fine garments, — predilections which brought him more than once into conflict with his own clergy. One of them, Buchholzer, complained to Luther, who laughed at him for his scruples, and bade him, so long as his master was firm on the main points, to wear as many surplices as the elector desired, whether of velvet, or of silk, or of linen, or of all three at once. "And," the reformer went on, "if it please his Electoral Highness, he may leap and dance with harps, cymbals, drums, and bells, like David before the tabernacle of the Lord."

The Cleves heritage.

Thus far the possessions of the House of Hohenzollern had been very modest indeed; but two generations after Joachim, under Elector John Sigismund, the grandfather of the Great Elector, there came a great change. Of the acquisitions to the eastward we shall speak in another connection; for the present, it is enough to trace the steps by which Brandenburg achieved three Rhenish provinces.

The territory known as the Duchy of Cleves was, in reality, a conglomeration of small states, extending along both sides of the Rhine from Remagen to Holland, and completely surrounding the great bishopric of Cologne. In addition to Cleves proper, there were Julier, Berg, Mark, and Ravensburg, which had been in one hand for exactly a hundred years. The situation of these lands, so readily accessible from France, from the Spanish Netherlands, and from Holland, would have rendered them important, apart from the fact that they were naturally very fertile, and even then centres of a busy trade. Julier was and is responsible for much of the commercial product that is known to the world as "brown Holland." Already, for

many years before the death of the mad Duke of Cleves, John William, who was the last male of his line, there had been claimants to the regency, and ultimately to the crown, as numerous as the lands which composed the heritage. Duke William, the father of John William, had tried to forestall the present difficulty by drawing up a document, accepted and sworn to by all of his children, which appointed the eldest daughter, Maria Leonora, and her heirs, the rightful successors to the childish imbecile whose reign, it was assumed, would be but short. Maria Leonora herself had no sons, but her daughter had married the young Brandenburg elector, and to him she delegated all her rights. Immediately on hearing of the death of John William, which took place at last in 1609, John Sigismund sent to take formal possession of the vacant lands, with all the pomp and ceremony that were known to the age. In the presence of a notary, his envoy seized the great ring on the gate of the chancery building in Cleves, opened it, entered, and laid claim to all the lands that could be seen from the windows, as well as to all that had been administered from Cleves as a centre; he then nailed up the Brandenburg coat of arms on the front of the great edifice. It had been arranged that the same proceedings should be gone through with in Düsseldorf for Berg and Julier; but here, to his astonishment, John Sigismund's envoy found on his arrival that he was too late. Envoys of the Count Palatine of Neuburg, Wolfgang William, son of a younger sister of Maria Leonora, were already at work, Pfalz-Neuburg's contention being that the whole duchy was a "manfief," and that, in default of male heirs on the elder sister's part, the succession fell to himself. Thus was started a *cause célèbre* of the seventeenth century, and one that was not to be entirely settled until the Congress of Vienna, in 1815. In view of a common danger that threatened them

from other powers, Pfalz-Neuburg and the elector came to a temporary agreement, by which the elector was to administer the affairs of Cleves, Mark, and Ravensburg — which he never after, as a matter of fact, let out of his hands — and Pfalz-Neuburg was to administer those of Julier and Berg.

Austria, Spain, and France take sides.

The circumstance that both of these pretendants were Protestant, and that, by the provisions of the Peace of Augsburg the ruler of a land might impose his own religion on his subjects, awakened a great fear in Austria and in Spain. The loss of this territory would be a serious calamity for the Catholic church; there was risk of the neighboring Cologne, which had once or twice wavered, becoming Protestantized, and of the Spanish Netherlands being completely cut off from the Westphalian bishoprics. The Hapsburg emperor, accordingly, Rudolph II., as a last resort brought forward a claim of his own: land, the title of which was in dispute, belonged for the time being to the crown. Rudolph sent as commissioner his own brother, Leopold, and bade him establish himself in Julier and carry on the administration. To no man could such an errand have been more agreeable than to this ambitious prince, who dreamed of an alliance with Spain, the Pope, and the Catholic League, which should enable him, after completing his present task, to march to Bohemia, stifle that discontent which, as we know now, was to culminate in the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War, and perhaps place the Bohemian crown on his own head. But the Protestant holders of Cleves and Julier could also boast of strong support. Henry IV. of France — though mainly driven to make war on Spain by the mad desire to have back his mistress, whom her husband, the Prince of Condé, had placed under the care of the Spanish government in the Netherlands — was able to bring about a league between

England, Holland, Savoy, and the Protestant Union. By the summer of 1610, it was hoped, an army of thirty-three thousand men would be before the walls of the town of Julier. Young Christian of Anhalt was to be commander-in-chief of the combined forces, while Henry himself was to march at the head of the French troops.

John Sigismund becomes a Calvinist.

The dagger of Ravaillac frustrated all these plans; the Catholics had raised an army against which Henry was on the point of marching, when this fanatic, incensed at the thought of a French king in league with heretics, put an end to the monarch's life. On Henry's shoulders had rested the burden of the war, his death betokened a complete change of policy in France. One by one the allied powers fell away, and Pfalz-Neuburg and Brandenburg were left in Cleves-Julier to their own devices; they drove out the Archduke Leopold and administered the duchies themselves, though in no great mutual concord. One day Pfalz-Neuburg had the hardihood to suggest that he should marry a daughter of the elector, and that her dowry should be the disputed provinces. The result was a quarrel, fierce, sharp, and full of consequences. John Sigismund is said to have boxed the ears of the audacious youth, whom he considered far below himself in rank, and Wolfgang William soon afterward, by way of revenge and in order to gain the support of Spain and Bavaria, turned Catholic and married the sister of the Bavarian Duke. John Sigismund himself, ostensibly to gain rest for his conscience, but in reality, so far as can be judged, in order to stand well with the Dutch, went over to Calvinism. Here was a complication of vast importance for the future of the electorate: the ruling house pledged to a faith that was almost as much hated as Catholicism by the majority of the subjects. The bitter rivalry between the two denominations, the "reformed," as they were called,

and the Lutherans, was to endure almost down to our own day. John Sigismund himself incurred the unbending opposition of his more powerful estates. Whenever he made a demand for money, his defection from the established religion was cast up in his face. At one local diet after another complaints and resolutions on the subject were brought forward; while openly from the pulpit the elector was branded as an apostate. A tumult in Berlin ended in the storming of the houses of the Calvinistic preachers. But John Sigismund was fully able to hold his own. "A cow is liker to a windmill than your actions to your office," he wrote to the clergy of Küstrin, "and your conscience shows such gaps that a coach-and-four could drive through!"

Brandenburg in the Thirty Years' War.

The reason for all this animosity was, that Calvinism and Lutheranism had come to be the banners under which liberals fought against conservatives, and the nobles of Brandenburg resented the alliance of their king with a religious party which so directly encouraged republican ideas. Just so the Calvinism of the "Winter King" had estranged the upper classes in Bohemia. The most favorable ground that the new teachings encountered had been in the republics of Switzerland and Holland. Partly on account of her religious disunity, but also for many other reasons, the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War found Brandenburg utterly unprepared to play any rôle at all on the stage of general affairs. Her elector at the time, John Sigismund's son, George William, was one of the weakest to whom history can point. His panegyrists might say at the time that majesty "radiated from his face," but his own descendant, Frederick the Great, when drawing the sum of this life, knew better; in his memoirs he calls his ancestor "a sovereign incapable of governing, with a minister who was traitor to his country." This minister, Schwarz-

enburg, a Catholic supposed to have been in the bigoted Ferdinand II.'s pay, frustrated every good and progressive measure that was by any chance brought forward. He it was who, at the time of the terrible Restitution Edict, induced George William to dally so long with Gustavus Adolphus; he it was who, in 1635, gathered the elector into the fold of the Prague Peace. The shame of it all was that scarcely an effort was made to protect Brandenburg's boundaries; every army in turn marched through the land unmolested, or went into winter quarters, as it pleased. There was some justification for neutrality, but this was a weak, nerveless neutrality, during which the country suffered the worst that unbridled enemies could inflict. The finances went from bad to worse, although the extravagance at court continued as before; the elector, touched by no misfortune that did not immediately concern himself, showed and encouraged an unseemly levity when talking of the most serious affairs.

George William's position, it must be acknowledged, could not well have been more difficult. Allied as he was by family ties to Gustavus Adolphus on the one hand and to the "Winter King" on the other, his own particular interests led him to the side of the emperor, — a complicated state of affairs that caused him to follow his own natural bent and adopt no consistent policy whatever. At the time of his death, in 1640, the land was in such an utterly wretched and hopeless condition — with untilled fields and great gaps of ruined houses in the towns and villages — that the estates stormed the new elector with requests to put an end at all costs to the miserable war. This he did by abandoning his companions of the Prague Peace, and making his own agreement with Sweden.

The young Frederick William, known as the Great Elector, was the greatest contrast to his father that could

The accession of the Great Elector.

possibly be imagined. Strong, unhesitating, and clear-minded by nature, he had besides enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education in a foreign country. Sent at the age of fifteen to the university town of Leyden, he had remained in the Netherlands some four years, enjoying an intellectual atmosphere far different from that of his own impoverished, misgoverned, and unrespected land. These were the days of Peter Paul Rubens, of Rembrandt, and of Van Dyke; of the great jurists who had worshipped at the feet of Hugo Grotius; and of the philosopher Descartes, whose works were published in Holland when forbidden in France. Here the young Hohenzollern had learned to know and appreciate a really flourishing state, where manufactures throve, and where every available piece of land was under cultivation, even if it had previously been a marsh or a fen. On his accession to the electoral throne of Brandenburg he was possessed of two clearly defined aims: to build up agriculture and trade, and to protect them with a strong army. If he progressed but slowly in both these matters, his success in another direction, in that of diplomacy, was the more apparent. It was in part due to him that the minor German states had independent representation in the great peace congress at Münster and Osnabrück, and almost wholly his work that Calvinists were allowed to partake of the blessings of the Westphalian Treaty. His efforts, indeed, at this congress to rescue Pomerania, Brandenburg's lawful birthright, from the fangs of Sweden, proved of no avail; but by unfolding all the wiliness that was one of his chief characteristics, he obtained in compensation the bishoprics of Halberstadt, Minden, and Cammin, the county of Hohenstein, and the succession to Magdeburg, possessions which served as a bridge to Cleves, Mark, and Ravensburg, and made it easier to unite these alien districts into one great whole.

The secularization of the Teutonic Order.

In the meantime, another Hohenzollern possession, lying entirely outside of the boundaries of the Holy Roman Empire, was beginning to assume immense importance. We must consider in some detail how it became finally so amalgamated with the Mark Brandenburg as to give its name to the whole new state. Prussia, or Bo-Russia, the once flourishing land of the famous Teutonic Order, had been, since the Treaty of Thorn, in 1466, completely under the heel of Poland. One half of it, West Prussia, had been actually incorporated in that land, while, with regard to the portion that remained, the grand masters of the order, each in turn, were obliged to take a humiliating oath of vassalage. To this state of affairs, after half a century of servitude, an effort was made by the order itself to apply a remedy. The cry was raised that the land so long subject to Poland was rightfully a fief of the empire. In their palmier days the knights would never have acknowledged it; but now, in order to enforce their view, they determined to elect as grand master some German prince of influence, who would make it his chief care to free them from the Polish yoke. Their choice fell on Albert, head of the Culmbach-Baireuth line of Hohenzollern, and his first step was to refuse to Poland the customary act of homage. In the beginning all went well; Albert was encouraged by the Emperor Maximilian, by the other German princes, and by many of the knights themselves, who, grown rich and powerful, were scattered in different commanderies throughout the empire. But it soon became apparent that the promises had been but glittering generalities, and that of actual assistance little or none was forthcoming. For eleven years Albert labored conscientiously, and even succeeded, largely by sacrificing his own private property, in raising an army of eight thousand mercenaries, with which he attacked the immeasur-

ably greater forces of Poland. He failed signally, was reduced to great straits, and finally, after in vain storming the empire for aid, took a step that from many quarters drew down upon him bitter opprobrium.

The Reformation had made great progress within the lands of the order; many of the knights had become convinced of the truth of its teachings, and Albert himself finally succumbed to the general trend. Appealing to Luther to know what he should do with the trust that had been imposed upon him, he was told that in its present condition the order was "a thing serviceable neither to God nor to man," and had better cease to exist. The outcome of it was that Albert pronounced the order's dissolution, reorganized it into a secular duchy with himself at its head, made the ducal dignity hereditary in his own family, and eventually did homage, but in a purely secular capacity, to Poland, whose king agreed to defend him against all the world; those of the knights who followed him were made feudal proprietors with subvassals. The German division of the order, indeed, under their own *Teutschmeister* at Mergentheim, raised a hue and cry at various diets, and caused Charles V. to threaten the author of such innovations with severe punishments, and even to put him in the ban of the empire — a weapon, however, that by this time was well blunted. Albert lived down all opposition, and when he died his like-named son succeeded him without further disturbance.

Coenfeoffment with Prussia.

Brandenburg and Prussia were now alike in the hands of Hohenzollerns, though of different branches of the family. The next step was to gain from the king of Poland coenfeoffment, or the right of the two lines to enter into a mutual-heritage compact, by which, on the extinction of the house of Culmbach-Baireuth, Prussia was to pass to the electoral branch. It was Joachim II., the sponsor of

the Reformation, who at last succeeded in doing this. He had married a Polish princess, and he prevailed upon his father-in-law and suzerain, in 1568, to grant him the much-coveted reversion. Toward the end of the sixteenth century the long-looked-for contingency became more and more imminent. Albert II. of Prussia had no sons, but two daughters; of these, to make matters doubly sure, Elector Joachim Frederick married one, his son John Sigismund, for his second wife, the other. Albert II., long a hopeless imbecile, died at last in 1618, and John Sigismund, only four years after securing Cleves, Mark, and Ravensburg, fell heir also to Prussia. It remained to be seen what his grandson, the Great Elector, could do in the way of lifting the ominous shadow of Polish supremacy.

The Polish-Swedish wars.

To this object, after the Peace of Westphalia, the Great Elector devoted his chief attention. If he achieved it by a tortuous and somewhat equivocal policy, the only excuse is that duplicity was the key-note of seventeenth-century statecraft, and that the only difference between Frederick William and the princes with whom he had to deal, was in point of cleverness. Well, indeed, has this elector been likened to the old familiar Reinicke Fuchs; at one moment in really desperate straits, the next moment we find him master of the situation. Nor does he ever relax his grim determination to make his land respected among the nations; unmercifully does he tax his impoverished subjects to pay for his army and his state improvements. He is reduced at times to borrowing small sums right and left; he even falls into the old and fatal error of inflating the currency. And with it all, through policy and not through love of luxury, he is obliged to keep up a magnificence at court out of all proportion to the resources of the land. Foreign princes are to be shown that an elector of Brandenburg and duke of Prussia is not in any way their inferior. In

his designs for becoming free from the yoke of vassalage, Frederick William was assisted by a war that broke out between his liege lord of Poland and that Charles Gustavus of Pfalz-Zweibrücken in whose favor the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus had just abdicated the Swedish throne. John Casimir had disputed the new monarch's right, and had been told significantly that Charles Gustavus would prove it by no less than thirty thousand witnesses. Sweden was only too glad to employ in a foreign war her *soldatesca*, withdrawn from German soil by the terms of the Peace of Westphalia, and always troublesome. An army was soon despatched to Poland by way of Pomerania. The elector, across whose lands the Swedes passed without asking leave, was in a quandary; as vassal of Poland he was bound in honor to give assistance to that power, but if he did the enemy would sack his towns. He tried to remain neutral, but that would not suffice; Charles Gustavus, whose first campaign was phenomenally successful, returned with a portion of his troops, and demanded categorically whether the elector intended to be friend or foe. Having, in his efforts to gain allies, met everywhere with a not-undeserved mistrust, there was nothing left for Frederick William but to make what terms he could. He closed at Königsberg, in 1656, the first of his long series of treaties with regard to Prussia, repudiating the Polish suzerainty, but becoming on even harder terms the vassal of Sweden. All harbors were to be opened to Swedish vessels, tolls and customs were to be equally divided, a sum of money was to be paid at each investiture, and a contingent sent to the royal army. But suddenly the whole aspect of affairs changed, and Sweden was no longer in the ascendent. John Casimir, reënforced by the Tartars and Cossacks under the hetman Chmieliecki, succeeded in rousing the Poles to one last despairing effort. War to the death was declared against

this foreigner, this Charles Gustavus who blasphemed God by violating and plundering churches and monasteries; the Virgin Mary was solemnly proclaimed queen of Poland, and a day set apart on which to worship her in her new capacity. A great confidence of victory seized on the people; John Casimir boasted that his Tartars would breakfast on Brandenburgers and Swedes. With an army of sixty thousand, he marched against Warsaw, drove out the hostile garrison, and possessed himself of the rich treasure accumulated by the enemy.

Battle of Warsaw and Treaty of Wehlau.

By Frederick William the new crisis was welcomed as an opportunity for improving his footing with Sweden. In the treaty of Marienburg he offered to take the field on the Swedish side, if Charles Gustavus would guarantee to him Posen, Kalisch, and other Polish provinces. Then he set to work to show what his alliance was worth, and found his opportunity in the remarkable three days' battle waged for the recapture of Warsaw. Never did new troops more brilliantly sustain their baptism of fire; by means of bold manœuvres, by changing the point of attack in the teeth of the heavy fire, the Swedish-Brandenburg army finally routed an enemy which outnumbered it four to one. Warsaw was taken and plundered, and many of its pictures and statues found their way to Berlin, not to speak of the rich columns that went to adorn the palace of the electress at Oranienburg.

It did not suit Frederick William completely to annihilate the Polish power. He prevented the Swedes from following up their victory, and himself withdrew to Prussia, under pretext of defending that province against the Lithuanians. The Poles rallied once more, and while Charles Gustavus was absent, inflicting a severe chastisement on the Danes, retook Warsaw and Kalisch. The elector perceived how, in this emergency more than ever, Sweden

would need his alliance, and took the opportunity of screwing his terms to the highest point. In the Treaty of Labiau, the third in this eventful year of 1656, he induced Sweden to recognize him as "supreme, absolute, and sovereign" duke of Prussia. But he knew well that this guarantee alone would not suffice; that the Poles, reënforced by Tartars and Russians, were quite as much to be feared as the Swedes; instead of going to war, however, he preferred to gain his end by peaceful means. Five days after the Treaty of Labiau he commenced secretly negotiating with the Poles for a similar acknowledgment on their part, offering to renounce, in return, the Polish provinces which Sweden had assured to him by the Treaty of Marienburg. It was, of course, double dealing of the rankest kind. Of the new treaty, signed at Wehlau in 1657, Sweden was to be kept in ignorance, until the elector could make sure that Austria would help him in the event of a war with his recent ally. The old Emperor Ferdinand III., had just died, and Frederick William's vote had promised to become the decisive one in the new election, for the reason that the electoral college would otherwise be evenly divided. It was his doing, then, that Leopold, who was to fill the imperial throne for the next half-century, was finally chosen, and, naturally, the favor was returned by a close alliance.

The Peace of Oliva.

The war with Sweden soon became an actuality. The elector welcomed it, for he well foresaw that it would prove the last step in securing the independence of Prussia. The emperor agreed to furnish 10,000 and Poland 7000 men. A manifesto was issued, addressed to all Germans, urging them to rise and free the Rhine, Weser, Elbe, and Oder, which were nothing else than "prisoners of foreign nations." Frederick William himself led the combined forces to a series of brilliant victories. The Swedes were driven back from every one of their recently con-

quered positions in Denmark; the whole of Pomerania was occupied; while at the same time the garrisons in Poland were forced to surrender. But, much to the elector's chagrin, a new power appeared upon the scene, and, ostensibly as champion of the Westphalian Peace, ordered the cessation of hostilities. Louis XIV. and Mazarin, having by the Peace of the Pyrenees, in 1659, concluded their long war with Spain, were able to turn their attention elsewhere. It was intolerable to them that Brandenburg-Prussia should go on with its career of conquest, and they brought about a peace congress, which met at Oliva, a monastery near Danzig. Louis XIV. himself drew up an army of 40,000 men on the French frontier, to emphasize his demand that all her former possessions in Pomerania should be restored to Sweden. Could Frederick William have trusted his allies, he never would have yielded; but Austria and Poland, too, were against his making territorial acquisitions. He was obliged to content himself, therefore, with the general acknowledgment by the congress of his free sovereignty over Prussia. In itself no mean advantage. The Peace of Oliva placed the claim of the Hohenzollerns above assault; and it marks the raising of their united territories to the rank of a European power. Not as yet, indeed, a power that was either greatly respected or greatly feared; several architects were to work at the structure before it could reach perfection.

The struggle with the estates of Prussia.

As yet, too, the long-coveted sovereignty had only been secured in relation to foreign powers. Little could the elector have imagined how fierce an internal struggle remained to be carried on. What he himself described as the hardest experiences of his life were still to be endured, for the Prussian nobles and burghers sturdily and steadfastly refused to play the part assigned them in his general scheme of government. Little did they care for Frederick

William's aspiration to shine in the concert of European rulers. They were now to learn, however, to their own unspeakable wrath and misery, the meaning of "absolutism" and "sovereign rights." In their new lord they found a man of iron, thoroughly determined to maintain the position he had taken. "I desire nothing unreasonable," he once told them, "but I mean to be master, and you must be my subjects; then I will show you that I love you as a father loves his children." No sooner had Frederick William sent his stadtholder to Prussia than the conflict broke out. The estates took the ground that the whole transaction with Poland was null and void, from the fact that their own consent had neither been asked nor given. Were they to be bartered about like so many apples and pears? They had rather enjoyed the former rule, which had left them much to their own devices; before they would consent now to do homage to their new head, they were determined to have a thorough understanding with Poland, and also to obtain a guarantee that their rights and privileges should be respected. But these same rights and privileges were such as the elector neither would nor could grant; his glance was fixed on the general good of the whole state, that of these Prussians on their own especial comfort and advantage. No taxes were to be levied, they claimed, no wars or alliances entered into against their will; in fact, in all important matters they were to coöperate, and, in order that their position might be the stronger, they demanded the right to assemble of their own accord at stated intervals. For Frederick William, a standing army, supported by regular money contributions, was a prime necessity. The estates, on the other hand, fearing that such a force might be used for their own coercion, clamored for the dismissal of the troops, the razing of certain fortifications, and, above all, the abolishment of the

excise duties from which the military expenses were to be paid.

Roth's conspiracy.

This dislike to being taxed was a deep-rooted sentiment among all the German nobles of the eighteenth century. The old feudal idea still survived, that it was dignified to fight for one's lord and master, but not to untie for him one's purse-strings except on extraordinary occasions. Characteristic on this point is the report of the elector's own privy councillors, who opposed his plan for a new property tax and a more rigid form of assessment in Prussia: "It is very hard," they say, "to treat a *liberum et ingenuum hominem* so roughly, and to force him *ad pandenda patrimonii sua arcana*," into opening up the secret places where he keeps his patrimony! When, at the local diet which assembled at Königsberg in 1661, it was announced that the elector would admit of no dispute concerning what he considered his sovereign rights; when he refused to disarm, on the ground that he would be crushed by other powers, the excitement of the people passed all bounds. Religious differences, Jesuit intrigues, and secret dealings with Poland, made the movement really dangerous. This "reformed" elector, it was said, was going to reduce the Prussians to absolute servitude. Fanatics preached from the pulpits of Königsberg that all Lutherans were to be driven from their churches in favor of Calvinists. Under the dread of such acts of violence, and under the leadership of the Königsberg demagogue Roth, a conspiracy was formed to throw off the new yoke and return to the sheltering wing of Poland; in an assembly held in the church at Kneiphof a solemn oath to this effect was taken. The land was on the verge of civil war; the Königsbergers planted cannon on their walls, while Prince Radzivill, the stadtholder, drew together what troops he could muster, and called on the elector to come at once if he would save his duchy.

Roth and Kalckstein.

What the personal influence of one single, powerful man can do, was clearly shown when Frederick William, in October, 1662, arrived in Königsberg, and immediately ordered the arrest of the agitator, Roth, whom, on account of his immense following among the citizens, Radzivill had not dared to touch. This man of the people was as courageous and determined, in his way, as the elector himself. Seized in his own house whence he had scorned to flee, and carried on horseback at a gallop to the castle so as to avoid the chances of a rescue, he was tried for high treason and transferred secretly to the fortress of Peitz, near Colberg, where he was kept under arrest to the day of his death. Years afterward, when present by chance in Peitz, the elector caused the prisoner to be told that if he would ask for pardon he might go free; but Roth answered proudly that he wanted justice, not pardon. On the whole, Frederick William seems to have feared Roth far less than he did Kalckstein, who now fled to Warsaw, joined the Jesuits, and was believed to be the promoter of every kind of treasonable plot. His person, too, was in time secured, by underhanded means indeed, which ran counter to the first principles of international law. A certain ruthlessness has always characterized these founders of powerful states. Kalckstein was enticed to the German embassy in Warsaw, was seized, gagged, rolled in a carpet, and placed in a wagon which drove him across the border. He was brought to trial, put to the torture, and finally executed — in spite of the protests of the king of Poland, who would have made a *casus belli* out of the incident had not other considerations rendered him dependent on the friendship of Brandenburg. Frederick William made a scapegoat of his envoy at Warsaw, and there the matter ended.

These two men, Roth and Kalckstein, have received

much sympathy from later generations, and have been likened to Pym, Hampden, and other martyrs of English parliamentary history. It is true they received harsh treatment, but, according to every conceivable standard, they had committed high treason. If Roth stood out and suffered for popular and class liberties, it was for liberties that would have impaired the safety of the state. It is not always best for local patriots to have their way. For Kalckstein there is absolutely no excuse; he had done his best to stir up Poland against the existing form of government, and had repeatedly, in Warsaw, threatened to take the elector's life.

Restoration of order in Prussia.

It was a long and weary task, this restoring order in Prussia, but never did Frederick William display his remarkable talents to better advantage. He knew well when to be severe — of that there was no doubt; but he now showed that he also knew when to persuade and to propitiate. Nor did he spare himself any unpleasant duties. "Since I have been here," he wrote to his general, Schwerin, "I have not enjoyed one healthful hour. The whole time I am inwardly enraged, and I swallow many bitter pills." But he had the satisfaction of coming at last to an agreement, by which the Prussians, in return for concessions more apparent than real, did him homage in the most splendid manner. Never had Königsberg witnessed such a scene as on the day of the ceremony. A great platform, covered with a scarlet cloth and surmounted by a throne, was erected in the square; coins of gold and silver, struck off for the occasion, were scattered among the people; fireworks, processions, and feastings of all kinds signalized the important day.

The yoke of the new ruler was still to bear heavily upon the Prussians; the foreign wars of the elector were frequently to tax his resources to the utmost, and heart-

rending complaints often found their way to Berlin. A formal request was once sent that Frederick William would consider, not his own necessities, but the bare, actual possibilities of the province. If the elector was inexorable to such appeals, it was not from lack of sympathy. The founder of the greatness of the Prussian state knew well from personal experience what poverty and hardship meant. The revenues of the Mark, when he had first taken it in hand, amounted to a paltry thirty thousand thalers; while for the province of Cleves, there was a yearly deficit of ten thousand. During the later years of the Thirty Years' War the court had frequently been obliged to borrow sums as low as fifteen guldens, that there might be something to eat upon the table. "There is practically nothing left to pawn," wrote Schwerin, the master of the household, after the Swedish-Polish War. That same war had cost some eight million thalers, which the elector was obliged to wring from his reluctant people. Almost daily in Berlin one saw wagons passing through the streets filled with the goods that had been seized for unpaid taxes, and followed by the unfortunate owners, weeping and wringing their hands.

Reforms and improvements of the Great Elector.

The quiet interval that elapsed between the Peace of Oliva and the wars with Louis XIV. gave Frederick William time to devote himself to the permanent welfare of his lands. Frederick the Great spoke the truth when he stood by the opened coffin of his ancestor, and, taking the dead hand in his own, said to those around him, "Gentlemen, this man did great things." New sources of income were gradually opened up, laws passed to govern exports and imports, factories and enterprises of all kinds started. In these enterprises the elector did not hesitate to risk his own private funds. Duties were charged on goods that passed in at the gates of the cities; and the cities, for the better pro-

tection against smuggling, were surrounded with palisades. Every encouragement, in the way of reduced taxation and free building materials, was offered to those who would restore ruined houses or cultivate waste fields. On the "domain" or crown lands no clergyman might perform the marriage ceremony, unless the bridegroom could furnish written proof that he had planted six new fruit trees and grafted six old ones. Colonists were called in from Holland and elsewhere, and everything done to induce them to stay. On the improvement of his capital city the elector expended much time and thought, devising means for replacing the thatched roofs by those of better material, and issuing orders to prevent the pigs, which abounded in the city, from running down the avenue where his wife, Dorothea, had planted her famous lindens. He succeeded so well in his various endeavors that a Frenchman could write, in 1673, "Everything seemed to me so beautiful that I thought there must be some special opening in the sky through which the sun made this region feel its favors." Before the end of Frederick William's reign Berlin had more than doubled the number of its inhabitants. Nor were greater projects lost sight of in the midst of minor affairs. An East India Company was formed, and colonies were established in Africa; but the gold dust from them, whence all the profit was expected to come, did not, according to the elector's own confession, furnish one-half the coin that was spent in the enterprise. A regular postal service was established between such distant points as Hamburg and Königsberg, notwithstanding the opposition of the great Thurn and Taxis monopoly, which had been richly endowed with privileges by the Hapsburg emperors. At the expenditure of much labor, the canal was put through which joins the Spree with the Oder near Frankfort, thus opening up an uninterrupted water

course by way of the Havel and Elbe to the North Sea. It still bears the name of the Frederick William Canal. As the Spree is fifty feet higher than the Oder, it was found necessary to build a number of locks, and in the bed of one of these, on the day of the opening, the elector and his whole court dined in state. Then the gates were opened, the water flowed in, and the first ship was despatched on its course.

For the improvement of the army neither effort nor expense was spared. The chief problem the elector had to cope with was the independent spirit of the officers, who considered their regiments as their own private property. By declaring that they had sworn allegiance to the emperor and could not serve two masters, they sought to escape from the elector's jurisdiction; Colonel Rochow threatened to blow up Spandau on receiving a command that was not to his liking. Only with considerable difficulty did Frederick William manage to get rid of the worst elements in his army, and to fill their places with new men. By the year 1646, he had eight thousand good soldiers under arms; by 1655, more than three times that number. It is wonderful, considering the primitive weapons of the time, how much this army was able to accomplish, especially the cavalry, which learned to move with incredible swiftness, thus winning more than one battle over forces superior in number.

The Great Elector and Louis XIV.

On the part played by the Great Elector in the wars of the empire and of Holland with Louis XIV., on the inglorious manner in which he was led about, on his humiliating Peace of Vossem, and his subsequent quarrels with Montecuculi and Bournonville, it is not necessary here to dwell. It was while he was in winter quarters in Alsace, in 1674, mourning over the loss of his eldest son, who had just died of fever, that news was brought of an inroad of the Swedes into Brandenburg. Louis XIV. had stirred

them up to this undertaking, furnishing them with the necessary funds, and causing his resident envoy to stand over them and see them safely embarked. The elector, after in vain seeking immediate aid from The Hague and from Amsterdam, put his own little army in motion and advanced to Magdeburg, and thence, by stealthy and rapid marches, to Rathenow. In order to hasten their progress the foot-soldiers were crowded into wagons. At Rathenow he managed to cut the Swedish army in two, and when the sundered divisions tried to join, they were overtaken at Fehrbellin, a point some fifty miles to the northwest of Berlin. Here the elector fought one of his most famous battles, and won a victory so signal that his alliance was sought after in all directions, by Denmark, by Holland, by Münster, and by Brunswick. Even the emperor, anxious to have a share in the profits of the war, sent him a few regiments. In the following years all Pomerania was cleared of the enemy; but the same Nemesis awaited the elector that had overtaken him nineteen years before at the time of the Peace of Oliva. The congress that had assembled at Nymwegen, in order to settle the war of the empire with France, soon began to assume an ominously friendly tone toward Sweden. The Austrian minister announced the emperor's determination not to endure that "a new king of the Vandals [meaning the elector] should arise on the Baltic." Louis XIV. finally refused to consider any general peace that did not include the return to the Swedes of their portion of Pomerania, and then made a separate treaty with Holland and the emperor, leaving Brandenburg to continue a war from which he was determined she should reap no benefit. At the same time the Swedes made a bold effort to advance in the dead of winter through Livonia and Prussia, and to retake their lost German possessions.

The winter campaign in Sweden.

Frederick William roused himself to do and dare the utmost; at all risks the Swedes were to be prevented from reaching Königsberg, the temper of whose inhabitants could not just then be trusted. The elector, who was known to be suffering with the gout, spread the report that he was too ill to leave Berlin, and then set out at the most rapid of paces with what troops he had at hand. A part of the way lay across the ice of the Frischer Haff, but the stadtholder of Königsberg furnished twelve hundred sleighs into which the infantry were crowded. "It was a merry sight," says an old diary, "the more so as, the whole time, they kept playing the dragoon march." The elector himself, driving swiftly by on the ice, held a review of all his forces. Later the way was lost, the soldiers had to encamp in the open, food gave out, and the whole army threatened to become demoralized. But the Swedes were in a still worse plight, and, forced to retreat, arrived at Riga with but one thousand able-bodied men out of an original sixteen thousand.

Brilliant as Frederick William's campaign had been, it helped him to no lasting benefits. His funds were exhausted, his army seriously crippled. Louis XIV. sent him an intimation that if he did not at once come to terms with Sweden a French army would be sent against him; Cleves, indeed, was actually occupied. As no help could be expected from any quarter, even the elector's former friends, Münster and Brunswick, having become pensioners of France, there was no alternative but to sign the Peace of St. Germain. At the signing of the treaty, by which he gave up all his recent conquests, Frederick William is said to have cursed the day when he learned to write. To his friend Von Buch he made the ominous remark: "It is not the king of France who compels me to make peace, but the emperor, the empire, and my own relations and allies. They shall bitterly repent it, and shall suffer losses as great

as mine!" He is said once to have quoted the verse of Virgil: "Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor!"

The Electress Dorothea.

The conjecture seems warranted that from this time on the elector was not wholly master of his own actions. His wrongs preyed upon him, he was tortured by the gout, and his wife, Dorothea, who tenderly cared for him, gained over him an undue influence. Things had been very different in earlier days; much as he loved his first wife, the Orange princess, he would brook no opposition from her, and had been known to enter her presence, to throw down his hat, and call loudly for one of her nightcaps, as a symbol of the rôle she wished him to play. Now Dorothea could turn him around her fingers. She was a strange, violent woman, bent on the advancement of her own children; and her hostility to her stepsons, who stood in the way of their succession, was so strong that she was almost universally believed to have tried to poison them. The younger brother fell dead at a ball in her apartments after partaking of an orange that had been handed him; whereupon the elder, the Crown Prince Frederick, immediately fled the court and went to Cassel, alleging that his life was no longer safe. A stern reprimand from his father brought him home. Dorothea's influence, as well as that of Frederick William's ministers, — who are known to have been bribed by France, — may account in part for the astonishing alliance into which the elector entered with his old enemy, Louis XIV., — at a time, too, when Louis, on the most hollow of all pretexts, was annexing lands of the empire, summoning German princes to do him homage, and endeavoring in every way to prevent Austria's success in her efforts to meet those Turkish invasions which culminated in the siege of Vienna.

This friendship cooled in consequence of the severe measures taken by Louis XIV. against the Protestants of

The French Huguenots in Berlin.

France. When, in 1685, the Edict of Nantes was revoked, when four hundred Protestant churches were torn down, when the punishment of imprisonment and the galleys was placed on the refusal to turn Catholic, Frederick William dropped all the etiquette natural to an ally, and published his famous free-hearted edict. He spoke of the "persecutions" that were going on in France, and offered a hearty welcome to all who might be fortunate enough to escape. Some twenty thousand answered the call; they were splendidly received, and given every sort of aid and encouragement. The old church of the Huguenots still stands in the principal square of Berlin; their school still thrives; while their civilization, their arts, and their literature have accrued to the lasting benefit of their hospitable entertainers. It is true, as Mirabeau once said, that the Germans would gradually have learnt of themselves to make hats, stockings, silk ribbons, and perfumery; but the process might have taken a long time. And no one can deny the immense influence that the Huguenots exercised in bringing in practical comforts; of gardening, for instance, to the elector's delight, they made a regular science.

The Silesian claims.

As the coolness with France grew more marked, Frederick William drew closer once more to the emperor, and sought in especial to settle an old dispute that had been going on between the two houses for half a century. The manner in which he did so was to be pregnant with results for the future of the Prussian state. During the Thirty Years' War Ferdinand II. had confiscated the Silesian duchies of Brieg, Liegnitz, and Glogau, as well as Jägerndorf, which would have reverted to Brandenburg by *Erbverbrüderung*, or heritage treaty with an allied house. The Great Elector held out for the return of these lands, but was willing at last to compromise for the little province of Schwiebus. Even this Leopold refused until the

Crown Prince Frederick, taking matters into his own hands, and willing to sacrifice anything for the imperial alliance, signed a secret agreement to give back Schwiebus so soon as he should succeed to the electorate. How important the matter was to prove will be shown in another connection.

Frederick William died in 1688, leaving a will by which his territories were distributed among his numerous sons. So far had the electress brought the man whose whole life had given the lie to such a policy, and from whose own lips we have the positive statement that he considered subdivision the ruin of Saxony, of the Palatinate, of Hesse, and of Brunswick. The new heir, with the sanction of the council of state, suppressed the document, on the ground that it was counter to the fundamental laws of Brandenburg.

The personality of Frederick I.

Of the personality of this new ruler, the Elector Frederick III., it is sufficient to say that, although somewhat deformed, in consequence of a fall from his nurse's arms, he was very vain, very lavish, and exceedingly fond of playing a part in pompous ceremonies. His grandson, Frederick the Great, once said of him, epigrammatically, that he was great in small and small in great things; and again, that he would probably have made a persecutor, had there been any solemnities attached to persecution. When still in the nursery he founded an order of knighthood, which not only he himself, but others also, took seriously, and with regard to which each detail was most punctiliously arranged. The sums expended in a single year of his reign for the gold and silver lace on the court liveries amounted to forty-two thousand thalers, while his daughter at her wedding is said to have worn finery which cost some four millions. On the occasion of inaugurating the new University of Halle, it was calculated that the expenses of the various festivities must have come to five times the amount

of the endowment. The witty and intelligent Sophie Charlotte, the second of Frederick's three wives, once implied that she considered her husband a stage king, and could not refrain on her death-bed from saying, that now her lord would have an opportunity for one of his grand displays. In order to raise funds for such costly predilections, it was necessary to resort to the most unique, and even petty, methods of taxation. Scarcely an object that was bought or sold escaped the eye of the watchful officials, and people were obliged on demand to take off in the streets the very wigs on their heads, to make sure that the government mark was on the inside. It was the time when enormous wigs were a fashionable necessity; they varied somewhat, according to the whims of Louis XIV., but were, on the whole, it is said, more enormous in Brandenburg than elsewhere, because the elector thought to hide his deformity by the profuseness of his locks. In addition to the wig tax there was a heavy tax on carriages, on the pretext that the wheels wore out the costly pavements. Permits, to be renewed each year, were needed by those who intended to drink tea, coffee, or chocolate. No source of revenue was left unexploited; a certain *Commerzienrath*, or merchant prince, by the name of Kreuz, was intrusted with a monopoly for supplying hog bristles to be used in the manufacture of brushes. A general order was issued that when the swine were about to shed their coats the bristles should be collected, wrapped in packets as they came from each separate animal, and sent to Kreuz's clerks. It was the custom for each owner to mark his hog; but, under penalty of confiscation, this marking was to be so done as not to injure the particularly stiff hairs that grew along the spine. Witticisms at Kreuz's expense were declared punishable by imprisonment and mutilation.

There is a twofold marvel connected with Frederick's extravagances and with his excessive demands on the people. On the one hand, although in addition to money payments constant contributions were required for his court festivals, his subjects were fond of him, and sincerely mourned him when he died. His very profusion endeared him to them, and many found occupation in carrying out his pageants and public works. But still more remarkable is the circumstance that at the end of his reign there was no very alarming deficit in the treasury. This is due to the fact that for his war expenses he had received large subsidies from Austria and other powers, while the regular Brandenburg revenues, administered along the lines laid down by the Great Elector, had considerably increased. The most expensive of Frederick's hobbies, costing him in all some six million thalers, was the attainment of the royal crown. It opened up a chance for unfolding unheard-of magnificence; but for that very reason it called forth all his best efforts, and brought to the surface all his latent abilities. It was his own work from beginning to end; his councillors and ministers were almost all against the project, and the difficulties in the way were very great; but he would not be daunted, and politically, as the event proved, he acted wisely and well. He joined at the right time in the upward trend of the minor European states. Hanover, in 1692, had risen to be an electorate, and her ruling house was soon to be recognized as next in succession to the crown of England; Holland had already given a king to that land; Bavaria was striving for the Spanish succession, and only the death of her electoral prince prevented her achieving it; the House of Hesse hoped to succeed to the throne of Sweden, and the Elector Palatine to become king of Armenia.

Frederick's desire for the royal crown.

Even the Great Elector had paid great attention to

questions of precedence and etiquette; carrying on long and wearisome negotiations in order to be called "brother" by the king of France, and "your Serenity" by the Spanish sovereign, and also to be allowed, like the states of Venice, Tuscany, and Savoy, to have his envoys put on their hats at the end of an interview with the emperor. If these matters were of importance to a man of action like Frederick William, they were doubly so to his punctilious and small-minded successor. Frederick declared, in 1697, at the time of the Ryswick Congress, that he had been outraged in the eyes of all Europe because, of his two envoys, only one was given a hand-shake and the title of "your Excellency" by the imperialists, whereas, in the case of monarchies, this compliment was rendered to both. Only with difficulty, at this same congress, had the title of "Electoral Serenity" been conceded to himself. But an incident that left an even greater impression, and that has often been looked upon as the starting-point for the idea of becoming king, occurred to Frederick personally on the occasion of a visit to William of Orange. Just when and where is a matter of dispute, but various writers agree that, in his capacity as king of England, William occupied an arm-chair, giving to Frederick one with only a back. "*Un fauteuil et une chaise à dos*," writes Frederick the Great, "*pensèrent brouiller ces princes à jamais.*"

Negotiations with the emperor.

The "grand project," as Frederick and his ministers always called the plan of gaining the crown, was met, when it first came up, in 1699, with objections of various kinds, the chief of which seems to have been that the assumption of the new title would bring more expense, but no real increase of power. Frederick drew up with his own hand an abstract of the reasons that led him to overrule such findings. The honor and utility of his house would be furthered. He already possessed the power;

why should he not have the name? He thought that he could reckon on the consent of his neighbors, as he desired no man's land. Now was the time, if ever, for the emperor was old, and needed his assistance. Everything turned on this consent of the head of the House of Austria and of the Holy Roman Empire, but it was difficult to obtain. Emperor Leopold, a not unkindly man, given to "hunting, music, and devotional exercises," and possessed of fine eyes, a good nose, smooth chestnut hair, and a ruddy complexion, was not without the obstinacy and slowness of his race. This was exemplified by his feeble gait, and, to quote a contemporary, by "his extraordinarily large mouth and his lower lip, so thick that it spoils all the rest of his face." As far back as 1693, negotiations had begun with Vienna for the recognition of the elector's rights in Prussia. Austria had long refused him the title of duke, on the ground that the old act by which the Teutonic Order had been invested with these lands had never been formally abrogated. At last, grudgingly, he had been recognized as duke in Prussia, but "without prejudice to the rights of the worthy Teutonic Order." Then had come a promise that, at least, no other elector should obtain the royal dignity in preference to Brandenburg.

The Jesuits, Wolf and Vota.

The Austrian ministers were opposed to the project, chiefly on the ground that the aggrandizement of an elector would weaken the imperial authority; already electors were beginning to dispute with his Majesty on questions of etiquette. There was a religious side to the matter, too, which weighed heavily with Leopold. Should he, the natural defender of the Catholic church, help to set up a Protestant monarchy? With regard to this latter point the emperor's fears were quieted in a manner bordering on the marvellous. With his resident envoy in Vienna, Bartholdi, Frederick was in the habit of corresponding in

cipher, names of persons especially being transmitted in numerals. Frederick received one day a message that 161 (Bartholdi himself) had better be the one to insinuate the project of royalty to the emperor. He read instead 160, which indicated a Jesuit priest, Father Wolf, who had once been at Berlin as chaplain of an imperial envoy, and with whom Frederick had had various dealings. Not greatly surprised, therefore, the elector wrote off to Wolf, who, much flattered, brought the matter before Leopold, and was not ungraciously received. Whatever scruples arose were explained away, Wolf's own hope and trust being that the new sovereigns could be induced to turn Catholic, — as Augustus the Strong had done on assuming the throne of Poland two years before, and as Ernest Augustus of Hanover had declared his willingness to do should other means fail. With this end in view, Wolf and his friend, Father Vota, laid regular siege, not only to Frederick, but to the electress as well, the latter entering with them into long theological discussions, and writing letters to Vota on so abstruse a subject as the "Authority of the Church Fathers." The hopes of the Jesuits ran high, although never for a moment did they have any chance of real success. Frederick told the English envoy that he had promised Vota "that he [Vota] should have the honor of converting him so soon as he should feel himself in the humor to become Catholic." At the cost of no greater concession than this he won two faithful allies, who did him much good service.

Austria yields.

But all this would have availed him nothing had it not been for the great straits in which Austria found herself, with the war for the Spanish succession becoming daily more inevitable, and without sufficient funds in the treasury to pay for the daily expenses of the imperial household. So low did Leopold's credit fall that no Jew would

lend money to him at less than seventeen per cent interest. Several regiments of the army had to be suppressed for want of means with which to pay them. "If twelve angels of Heaven were to come and ask for money, none would they get from this court," wrote Bartholdi to Berlin. And here was a power which was ready, in return for a concession costing nothing, to furnish from eight to ten thousand men, to renounce subsidies due by a former treaty, and to help secure the readmittance of Bohemia into the Electoral College. Leopold remained firm for almost a year; the correspondence on the subject fills twenty-one folio volumes. The last straw that broke his resistance was the partition treaty of March 25, 1700, between France, England, and Holland, by which Austria considered herself scandalously treated, not having been consulted on any point. Father Wolf was allowed to send a message to Berlin to the "most serene elector, and *soon, soon to be* most mighty king." The final treaty was signed only two days before the death of the childless King of Spain, an event that was to plunge Europe into a vortex of war for the next fifteen years. Much care and thought had been expended on the exact wording of the title; Frederick was determined to be no mere vassal of the empire in his new capacity, but rather to take some such name as "King of the Vandals," "King of the Wends," or "King of Prussia." To the last form objection was made by the Poles, on the ground that the whole of West Prussia still belonged to them. The wording "King *in* Prussia," was finally adopted, and a special declaration signed that no interference was intended with Poland's rights. Once at the goal of his wishes, Frederick turned sharply on the Jesuits, paid the venerable fathers in hard cash for all their services, but made it very plain that he would make no single concession in the matter of the Catholic religion.

Not even a church was handed over to them in Berlin, and so little regard was paid to the Pope that he was not even notified of what had taken place, or of the intended coronation. Clement XII. flew into a great rage, and wrote a circular note to the Catholic powers begging them not to approve the impious actions of the Marchese di Brandenburg. For nearly a hundred years he and his successors refused to address the Hohenzollerns by any other title, even by that of elector.

The royal coronation at Königsberg.

It remained to give an outward expression to the new honor the emperor had "accorded," and to prepare a grander and more sumptuous coronation than anything that had yet been seen. Frederick had been very impatient for this event, had "sighed for it ceaselessly and could not sleep," wrote the French ambassador, Des Alleurs. The crown, sceptre, and mantle had been made ready months before the time; night after night one of the gates of the city of Berlin was left wide open for the courier who was to bring the emperor's final response from Vienna. All points of ceremonial had been carefully studied from books of etiquette and from the usages observed in Denmark and Poland. A detailed description had even been sent from England of the coronation of Charles II. in Scotland. There are learned discussions in the Prussian archives as to how the new king should receive the envoys of foreign countries less important than his own — standing, with his hat on, like the Emperor; or sitting, with his hat on, like the king of France; or standing, with his hat off, like this same Charles. The procession that set out from Berlin to Königsberg, in December 1700, was of great size and magnificence; it was obliged to move in relays, as the towns through which it passed could otherwise not have stood the burden. Thirty thousand horses had been requisitioned, in

addition to those from the royal stables. The journey lasted twelve days, and the ceremonies four more; on the 15th of January four heralds-at-arms proclaimed through all the streets the elevation of Prussia to a kingdom. From this time on it was forbidden to speak of the elector save as "his Majesty"; and the English minister reports, "If any one forgets, and lets fall the words 'Electoral Highness,' he is obliged to pay a fine of a ducat for the benefit of the poor." On January 16 came proclamations from all the pulpits; on the 17th the founding of the order of the Black Eagle, membership in which forms to this day the greatest distinction in the gift of the Prussian monarch. In addition to princes of the blood, there were to be but thirty knights, well born, without reproach, and over thirty years of age. They were to wear as insignia: a band of orange color, in memory of the mother of the king; a Maltese cross; and a silver star, upon which was a black eagle holding in one claw a crown of laurel and in the other a thunderbolt, while beneath was a device, *Suum cuique.*

On January 18 took place the coronation itself, the ceremonial of which was copied from that of the imperial coronation at Frankfort, with the exception, however, that the religious element was kept in the background. Frederick did, indeed, in order that he might be called "his sacred Majesty," create for the occasion two Protestant bishops,—one Lutheran, one Calvinist; but he significantly placed the crown on his own head, and afterward with his own hands on that of his queen, the episcopal functions being confined to the consecration with the holy oil. On the splendid accessories of this whole demonstration, on the rich robes and priceless jewels, on the baldachins carried by nobles, the salvos of artillery that accompanied the drinking of every toast, the oxen roasted whole and

stuffed with animals dwindling in size, the fountains running wine, the thousands of coins scattered among the people, it is not necessary to dwell. The house of the governor of Prussia was decorated so as to represent a temple of fame. The king himself composed a prayer thanking God for having accorded him the crown, and asking His blessing. It was characteristic of this Hohenzollern to declare an amnesty for prisoners who had not offended against *divine or terrestrial majesty*, and to cause a copperplate engraving to be made of the procession, in which he himself is represented as a tall and slender youth. The festivities lasted in all for several weeks, being renewed on the return of the royal pair to Berlin and Potsdam. An opera was performed called the "Struggle of the Old and New Century." To the latter was due the palm of victory, because it had actually witnessed the coronation; the old century could merely make the weak defence that it had prepared the way for the great event.

Danckelmann and Wartenberg.

By a happy concatenation of circumstances Frederick had been able to raise the prestige of his state, and to perform a service for his house which laid the foundation for its future glory; but there his merits ended. He lived merely for the present, was lamentably weak in his foreign policy, left the business of ruling in the hands of sycophants, and spent what funds he could lay hold of without attempting to organize the finances on a permanent basis. There was, indeed, a privy council, consisting of all the heads of the governmental departments, but it was there, as Leibnitz said, *pour la forme et pour l'honneur*. Its head, the grand president, held a position equivalent to that of prime minister in other countries. One faithful and capable president Frederick had found in Eberhard von Danckelmann, who had been his tutor in his youth, and had served him with much devotion during a long series of

years. But Danckelmann fell a victim to court intrigues and to the hatred of the electress, his chief sin doubtless being that he had opposed the idea of securing the royal crown. He was accused of not having stood up firmly enough for Prussia's interests at the Treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, and was finally represented as wishing to usurp Frederick's prerogatives. "He would like to play the elector, would he! I will show him that I am master!" cried the irate prince, and treated his former favorite with absolute ferocity, casting him in prison, and when no court could be found to condemn him, keeping him there on one pretext or another for ten years. Count Kolb von Wartenberg, Danckelmann's worst enemy, frivolous and unconscientious to the last degree, became his successor with almost unlimited power, and with the promise that no inquiry should ever be made into his methods of administration. His wife at the same time enjoyed the peculiar distinction of being Frederick's official mistress, a post which the new king had found it necessary to establish in imitation of Louis XIV. All the paraphernalia of such a relationship were there, — a secret staircase connecting the two apartments, a secluded garden, in which Frederick daily walked with his minister's wife. Yet both averred, under circumstances leaving no room for doubt, that their intimacy was purely platonic. The Wartenberg pair finally fell into disgrace; the count by reason of an outrageous misappropriation of funds, in which he and his subordinates were concerned, the countess because of outbursts of temper and a jealous eagerness to maintain her position as first lady at the court, which led her into a hand-to-hand conflict and a literal tearing of the hair with the Dutch ambassadress.

A wiser and a stronger man than Frederick would have managed to make more capital out of the wars in which,

The French and Turkish wars.

during almost every year of his whole reign, both as elector and as king, his troops were engaged. On many a field, even according to the testimony of men like Eugene of Savoy and William of Orange, they had won the day for the allies; yet at every peace conference Brandenburg-Prussia played an inferior, not to say humiliating, rôle, and came forth at the end with small rewards, which did not begin to compare in worth with the sacrifices made. With the exception of the tiny district in Guelders, given him at Utrecht, Frederick bought all his territorial acquisitions for hard cash; Quedlinburg and Elbing from the impoverished Augustus of Saxony, the small Westphalian county of Tecklenburg from the Count of Solms-Braunfels. Far from being the gainer, then, by the French and Turkish wars, Prussia, bereft of her best soldiers, had been obliged to make great sacrifices in order to raise militia armies which should protect her boundaries against the overlapping waves of the Swedish-Polish struggle. The hand of the military recruiting officer rested like iron on the land; many of the men who fell, bravely fighting, in Italy and Belgium had had to be regularly kidnapped into the service. The tone of the army was incredibly low and coarse, the punishments and general treatment such as would not now be inflicted on dumb beasts. Slitting of the nose and cutting off of ears were common penalties for desertion.[1]

Sophie Charlotte.

In one respect, and in one only, can we give unqualified praise to Frederick I.: he encouraged liberty of thought and literary and artistic endeavor in every way. How far this was owing to the influence of his second wife, the witty Charlotte of Hanover, who had been educated in three creeds so as to fit her for any husband, would be hard to establish. Frederick the Great says of his grand-

[1] See Freytag's very interesting essay in *Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit*, Vol. V.

mother in his memoirs, "She it was who brought true social refinement and love of art and science to Prussia, and inspired the etiquette on which her husband laid such stress with meaning and dignity." The *Mercure Galant*, a newspaper of the day, gives an attractive picture of her personality, — of her large, sweet blue eyes, the prodigious quantity of her black hair, her well-proportioned nose, bright red lips, and brilliant complexion. A medal struck in her honor declared that on one throne dwelt love and majesty. And she was more intellectual and witty, even, than she was beautiful. It was of this queen that Leibnitz, who was like a son of the house at the Prussian court, once declared, that she would never be satisfied until she knew the "why of the why." "Leibnitz wishes to teach me the infinitely little," she wrote in one of her letters; "has he forgotten that I am the wife of Frederick I.?" She spoke several languages, and her French, especially, was so excellent that a Huguenot refugee once asked in all sincerity if she could also speak German. She did not dislike magnificence and display, but would like to have had it, to use her own words, "*indépendant de la gêne.*" The story is told that at the coronation in Königsberg she took a pinch of snuff at one of the most solemn moments, which proceeding so shocked her punctilious husband that he sent a lackey to warn her against a repetition of the offence. She afterward wrote to a friend that the whole proceeding had bored her.

Sophie Charlotte's palace at Lietzenburg, the name of which was afterward, to honor her memory, changed to Charlottenburg, became a rallying place for all the great men of the day: for the versatile Leibnitz, the "father of German philosophy and inventor of differential calculus," and for a host of others, philosophers and artists, Jesuits and Pietists. Among the latter were Spener, Francke,

and Thomasius, — all of them men who, for their freedom of speech, had been persecuted in other German states, but at Frederick's court had found favor and an opportunity to teach in his new university. Thomasius, especially, is interesting as the bold and outspoken opponent of all the current nonsense of his day. He had made himself unpopular at Leipzig by laughing at what he termed the "wiggery" of his legal *confrères*, at their belief in witches, in the divine right of kings, in the efficacy of torture, and in the necessity for clothing their barren thoughts in Latin instead of in German words. Frederick received Thomasius, who had been ordered to keep silence under pain of imprisonment, with every honor, bestowing upon him a court title and a yearly stipend. Francke was the founder of the famous orphan asylum in Halle, which began with a capital of four and a half thalers, and grew to be one of the greatest institutions of its kind in the whole world.

It was with the help of these, his paladins, and especially of Leibnitz, that Frederick founded the "Academy of Sciences," which started out, among other advantages, with its own observatory. One of its first tasks was to introduce the reformed Gregorian calendar, which the Prussians, from hatred of the Pope, had in 1582 refused to accept. The discrepancy between the old reckoning and the new had by this time grown to eleven days, and this was remedied by making the first day of March, 1700, follow directly upon the 18th of February.

Frederick's death.

Frederick died in 1713, of fright, it was said, at the appearance of the "white lady," who is supposed to this day to appear whenever a great catastrophe impends for the Hohenzollern House. In this especial case the phenomenon was afterward explained. After Sophie Charlotte's death the old king, fearing that the crown prince, Frederick William, might leave no male heir, had taken to him-

self a third wife, Sophie Louise of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. She was always an intolerant Lutheran, and at last, being seized with religious mania, had to be confined under lock and key. She escaped one day, and passing a glass door in her flowing garments, gave her husband his death-blow.

CHAPTER II

THE TURKISH CAMPAIGNS, THE AGGRESSIONS OF LOUIS XIV. AND THE SPANISH SUCCESSION WAR

LITERATURE: Erdmannsdörfer's great work in the Oncken Series, *Deutsche Geschichte, 1648–1740*, deals exhaustively with this period and is much better than Ritter. It received a prize as the best historical production of the year in which it appeared.

Palsied state of the empire.

IF from the newly founded kingdom of Prussia we turn to the affairs of the empire at large, we shall find that, contrary to expectation, the Peace of Westphalia by no means ushered in a long period of general repose. Of that empire there was by this time little left but its outward form. What could have been more harsh than the judgment passed upon it by the clearest head of the age — the jurist and historian, Samuel Puffendorf: "It is no more a nation than was the league of Greek states which Agamemnon led against Troy; it is not a monarchy, not an oligarchy, nor yet a democracy; it is an abortion — a certain irregular body like unto a monster." As Voltaire said of it two generations later, it was a Holy Roman Empire that was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire. Four folio volumes, indeed, were still needed to designate all the privileges and prerogatives of its head. He was still "fountain of justice," still the supreme feudal lord from whom all power emanated. Titles and other empty distinctions he might distribute to his heart's content. But his real influence on affairs, save as head of the House of Austria, was as scant as the purely imperial revenues,

which amounted in all but to thirteen thousand guldens; not enough, Charles V. had once said, to pay the expenses of the imperial kitchen. The whole institution was worn out, and Puffendorf is not sure that even the extinction of the House of Hapsburg, devoutly prayed for by another writer, would afford the desired remedy.

In the midst of this palsied state of affairs there came a series of Turkish attacks upon Hungary, as persistent, as violent, and as long-continued as those counter invasions of the Christians in the days of Godfrey of Bouillon or Richard III. That Diet of the Empire which met at Ratisbon in 1663, and which, almost from the force of inertia, remained in session until the end of all things, in 1806, had been called together to take measures for defence. A panic had seized upon the whole of Western Christendom, and, by imperial decree, in all parts of Germany the so-called Turk-bell was tolled at twelve o'clock, that the people might assemble and offer up prayers for a speedy deliverance. From all the pulpits the preachers thundered forth their warnings, while innumerable pamphlets and treatises were spread abroad.

The Turks under Mahomet IV.

It was no mere idle threat of the Grand Vizier Achmed Köprili, that, with an army of a hundred thousand men, he would pay a visit to the emperor in Vienna. Since the year 1527, when, through the battle of Mohacs, it came into the possession of the Hapsburgs, three-fourths of Hungary had been lost inch by inch. Budapest had become the seat of a Turkish pasha, as had likewise Stuhlweissenburg, the old coronation place of the Hungarian kings. The situation was the more perilous for the house of Austria from the condition of affairs in Transylvania, where the Turks were fostering anarchy in the well-founded hope that a prince might be chosen as ruler who would make the land tributary to the Sultan; while, as

time went on, the stern truth was borne in upon the Germans that their constant enemy, the "most Christian king," Louis XIV., did not disdain to send his agents among the infidels, inciting them, by bribes and otherwise, to make new attacks whenever Hapsburg victories threatened his own ascendency.

It is a curious fact that the Sultan under whom the fiercest and most formidable attacks took place was one of the weakest that even Turkey had ever had. Mahomet IV., whose reign, like that of Louis XIV., of the Emperor Leopold, and of the Great Elector, fills practically the whole latter half of the seventeenth century, — had come to the throne, in 1648, at the age of seven years. He grew up completely under the influence of women, especially of his grandmother, who was all-powerful in the palace until at last she was strangled by the party of his mother. One of the earliest sentences given to the boy by his writing master was, "Obey, or I will cut off your head." Even when he grew older, Mahomet was singularly lacking in self-will and independence. In vain his mother urged him to assert himself; when he did so it was only to make himself ridiculous, as when once he forbade any of his subjects who were not Mussulmans to wear red caps and yellow slippers, and went around, sabre in hand, to see that his orders were executed. He never commanded an army, but contented himself with handing the green standard of the Prophet to the grand vizier, and attaching the heron's plumes to the turbans of his generals. When a battle was in prospect he spent his time in consulting astrologers on the probable outcome. His chief passion, or rather his craze, was for hunting. He is known in the ballads of the time as the mighty hunter, and employed from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand men in beating up his game. A propensity which cost him dear, for

it formed one of the chief grievances of the insurgents who overthrew him, in 1687.

How came it about that, with such an unwarlike head, the Turks managed to gain such splendid victories? The answer is that, just as the old Merovingian kings had their mayors of the palace, so the Sultan had his capable grand viziers. These, during Mahomet IV.'s reign, were for the most part of the brave family of Köprili. The first of them only accepted his position on the condition of having almost absolute power, and with the express agreement that no report of evil was to be believed against him. He nominated all officials, and executed whom he pleased, the number of his victims amounting to some thirty thousand. But there was a limit to the influence even of men like these. It was absolutely necessary for them to achieve popularity by means of brilliant victories against foreign enemies, and that is what led them into their wars with the empire. Into the details of these different campaigns it is not possible here to enter. The Germans, with occasional scanty aid from other nations, fought in a number of bloody battles, often against overwhelming odds, but with such results, on the whole, that the museums of Vienna, Karlsruhe, and Dresden are full to-day of rich booty, of armor, of trappings, and of silken hangings.

The Peace of Vasvar.

It was found at the Diet of Ratisbon that, even in the face of the danger from the Turks, there was no unity among the estates of the empire, each petty prince considering his own real or fancied grievances as of more importance than a foreign war. A levy of thirty thousand men was at last voted, but the contingents were apportioned according to the long-antiquated *Reichsmatrikel*, or imperial schedule, and, in reality, not two-thirds of that number ever came together. The Emperor Leopold was obliged

to accept aid from the Rhine Confederation, which had been formed to keep a watch upon himself, and even from Louis XIV. — allies whom he so hated and feared that, after they had helped him to win the battle of St. Gothard, in which three pashas and fourteen thousand other Mohammedans fell, he hurriedly closed with the Porte the Peace of Vasvar, in 1664. More properly speaking, this was a twenty years' truce, and during its continuance the empire engaged in French wars, with little molestation on its eastern borders, except from Hungarian rebels, who, in 1677, entered into a formal alliance with France. The young pretender to the Hungarian throne, Emmerich Tököly, inscribed on his coins the name of his "Protector" Louis XIV.

The siege of Vienna.

But more important for Tököly was the winning over to his cause of Kara Mustapha, the then grand vizier, who, having been worsted at this time (1682) in a war with King John Sobieski of Poland, was thirsting for a new enterprise in order to maintain his tottering prestige. Now took place that march on Vienna which had been threatened so many years before. Not the one hundred thousand of Achmed Köprili, but a flood of twice that number rolled up to the walls of the Austrian capital, and seemed about to beat them down. Few sieges are more famous in history; few defences more worthy of praise. The emperor, indeed, was better able to meet the danger of invasion than he had been nineteen years before; and this time he rejected the treacherous offers of Louis XIV. His warmest allies were John Sobieski and the Pope of Rome, the latter fearing for the safety of the Eternal City itself should Vienna fall a prey to the infidel. One friend, indeed, on whom he had counted, the Great Elector, sent him no aid at all, being fast in the toils of France, and having made his offer of sixteen thousand men contingent on shameful conditions.

The garrison which, for two long months, aided by the students and guild merchants, defended Vienna, numbered only eleven thousand men; but at the critical moment of the siege, when the subterranean mines of the enemy had already wrought much havoc, when night after night from the tower of St. Stephen's rockets of distress had been sent up in token of the last extremity, John Sobieski and the imperial commander, the Duke of Lorraine, appeared without the walls, and, after a battle which lasted from dawn until late evening, put to flight the colossal army of the grand vizier (September 12, 1683). A rich booty was secured, including Kara Mustapha's own magnificent tent. It is the same enormous silken structure which now, adorned with the weapons and other articles that were in it at the time of its capture, stands in the Johanneum, a wing of the castle at Dresden. The Sultan promptly ordered the strangulation of his unfortunate commander-in-chief, and proceeded to organize a new army; but the emperor and his allies, encouraged by their success, determined at all costs to rid Christendom of this constant thorn in the flesh. At a great sacrifice a twenty years' truce was concluded with Louis XIV., and the latter was left for the present to enjoy the fruits of his new and unprecedented policy of aggression.

Jealousy of Louis XIV.

All along the line now, by Austrians, Venetians, Poles, and by the mercenaries of the Pope, the struggle was taken up against the Turk, and not only in Hungary, but also in Greece. It was in the course of this war that the Acropolis of Athens was made a ruin by a Venetian bomb falling into a Turkish powder magazine. A real enthusiasm seized on Europe; a new glory, even, shone around the old institution of the empire: was not a venerable emperor, for the first time in many centuries, at the head of a really grand undertaking? Louis XIV. alone looked

on askance, and punished French princes who took part in the war; for it was openly acknowledged at his court that the feebleness of the empire made the grandeur of France. Gradually almost the whole of Hungary was cleansed from the invaders; Budapest fell in 1686, and in the year following a victory at Mohacs rendered it possible to presage the end of the war. A few months later a Hungarian diet, held at Pressburg, voted that the crown of St. Stephen should for all time be made hereditary in the house of Hapsburg; it was the birthday of the Austrian-Hungarian nation. The French king's jealousy rose to the highest pitch, and, isolated as he was at this time in Europe, and feeling that his only salvation lay in sudden action, he launched his forces on the borders of the empire and commenced his fierce devastation of the Palatinate. Thus Austria's old dread was realized, and she was involved in a double struggle that lasted for nearly a decade.

Louis of Baden and Eugene of Savoy.

On the eastern scene of war, which alone concerns us here, her fortunes varied with the character and daring of the heads of her armies. In Louis of Baden, who, in 1691, won the bloody battle of Slankamen, she had found a general of the highest order; but his services were needed in the west, and his successor, Augustus the Strong of Saxony, who received the chief command only in consideration of the large contingent he had brought, fought two campaigns with very small results. Fortunately for Austria, fortunately, indeed, for every one but himself, a higher honor even than that of imperial generalissimo beckoned to him in the distance and led him to resign his position. This was the crown of Poland, made vacant, in 1696, by the death of John Sobieski. Countless candidates were in the field, the strongest a prince of Condé, who was backed by all the might of Louis XIV.; but by diplomatic skill, by bribery and in-

timidation, by abandoning the Protestant faith, which his own land had been the first to adopt, Augustus won the day, and was crowned at Cracow in the new year. The place of Augustus in the army was taken by the talented Prince Eugene of Savoy, who thus inaugurated one of the great military careers in the world's history. A provider and husbander of resources, as well as a leader of armies, he set to work with a firm hand to organize the finances, which he found in the worst possible condition, with debts of enormous proportions, and with the whole task of provisioning in the hands of Jews, who had made their profit without fulfilling the conditions. In spite of all difficulties and drawbacks, Eugene soon gave an earnest of what might be expected of him, and set Europe ringing with the fame of his extraordinary victory at Zenta, where the Turks lost thirty thousand, the Austrians but fifteen hundred men. From the farther bank of the river the new Sultan himself witnessed this crushing defeat of his troops, and in a state bordering on madness fled to Temesvar. Even the great seal which the Grand Vizier wore around his neck fell into the hands of the Germans.

By this time the inevitable and all-embracing struggle for the inheritance of the last Spanish Hapsburg was looming nearer and nearer. The emperor needed his hands free for the new enterprise, and was glad, in 1699, to sign the Peace of Carlowitz, which ended the Turkish war for the time being, and insured him the possession of nearly all Hungary and Transylvania. In a later war, in 1718, Austria managed to extend her boundaries considerably farther to the eastward; but, later still, in the unfortunate campaigns from 1736 to 1739, she lost all these hard-earned advantages, and the final Peace of Belgrade left her almost where she was at the time of Carlowitz.

If from the Turkish wars we turn to the complications

The "devolution war" of Louis XIV.

with the "grand monarch" of France, we shall find that the key-note of the latter's policy was his claim to be rightful heir to the throne of Charlemagne; he himself, in a series of instructions drawn up for the guidance of his son, declared that the Germans had unlawfully usurped that heritage, while, to be still more definite, one of his jurists, a member of the Parliament of Paris, showed that Hugo Capet should by rights have succeeded the last Carolingian. By fair means or foul Louis XIV. intended some day to become emperor of the Romans, and at the time of the Peace of Nymwegen he could definitely count on the votes of three electors; in the meantime, on every possible pretext, he engaged in wars of conquest. His first aim was to secure the Spanish Netherlands under the pretext that, by an old law of inheritance, they had "devolved" upon his queen, the eldest daughter by the first marriage of King Philip IV. of Spain. This attempt was a failure, for Louis had to reckon with the coalition known as the Triple Alliance, and consisting of England, Sweden, and Holland; but he presently managed to sunder this union by bribes and by subtle diplomacy; to King Charles II. he promised such subsidies as would help him to realize his scheme of recatholicizing England, while in another direction, Austria, he secured neutrality and favor, in 1668, by a secret treaty, dividing up the great Spanish inheritance against the long-expected moment when the sickly young king, Carlos II., should breathe his last. Spain itself, as well as Milan and the West Indies and other important islands, were to fall to the share of the emperor, while Louis was to have Naples and Sicily, Franche Comté, Navarre, and the Philippines.

The way being thus prepared, having succeeded, too, in bribing a number of German princes, like the dukes of Brunswick, and the bishops of Treves, Cologne, and

Münster, Louis XIV. once more took the field, opposed only by Holland and by the elector of Brandenburg. To the head of Dutch affairs was now called that William III. of Orange who later became king of England. The brave little republic, which opened its dykes before the invading enemy, was not so easily crushed. Brandenburg, indeed, was a useless ally, for the Great Elector, himself an unsuspecting victim, was involved in one of the most miserable games of intrigue and deceit that policy ever prompted. Very shame had driven the Emperor Leopold to at least make a demonstration against an enemy that had wantonly broken the law of nations and disregarded the boundaries of his empire; but, mindful of his secret pact regarding the Spanish inheritance, he determined to do no real harm to his ally of France, and, while joining his forces to those of Frederick William, his general-in-chief, Montecucculi, was secretly ordered to avoid serious combat. As an Austrian minister expressed it, there was need of harnessing a tame and manageable horse to this wild and unbroken steed of Brandenburg. Foiled in every plan by which he had meant to circumvent the enemy, looked upon with scorn by the Dutch, who withdrew their subsidies from so dilatory an ally, Frederick William withdrew from the struggle and entered into the inglorious Peace of Vossem with the French (1673).

Austria's secret understanding with Louis XIV.

A year later, when events had caused Austria to renew the struggle with all seriousness, the elector once more took her side; but the unaccountable conduct of the imperial general, Bournonville, deprived the campaign of all good results. Concerted action finally became impossible. "You are neutral," said Frederick William to the Spanish ambassador, who visited the camp, "and can tell the world what is going on here; I wish to be acquitted of all blame."

Quarrels of Bournonville and the Great Elector.

At Marlenheim, through Bournonville's obstinacy, the elector lost a brilliant opportunity of surrounding the army of the French general Turenne, while the charge seems well founded that at Turkheim, contrary to agreement, the Austrian general drew off his forces, leaving those of Frederick William alone in a position of deadly peril. It was soon after this that the Great Elector was called away by the irruption of the Swedes into the Mark. During the next years, as we have seen, he was occupied in the north, making his brilliant but fruitless conquests.

The peace of Nymwegen.

The war on the Rhine still went on for nearly four years. First came long manœuvring between Turenne and Montecucculi. Then came a series of battles: at Sasbach, where Turenne was killed; at the Conz bridge on the river Saar, where the dukes George and Ernest Augustus of Brunswick covered themselves with glory; and under the walls of Treves. The French recovered themselves for a while, but the marriage of William of Orange to Mary of England, in 1677, proved to them a severe blow; it was as bad for Louis XIV., said the English ambassador at the time, "as the loss of ten battles and fortresses." Yet none the less the Dutch people clamored for peace. Charles II. of England was as unreliable as a wavering reed; and the French king, appreciating the situation, offered to Holland an arrangement so advantageous, especially for its future trade, that the republic finally accepted, leaving the empire and Brandenburg to the French mercies. There were those who urged Leopold to take a manly stand and continue the war on his own account, among them the Great Elector, who hoped thus to secure his Pomeranian conquests. But the emperor, as has been said, hated the idea of a "new king of the Vandals on the Baltic," and signed for himself at Nymwegen a peace with France and Sweden, the basis of which

was the condition of things in the year 1648. The wags of the time called this the peace of *Nimm-weg*, inasmuch as here were taken away all the elector's recent acquisitions. He was forced, as we know, into the distasteful Peace of St. Germain.

The French had reason enough to be proud of their diplomacy, seeing that out of a desperate military position they had known how to draw such gains. "German princes will make no more war on me," said Louis XIV. to Sophia of Hanover, who came to visit her niece, the Palatine princess who was the wife of *Monsieur*. Louis considered that now the time had come for making good those claims to the whole of Alsace which had never slumbered since the Peace of Westphalia.[1] There had been an effort at Nymwegen to bring clearness into the matter, but the French had refused to reopen it, well knowing that the ambiguous wording of those old clauses would give them the best possible pretext for the annexations they were planning.

Louis XIV.'s appropriation of Alsace and Lorraine.

By calmly taking possession of the defenceless lands he claimed, and by propounding a new and startling theory, in defence of which he played off the Turks and the elector of Brandenburg against the emperor, Louis now gained more territory than in many wars, and stretched the French boundaries to the Rhine. He declared that the Westphalian Peace had ceded to him certain districts *with all their dependencies*. Three "Courts of Reunion" were established, one at Metz, one at Breisach, and one at Vesançon, to determine what lands actually were, *and ever had been*, dependent on his new possessions. The cities of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, once important bishoprics, were ordered to bring in lists of lands they had formerly owned, and charters were consulted which reached

[1] See Vol. I, p. 493.

as far back as to Merovingian times. These so-called "dependencies" stretched far into the neighboring states, and men like the Elector of the Palatinate, the dukes of Baden and Würtemberg, and even the king of Sweden, who was of the Palatine line, were summoned to do homage to France.

Strassburg taken.

Even this hollowest of all pretexts was lacking for the French king's sudden descent on the free city of Strassburg. That most important fortress, of which Charles V. once said that, if he had to choose between losing it and losing Vienna, he would relinquish the latter, had been expressly excepted when the ambiguous rights over the other Alsatian towns had been ceded to France by the Westphalian Peace. But no care had been taken to garrison it, and only four hundred mercenaries were at hand to oppose a French force of thirty-five thousand men. After three days of negotiation the city capitulated (September 30, 1681), and three weeks later Louis XIV., in royal state and accompanied by his whole family, held a triumphant entry. Elizabeth Charlotte, Louis's sister-in-law, fairly "howled," as she wrote to her brother, at having thus to accompany the French court into a conquered German city. Poor woman, she was soon to shed still bitterer tears at the wasting and ravaging of her Palatine home, ostensibly in her own interests! For the present, Louis contented himself with the complete subjugation of Alsace and Lorraine, which were handed over to the Jesuits for the purpose of catholicizing.

The Laxenburg alliance.

That more effective opposition was not offered by the empire was due, as we know, to the attitude of the Great Elector and to the exigencies of the Turkish wars. In the agreement entered into between Louis XIV. and Frederick William, in January, 1681, it had been expressly stipulated that the elector was not to inquire into

the right or wrong of any of his new ally's actions. After the fall of Strassburg the *status quo* was again confirmed, Frederick William's pension being raised from one hundred thousand to four hundred thousand thalers in order to gild the bitter pill.

After Strassburg's fall a demonstration at least was made in the shape of the Laxenburg alliance, an association of small German powers, headed by the Count of Waldeck, and finally joined by the emperor; its avowed object was to see that the peace treaties of Westphalia and Nymwegen were properly observed, for which purpose three armies were to be maintained, one on the upper, one on the middle, and one on the lower Rhine. Shortly afterward Bavaria formed its own defensive alliance with Leopold, while Saxony and Brunswick prepared to do the same.

But the advent of Kara Mustapha and the siege of Vienna took away the last lingering thought of plunging into a French war. In order to have his hands free for his new undertakings against the Turks, Leopold, in 1684, closed, as we have seen,[1] a twenty years' truce with Louis XIV., expressly guaranteeing to the latter Strassburg and all the territories acquired through the decisions of the "Courts of Reunion."

A rallying of forces against Louis XIV.

The French armies in the meantime had won Casale in Italy and Luxemburg in the Spanish Netherlands, fortresses which, with Strassburg, seemed to give them a vice-like hold on all Europe. One of Louis XIV.'s flatterers, in carving the pedestal of a column of victory, represented the German Empire in the form of a bound slave at the feet of the *vir immortalis!*

But gradually, as the Turkish war went on, and imperial victories succeeded each other, the French king was

[1] See Vol. II, p. 49.

obliged to confess to himself that a great change was coming over the political face of Europe. The young elector of Bavaria, Max Emmanuel, married the daughter of Leopold, and showed disquieting designs on the Spanish inheritance, which Louis had come to consider so entirely his own perquisite. Carlos II. himself, the childless king whose death had already been so many times discounted in the past twenty years, was enamoured of the idea of having Max Emmanuel as his successor, and openly declared in the young prince's favor; the Spanish people treated him like one of the royal family. In the empire itself one prince after another went over to the Austrian side, while the Laxenburg alliance came to life again in the enlarged form of the Augsburg League. The Great Elector, too, as already shown, grew tired of the French alliance after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and entered into negotiations with Leopold for the recognition of his Silesian claims; while in England, James II., Louis's faithful friend, was displaced by William of Orange, his bitter enemy, who was already in constant communication with Frederick William.

The devastation of the Palatinate.

In the end Louis XIV., hoping to nip the coalition plans of his enemies in the bud, proceeded in a perfectly ruthless and unheard-of manner to strike terror into their hearts, and began a nine years' war that started with the terrible devastation of the Rhine Palatinate. He issued a manifesto accusing the emperor of intriguing against France, and launched his armies across the Rhine. The Germans, whose vast forces had gone to fight the Turks in Hungary, were surprised in an almost defenceless condition. The fortress of Philipsburg alone made a show of resistance, and in the course of a few short weeks four electorates, Mainz, Treves, Cologne, and the Palatinate were in French hands.

Leopold answered by a counter manifesto, which the great Leibnitz is believed to have composed, and proceeded to strengthen his alliances without abandoning the Turkish war. Some scruples he had about joining with a Protestant country like Holland against a Catholic monarch; but his Jesuits drew up a remarkable document which quieted his conscience. "In a justifiable war," they said, "it is allowable to make use of horses and other beasts — consequently, also, of unbelievers!" By the Treaty of 1689, the Dutch bound themselves not only to assist the emperor in the present crisis, but also to stand by him in the matter of the Spanish succession. But already the hand of the destroyer had fallen with all its weight on the fertile Rhenish lands; the order had gone forth to throw down all the forts of the Palatinate and to level some twelve hundred cities and villages with the ground.

The castle of Heidelberg laid in ruins.

Louis's minister, Louvois, based his orders for destruction on purely military grounds. France was threatened on all sides — from the Channel, from the Pyrenees, and from the Rhine. Her armies could not be everywhere, and her best defence against the empire, he argued, would be a long line of desert, with not roof enough to shelter a single German soldier. It is true the French commanders had first to be educated to this policy of annihilation. One of them, General de Tessé, ordered the citizens of Heidelberg to set fire to their own houses, but promised to look the other way while they were putting out the flames. He was complained of, and received a severe reprimand from Paris. It was in these days that the first attempt at destroying the splendid Heidelberg castle was made; its treasures were robbed, its columns thrown down, its walls undermined, and great masses of straw heaped up in its halls and set on fire. The former garrison watched mournfully in the courtyard while a part of the

great roof fell in. A few days later the whole town of Mannheim went up in flames, and the destroyers passed on to the old, free, imperial city of Spires. Here the inhabitants were told that they might transfer their valuable effects to the cathedral, which alone would be left standing; but this famous monument, too, by chance or, as many believed, by premeditation, was also burned. The vaults containing the bones of Henry IV. and of other emperors were opened and plundered. The turn of Worms came next; the same promise with regard to the cathedral was here given, but was expressly revoked by a command from Paris. "To the inhuman delight of this mad monster" (Louis XIV.), says one of the emperor's officials in Worms, "the city was reduced to ashes within four hours. . . . Like a column of cloud the smoke rose up, wound slowly across the Rhine, and hid the light of day."

The "war of the spade and hoe."

One can imagine the feelings of Elizabeth Charlotte at hearing of the devastation in her old home. In his manifesto to the emperor, one of Louis XIV.'s grievances had been that his sister-in-law was not recognized as heiress to the Palatinate. "I cannot cease mourning and bewailing," writes "Madame" to her aunt, "that I have been, so to speak, the ruin of my fatherland. . . . Every night when I go to sleep I seem to be transported to Heidelberg or to Mannheim, and to see all the devastation; then I leap up in my bed and lie awake for two full hours. I call to mind in what a state it all was in my time, and how it is now; yes, what I myself have become — and I cannot keep from weeping. . . . They take it ill here that I grieve over these matters, but truly I cannot do otherwise." Those who look on the long line of ruined castles along that part of the Neckar and Rhine, can sympathize with "Lise Lotta."

Even from Louis XIV.'s own point of view, the devas-

tation of the Palatinate proved a failure. He had hoped by this one bold stroke to crush the Germans, so that he might then turn and get the better of his other enemies; he became involved, instead, in that long, dreary struggle along the whole length of the Rhine, which goes by the name of the "war of the spade and hoe," because of the insignificance of its actual engagements. The French, indeed, except in the first and last years of the war, were generally in the ascendent; they lost the towns of Bonn and Mainz, but won small battles at Mons, Namur, and Steenkirke, at Fleurus, Neerwinden, and Landen, not to mention Staffarda and Nice. These, however, were victories which decided nothing, and their own land, meanwhile, began to groan under its heavy burdens. A French army, too, which accompanied James II. to Ireland, was defeated in the great battle on the Boyne; while the French fleet, in 1692, was fairly swept from the seas at Cape La Hogue by the English and the Dutch.

In the imperial camp matters were in a wretched condition, largely owing to the fact that the best officers and soldiers were needed in Hungary. Year after year, too, quarrels had arisen among the different German states with regard to subsidies, to the requisite contingents, and, above all, to the apportionment of winter quarters.

The commandant of Heidelberg castle.

A general sluggishness, much inefficiency, and, occasionally, glaring cases of cowardice and treason, came to light even among those in the highest places. Max Emmanuel of Bavaria misappropriated Spanish funds; Amadeus of Savoy played a most deceitful rôle, and finally left the Germans and went over to the French with his whole army. Heddersdorf, the German commmandant of Heidelberg, pusillanimously allowed the French, in 1693, to complete the work of destruction they had begun four years earlier. The castle, to which the citizens had fled

from their own flaming houses, might well have been held until the Margrave of Baden could come to its aid; but Heddersdorf, in an agony of fear, shut himself up in his own apartment, and took no measures whatever for defence. He atoned for his cowardice by the severest punishments that could possibly be inflicted on a soldier or a man of honor. The Teutonic Order, of which he was a member, had his cross taken off and flung in his face, and then literally kicked him out of a door in token of expulsion. By order of the military authorities, he was then bound and thrown into a cart, and paraded before his own regiment as a common criminal. His sword was publicly broken, and he slunk into banishment, not to be heard of again until his death, thirty-five years later, in a *nunnery* at Hildesheim! Such was the fate of the man to whose fault was attributable the completeness of that ruin, so famous for many generations, which has only now, within the last few years, been restored to its original form.

The establishment of a ninth electorate.

A lasting memorial of the emperor's straits and difficulties at this time, was the establishment in the House of Hanover of a ninth electorate. How persistently had Leopold hitherto refused this favor! He could not endure the thought of another Protestant vote in the body that had charge of the future of his children. But Ernest Augustus of Hanover was master of a strong state and had, besides, warm friends at court. No one of the German princes beneath the rank of elector could begin to compete with him in the number of soldiers he could put in the field. He had brought it about that his own lands, which only a generation back had been in the hands of four different lines, should in the future be united; sealing his final compact with his brother, George William of Celle, by allowing his son, afterwards George I. of England, to "contaminate his ancestors" to the extent of marrying

George William's legitimatized daughter, Sophia Dorothea. Of all unfortunate unions this was the worst, save in the one particular of dynastic advantage. Treated from the first with cold, cutting contempt, detected in a plan to run away with the notorious Swede, Königsmark, who was probably a spy of her husband's enemies, the princess was relegated to the castle of Ahlden, where she lived alone, under watch and ward, for thirty years. Ernest Augustus was ably seconded in his long struggle for the electoral dignity by his son-in-law, Frederick of Brandenburg; but he owed most to the skilful manner in which he played his own cards. He knew well how to draw every advantage from the emperor's critical situation; and at last fairly stormed Leopold's defences by threatening to put himself at the head of an independent third party, to consist, in addition to Hanover, of Sweden, Münster, and Saxony. The emperor yielded so completely that, in return for some eight hundred men and a general promise of support and friendship, he granted Ernest Augustus's wish in the teeth of a strong opposition, not only from the electoral college, but from the whole body of minor princes. The emperor's patent was dated 1692, but not until sixteen years later was Hanover formally recognized as having a full right to its new vote.

The Peace of Ryswick.

As the years of the dreary war rolled on, matters began to wear a brighter aspect for the imperialists, and various considerations rendered Louis XIV. more inclined for peace. He lost Namur in 1695, and Casale in the same year; a plot of the Jacobins, under his auspices, to murder William of Holland and bring back the Stuarts on the English throne, was betrayed and failed; a severe illness of Carlos II. brought home the fact that the moment might be at hand when France would need every friend she could possibly make. Under these circumstances Louis

determined to take a downward step from the pedestal on which he had placed himself, to abandon his Stuart protégés, and acknowledge William as king of England. A congress, accordingly, was called to meet at Ryswick, a village between Delft and The Hague. The sessions were held in an old castle admirably adapted for the purpose in hand. This castle consisted of a great central building, which was given over to the Swedes as mediators, and of two wings, each with its own entrance, so that the Anglo-imperial and French envoys could pass in and out without meeting or greeting each other. Not until after two months had passed in indirect negotiation, and after the momentous question had been settled as to the order in which they should enter the neutral rooms, did they come face to face.

Here at Ryswick, more cleverly even than at Nymwegen, did Louis manage to circumvent the Germans. With mathematical accuracy he solved the problem of pacifying three opponents so as to reap every advantage over the fourth. Once more the Dutch were propitiated by favorable trading privileges; the English were won by the formal recognition of their king. The Spaniards, too, were rendered harmless by the return of Luxemburg and other places in the Netherlands. Louis knew well that no one of these powers would risk its newly acquired gains in order to hinder his designs on the empire. In fact, they all three signed their own agreements without waiting to see what would be done by Austria.

The "Ryswick clause."

The negotiations at Ryswick had been entered into with the assumption that the Peace of Nymwegen should be the basis of accord, that Strassburg and all the annexations made through the Reunion Courts should be returned to the empire, and that religious toleration should prevail in the restored lands. But France, as usual, had woven

around her concessions a web of saving clauses. She had promised Strassburg "or an equivalent," and even that arrangement was, after a certain date, declared to have lapsed. She had promised religious toleration "until the making of some other agreement"; but when no other agreement found her approval, she suddenly, with the treaty on the very point of being concluded, made the categorical demand that the Catholic religion should be upheld in whatever districts it had once been introduced. This was the famous "Ryswick clause" that settled the religious future of some two thousand towns and villages. It came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, but the lukewarm attitude of England and Holland, and the massing of 140,000 Frenchmen near the German border, made resistance impossible. Some went so far, indeed, as to say that the two Catholic sovereigns were in collusion on this point; yet this would seem improbable in view of the severity of the general terms imposed upon Austria. So humiliating were these terms that the news-leaves of the day took up the old play upon words, and declared that this was no longer a case of *Nimm-weg*, or "take away," but of *Reiss-weg*, or "tear asunder." The Peace of Ryswick was finally signed in 1697, but many believed that, at the time, it would not be permanent. It was pointed out that France had not dismissed her regiments, but, instead, was offering double pay to former mercenaries of the empire. *Latet anguis in herba*, "the snake still lies hidden in the grass," was the warning cry of an earnest patriot.

The Spanish inheritance.

For the present, indeed, in view of the exhausted state of his finances, it was Louis XIV.'s intention to steer clear of war. He applied himself, instead, to so directing the politics of Europe that, when the long-expected crisis should come, his enemies would be disunited and he him-

self master of the situation. He was determined to have, if not the whole, at least a large part, of the rich inheritance of the last Spanish Hapsburg — an inheritance embracing points as far distant as Cuba and the Philippines, and of which one could therefore truly say that on it the sun never set. But the difficulties in the way were very great. With the West Indies, for instance, England and Holland had developed an immense trade; should these islands, as well as the coasts of Spain and Italy, be appropriated by France, or should the exports to these havens, as well as the imports of precious metals and of the usual colonial products, be stopped, the Dutch and English commerce would be ruined. The only solutions of the question for these two maritime powers were the giving of the whole inheritance neither to Austria nor to France, but to some third power, or else a general division. This last alternative was accepted by Louis XIV., who saw that something must be sacrificed in order to prevent England and Holland, not to speak of Spain, from making common cause with Austria. He accordingly, after much negotiation, entered into the so-called first partition treaty with William of Orange.

Austrian and French claims.

In order to find some thread through the intricacies of this Spanish succession question, it is necessary to hold in mind the Hapsburg genealogy back to the time of Philip II., in whose favor Charles V. had abdicated his Spanish, Italian, Netherland, and colonial claims. When Philip II.'s son, Philip III., died, in 1621, he left two children besides Philip IV., who died in 1665: Anna Maria, who became the queen of Louis XIII. of France, and Maria Anna, who married the Emperor Ferdinand III. Louis XIV. sprang from the one union, Leopold I. from the other. Nor was this the only tie that bound the French and Austrian monarchs to the Spanish house, for

Louis XIV. had married the one daughter, Leopold the other, of Philip IV. It might be supposed that as both Louis XIV.'s mother and his wife were older than their respective sisters, their claim should have had the preference upon the failure of the male line; but to equalize this there came in formal renunciations of the throne, signed at the time of the French marriages, although Louis XIV. maintained that the dowry for which his wife had sold her birthright had never been paid. Philip IV., for his part, had always intended that his younger daughter should eventually inherit his crown; he even left a provision in his will that on her decease her husband should be her heir.

The partition treaties.

As now, with the waning century, Carlos II. drew near to his end, the difficulty of settling the matter became more and more apparent. The Spanish people had welcomed the candidacy of the Bavarian elector, Max Emmanuel, who had married Leopold's daughter; when, in 1694, a son, Joseph Ferdinand, was born to this pair, he, in turn, became the hope, not only of Spain, but also of England and Holland. Here was a prince, neither Hapsburg nor Bourbon, on whom, as it seemed, all could unite. It was with reference to him that the first partition treaty was made; he was to have Spain, the Netherlands, and the colonies, while France was to take Naples and Sicily, leaving for the emperor only Milan. But Louis XIV. and William of Orange had reckoned without their host. The dying king, Carlos, furious at having this disposal made of his land, mustered strength enough to appear in a council of state and to proclaim Joseph Ferdinand heir, not of a part, but of the whole, of his domains. A fleet was ordered to Amsterdam to escort the seven-year-old boy to his new kingdom. But before either France or Austria could decide, under these changed circumstances,

what course to pursue, the young prince sickened and died. It was widely believed, by his father among others, that he had fallen a victim to one of the famous *poudres de succession*, which Louis XIV. was supposed to have always on hand; but these rumors of poisoning all rest on too frail a basis. At any rate, his death was of great advantage to Louis; by the second partition treaty, which was drawn up at his instigation, in March, 1700, and with regard to which Austria was not consulted, France was to have not only, as before, Naples and Sicily, but also Sardinia and the duchy of Milan.

The death-bed of Carlos II.

Agents had meanwhile been busy at Madrid, trying to accustom the mind of the king to the idea of deeding the whole of his possessions to a French prince. The Austrian party, on the other hand, of which the head was the Spanish queen, Leopold's sister-in-law, sought to obtain a similar declaration in favor of Archduke Charles, the emperor's younger son. The death-bed of the poor monarch was made the scene of bitter strife and contention. The French party, headed by the Archbishop of Toledo and by Jesuit confessors, finally managed to remove the queen and her allies from the room, and half persuaded, half compelled Carlos, who died almost immediately after, to sign a will in favor of Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV.

It remained to be seen what attitude would be assumed by the French king. The latest partition treaty, which left to Austria half of the inheritance, had been his own work; would he adhere to it, or would he be dazzled by the prospect of the whole? In his own mind there was neither doubt nor hesitation: the partition treaty had been scarcely more than a ruse; he had been fully initiated into the plans of his partisans in Madrid, and was more than delighted by the latest turn of affairs. He declared that the Pyrenees had ceased to exist, and in the palace of

Versailles, in the presence of his whole court, proclaimed his grandson king of Spain. "Only remember," he said, in his address of congratulation, "that you are a prince of France." The worst fears of England and Holland, not to speak of Austria, were thus realized. Louis himself was confident that, with Spain a friend instead of an enemy, he could bid defiance to all Europe.

The "Grand Alliance."

In the beginning, indeed, the maritime powers showed a dangerous apathy, out of which the Dutch were the first to be shaken by an attack of the French on the Belgian forts, for which Holland, by right of treaty, had provided the garrisons. Even then it cost William of Orange months of time and infinite pains to bring the English Parliament to a proper frame of mind. "The blindness of the people here is incredible," he wrote to Heinsius, the grand pensionary of Holland. His position was not easy, obliged as he was to humor the Tories in order to secure one of the chief aims of his life, the succession of the Protestant house of Hanover to the English throne. But with great skill he managed his affair, often concealing his own ardent wishes under a cloak of assumed coolness. In June, 1701, that final succession act was passed which made the Electress Sophia heiress to the throne of England; and, soon afterward, Parliament signed an alliance with the emperor "for the maintenance of the freedom of Europe, for the welfare and peace of England, and with the end in view of stemming the encroachments of France." Leopold was promised a "just and reasonable satisfaction concerning his pretensions to the Spanish succession." He was to have the Netherlands and the Italian possessions, while England and Holland were to keep whatever they should conquer in the colonies.

Thus, in September, 1701, was formed what is known as the "Grand Alliance." William of Orange, its chief

promoter, died before it was half a year old, but it proved the instrument that was to overthrow the French Colossus and reëstablish the equilibrium of Europe. Twelve years, indeed, of furious fighting were first to pass; and, in the end, one of the very partition arrangements that had been discussed in the beginning was to be peacefully adopted.

The Grand Alliance was joined, as a matter of course, by Hanover and also by Prussia, whose newly created king went far beyond his stipulated agreements with the emperor, being eager for the latter's good will in the matter of the Orange inheritance, — lands which he claimed as heir to his mother, the Great Elector's first wife. One by one the other German powers came in, though, with characteristic tardiness, the Diet of Ratisbon did not declare war until the fighting had been fairly under way for nearly a year.

Renegade states.

One striking exception was the elector of Bavaria, who, after wavering long and weighing well the advantages on both sides, went over to the French. This ambitious prince, bereft of his hopes of sovereign influence by the death of his son, was now deluded by Louis XIV. in every way. He was to have the Palatinate if he could conquer it, or perhaps the Netherlands; a royal and, if possible, the imperial crown. Lured by such prospects Max Emmanuel, assisted by his brother, the Archbishop of Cologne, made eager preparations to crush the House of Hapsburg. Another renegade, the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, who with French gold had raised an army of twelve thousand men, was surprised and fallen upon by his cousins of Celle and Hanover, who appropriated his mercenaries and made them fight on their own side.

Even after signing the alliance, and after the Austrian armies had been long in the field, England was slow about opening hostilities, hoping still to accomplish something

by further negotiations. But when, on the death of James II., Louis XIV. ostentatiously treated James's son with royal honors and addressed him as James III., all the reluctance of the English people to the war suddenly melted away. In the public squares of London a herald, to the sound of trumpets, formally summoned the king of France to mortal combat on the ground of "presuming to support the so-called Prince of Wales as king of England." Parliament granted forty thousand marines and an equal number of land soldiers. The chief command was intrusted to Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, who, as the "handsomest man in the world," was all-powerful at court; while his wife, too, formerly plain Sarah Jennings, had gained a great influence over Queen Anne. Not that a better choice could at that time have been made; no one had worked harder than Marlborough in bringing about the Grand Alliance, no one possessed a greater share of coolness, of daring, of all the qualities, in fact, that go to make up a perfect field commander.

The Duke of Marlborough placed in command.

Meanwhile, the Austrians had been most fortunate in finding a man of the same stamp, and one who proved able, eventually, to send new blood coursing through the flabby veins of the bodies politic and military. When the war was first decided upon, early in 1701, there was no doubt in any one's mind but that Prince Eugene of Savoy, the victor of Zenta, must be despatched to the scene of the first fighting. He, too, had spoken decisive words in favor of the war; and his initial march from the Tyrol to Italy showed the French that they had to deal with a genius of the very first order. One of Louis XIV.'s first cares had been to seize Milan, Mantua, and other places in Lombardy; and his general, Catinat, who felt assured of the route that Eugene intended to take, had posted his whole army near Monte Baldo, between the Lago di Garda and

Prince Eugene of Savoy in Italy.

the right bank of the Adige. The Austrian general, in order to keep up the illusion, sent workmen to level the main road, and then, swiftly and secretly, led his army from Roveredo over paths that were considered so impassable that not even a picket had been stationed to guard them. He reached the Lombard plains without having to fire a shot, while Catinat, not recognizing his own numerical superiority, remained on the defensive without daring to risk an engagement. The first skirmish came at Carpi, where the French, although their losses amounted to only 350 men, became so disheartened that Catinat decided to venture upon no more actions, and wrote to Louis XIV., "We are compelled, sire, to await what steps the enemy shall decide to take." This, with an army of forty thousand, as opposed to twenty-seven thousand of the Austrians! The latter were able, in sight of the French, to cross the river Mincio without molestation. Catinat was then deprived of his command and replaced by Marshal Villeroi.

To follow in detail Eugene's campaigns in Italy would lead us too far. Villeroy was defeated at Chiari and became an imitator of Catinat's timid policy; he was captured at Cremona, and the French at home could only rejoice that they were well rid of him. He was succeeded by Vendôme, "a wild, vicious genius in his personal habits, but also a genius in commanding; full of force, fire, and invention, and the very god of the French army."[1] He tried a bold attack on Eugene at Luzzara, but the latter held the field, although Vendôme's forces outnumbered his own as three to one.

But the Austrian army was greatly weakened, and reenforcements were slow in coming. Eugene complained bitterly that in four months he had received but one answer to his numerous despairing messages. Conclud-

[1] Erdmannsdörfer, II. 190.

ing that the most pressing need was a reorganization of the home war department, he gave his command to Guido Starhemberg, and hastened to Vienna, where, after months of labor, he revolutionized the military and financial management, himself becoming president of the new war council. Starhemberg was for a while in great straits, and considered himself deserted, but Vendôme gave him breathing space by turning off toward the Tyrol, for the purpose of effecting a union with Max Emmanuel of Bavaria.

Bavarian victories.

Meanwhile, on the other scenes of war, events had turned out more in accordance with the usual course of Austrian and imperial campaigns. The chief command on the Rhine had been intrusted to the Margrave of Baden, once a capable commander and one who had done good service against the Turks, but now grown old and timid, and a very drag on the wheels of Eugene's policy. During two years, the siege and capture of Landau, which was eventually retaken, was almost his only successful achievement. The same inactivity prevailed in the Netherlands, where Marlborough was hampered and constantly irritated by the senilities of the Dutch war council. In August, 1702, a Dutch-English fleet set out to take Cadiz, but contented itself with the capture of a few Spanish prizes. An army of mixed Prussian, imperial, and Palatine troops did, in course of time, succeed in driving the Archbishop of Cologne from all his domains. The greatest activity in these first years of the war was shown by the elector of Bavaria. Early in 1703 he marched on Ratisbon and rendered the members of the Diet virtually prisoners, refusing them pass and safe-conduct. Then he turned against the Tyrol, took Kufstein, and made a pompous triumphal entry into Innsbruck, his head already full of plans for rounding off Bavaria with this splendid mountain province. He was preparing to cross the Brenner and join Ven-

dôme, in Italy, when a ferocious uprising of the Tyrolese peasants spoiled his plan of campaign. Driven back to Munich, he was allowed, by the lethargic Margrave of Baden, to unite with the French marshal, Villars, with whose aid he defeated the Austrian general, Styrum, between Schwenningen and Höchstädt. Villars spoke in his report of this modest engagement as "the grandest victory of which it is possible to conceive," but soon quarrelled with Max Emmanuel and was replaced by Marshal Marsin. The latter assisted in the capture of Augsburg, which was forced to pay a high contribution, to throw down its walls and towers, and to furnish winter quarters. Maximilian was greeted on his entry as "Augustus, and soon to be Cæsar"; while a medal struck in these days designated him already as "King of Bohemia." The days of the Hapsburg rule seemed numbered; early in 1704 Passau was taken, and threatening demonstrations were made before Linz.

The battle of Blenheim.

But a frightful Nemesis was pursuing the renegade Bavarian. The cause of the allies had been strengthened, in 1703, by the accession of Savoy, and also of Portugal. The young Archduke Charles, Leopold's second son, was despatched to Lisbon, where he took the title of King Charles III., and, with Portuguese, English, and Dutch aid, prepared to march to Madrid and make good his claim to the Spanish throne. And in the meantime the Margrave of Baden had shown himself so supremely incapable in the operations before Linz, that even the old emperor Leopold was brought to ask him to resign the chief command, and appointed Eugene in his place. Last, but not least, Marlborough determined to quit the fields where he was reaping so little glory, and obtained permission to hasten to the German seat of war; he was hampered, indeed, by having to show consideration for

the Margrave of Baden, who had accepted a lower command and who was to lead Marlborough's own army on alternate days. His tiresome objections to war *à la Hussara* drove both the English general and Prince Eugene, who now came up, fairly to desperation, and both were glad enough to give him twenty thousand men, and wish him Godspeed when he marched off to besiege Ingolstadt.

The union of Eugene and Marlborough brought about some of the most brilliant military achievements that are recorded in all history. Here, in the vicinity of the Bavarian frontier, they won together the battle of Blenheim, — Höchstädt, the Germans called it, — the greatest since the war began, and one in which clever reckoning and well-considered tactics played a more important part than in any battle since classic times. It was the beginning of a form of warfare that was brought to perfection by Moltke in our own day.

In the midst of the battle Marlborough performed the remarkable manœuvre of re-forming his troops under fire, and changing the brunt of attack from the village of Blenheim, about which the French infantry was massed, to a point farther to the west, where he suddenly perceived that their cavalry was weak. The operation succeeded completely, the cavalry was put to flight, the infantry surrounded and forced to surrender. Marshal Tallard was taken captive, together with the cash-box, containing the pay for his troops; twenty-eight thousand men were killed, wounded, or taken prisoner; included in the booty were fifty-four hundred provision wagons and thirty-four coaches filled with French courtesans.

Among the results of Höchstädt were the occupation of the whole of Bavaria, the flight of Max Emmanuel, the arrest of his young sons, — who were kept under Austrian tutelage for the next ten years, — and, finally, the raising

Occupation of Bavaria.

of Marlborough to the rank of a prince of the empire, with the little Bavarian principality of Mindelheim. A rebellion against the Austrian rule, which took place somewhat later, was successfully put down. In the presence of the emperor, at Vienna, Bavaria's old charters were torn through the middle and thrown on the ground, the elector and his brother were put to the ban, while the arch-chancellor of the empire publicly proclaimed that Max Emmanuel's "miserable body" was at the mercy of every one to hurt or to harm with impunity.

The battle of Blenheim was the only great engagement that took place on German soil during the whole of the succession war. In the period that followed, the Margrave of Baden was left to defend the Rhine, while Eugene resumed his command in Italy, and Marlborough, with some unwillingness, returned to Belgium. Archduke Charles, or, as he now called himself, King Charles III., succeeded in entering Madrid; but his position was precarious, and could only be maintained with the help of his army.

Turin and Ramillies.

Eugene, at first, was unfortunate in Italy, although supported by his cousin, the Duke of Savoy. He lost the field of Cassano, and was so discouraged that he thought of resigning his command. But, in 1706, supplied with funds and reënforcements, he carried out a series of most brilliant movements against Duke Philip of Orleans, — son of "Lise Lotta," — and Marshal Marsin, neither of whom possessed the *tête de fer* which Vendôme had declared to be absolutely needed in Italy. The battle of Turin, fought in September, 1706, was another of the giant encounters of this war. For a time the chances of the day swayed backward and forward; but at last Marsin was fatally wounded, and the Duke of Orleans so seriously injured that he had to leave the field. Within two hours the

French were in wild flight, and before evening Eugene and Victor Amadeus held a triumphal entry into the town of Turin. This battle determined the fate of northern Italy, and within six months the enemy had agreed to quit the land.

No less brilliant had been the fortunes of Marlborough in Belgium, where the battle of Ramillies, fought against Marshal Villeroi and Max Emmanuel, saved the Netherlands for Austria, and took away from the Bavarian his last hope of conquering a compensation for his lost electorate. Less successful was an expedition, undertaken in the interests of the English and at Marlborough's earnest wish, against the Mediterranean port of Toulon. In spite of the assistance of Eugene the attempt failed, and the allies retired to Italy with a loss of ten thousand men.

Joseph I.

Meanwhile the prospects were anything but bright for the emperor, Joseph I., who had succeeded his father, Leopold, in 1705, and who was personally one of the best and strongest of the Hapsburgs. Just as he lacked the protruding lip of his ancestors, so was his character free from the usual mixture of indecision and bigotry. In spite of the victories on distant fields, Joseph's position was highly precarious. Almost simultaneously with the Spanish Succession War there had broken out a fierce rebellion in Hungary; and, in the North, the great struggle had begun of Denmark, Russia, and Poland against Sweden. From the year 1703 on, Rakoczy had been the soul of the Hungarian revolt, and had been hand in glove with Louis XIV., who paid him enormous subsidies. A plan was on foot for giving the crown of St. Stephen to Max Emmanuel of Bavaria.

The northern war had had the effect of withdrawing Augustus the Strong, the Saxon elector and Polish king, from the cause of the emperor. The fiery Charles XII. of

Charles XII. of Sweden in Silesia.

Sweden had proved a match for all his enemies,—even, as yet, for Peter the Great. In 1702 he had conquered Warsaw, and two years later had deposed Augustus the Strong and put Stanislaus Lescinsky on the Polish throne. In 1706, he determined to invade Saxony and utterly humiliate his old rival. So successfully did he carry out his plan that in the same year Augustus was forced to sign the Peace of Alt-Ranstädt; by which he abdicated his Polish claims, promised never to interfere with the Protestantism of his Saxon subjects, and agreed to give winter quarters to the Swedes, who then occupied his cities of Wittenberg and Leipzig. Here was a case where the emperor, had not his every nerve been strained to carry on the French war, was bound to intervene. A Swedish army in winter quarters on German ground, and a king who came forward with as lordly demands as though he had been Gustavus Adolphus in person! In order to reach Saxony, Charles XII. had passed through Silesia without so much as asking leave. He found there that Austria had been oppressing her Protestant subjects, and he now insisted on a number of reforms. For one whole year he remained in Saxony, keeping Joseph on tenter-hooks, lest he, Charles, should hearken to the alluring voice of Louis XIV., whose marshal, Villars, sought Charles out and is said to have proposed a common march on Vienna. But the Duke of Marlborough proved of use at this juncture, not only as a general, but also as a diplomat. He visited Charles XII. at Alt-Ranstädt, and flattered him by the prospect of having Sweden chosen as intermediary in the peace negotiations that were expected shortly to take place. On his bond, indeed, Charles XII. insisted; and the emperor was forced, in the face of an ultimatum, to sign a convention by which he conceded to the Silesian Protestants a number of religious reforms, which, strangely enough, proved perma-

nent, — more so than the glory of the Swedish king, who, soon afterward, in the battle of Pultava (1709), received a severe punishment at the hands of Peter the Great.

A new quarrel between Pope and emperor.

Joseph I. must indeed have possessed considerable bravery not to despair utterly among the dangers and difficulties that beset him at every conceivable point. Louis of Baden, partly through his own failure to come to any rational agreement with Marlborough, had been left, in 1706, with insufficient forces on the Upper Rhine. He had been driven out of Alsace and across the river; and in the following year, while the stubborn old general lay dying at Rastadt, the whole Swabian circle was ravaged by the French. In the meantime an entirely new and unexpected enemy had arisen in Italy. Once more the world saw the spectacle of a Pope and an emperor in arms against each other; once more the ban was hurled against the godless invaders of church lands, while, in the Square of St. Peter's, there floated a banner with the device, *Domine defende causam tuam.* A coolness had existed between Joseph and Clement, owing to the latter's outspoken French sympathies and to the emperor's claim of the right to fill one vacant place in each German cathedral chapter. But when, in 1707, Joseph conceived the idea of installing Charles III. on the throne of Naples, and quartered troops in the old imperial fiefs of Parma, Piacenza, Ferrara, and Commachio, matters came to a climax. Clement raised an army and begged for assistance from France; while his adversary restored the fortifications of Commachio, and is said to have placed an inscription over one of the gates, "To Joseph the emperor, who seeks to regain the ancient rights over Italy." At Joseph's request, the king of Prussia, mindful of the Pope's refusal to recognize him, sent reënforcements, at the same time ordering his general to secure some of the larger cannon,

— with the papal arms if possible, — for the new *Zeughaus* in Berlin. There resulted the occupation of more papal territory; a threat of sending General Daun, at the head of his troops, against Rome itself; and, finally, an ultimatum which brought Clement to his knees one hour before midnight on the day on which the term expired. The Pope agreed to disband his army, and to recognize Charles III. as king of Naples.

Lille and Oudenarde.

As for Eugene and Marlborough, the best field for their united efforts now seemed to lie in Belgium. It is true they had formed a different plan of campaign with the elector of Hanover, who had taken the Margrave of Baden's place on the Rhine; and so disgusted was the future king of England with their change of mind, that he threw down his command. But the two great generals, as usual, were in the right; the French had concentrated all their forces in Flanders, and were able, in 1708, to take the towns of Bruges and Ghent. But the allies in the same year gained the victory of Oudenarde, — a victory so signal that Marlborough for a time could think of marching direct upon Paris. Other counsels prevailed, indeed, and it was determined instead to lay siege to Lille, which, since its conquest by Louis XIV., in 1668, had been turned into the strongest fortress in northern France. In vain Vendôme and the Duke of Burgundy sought to bring help to the heroic Marshal Boufflers, who defended the town to the last moment, and who, even after the outer works were lost, retired to the citadel. From here, too, he was at last driven; while, at the same time, Max Emmanuel of Bavaria, who had made a dash for Brussels, was forced back, and Belgium thus cleansed of the French. Vendome fell into disgrace, and the new *armée de Flandres* was given to Villars; while so desperate was the general situation — the prospect of a famine in the following summer having

also to be faced — that Louis XIV. sued for peace, and a conference of all the powers concerned was called together at the Hague. Here the proposals, not unnaturally, were humiliating enough for France: England demanded the recognition of the Hanoverian dynasty, and the razing of the fortress of Dunkirk; Holland, the right to garrison a belt of fortresses in Belgium; Austria, the whole of the Spanish inheritance; the empire was to recover its old boundaries, including not only Alsace with Strassburg, but also Metz, Toul, and Verdun.

Malplaquet.

Almost all of these conditions Louis XIV. was willing to accept; he agreed to renounce the Spanish inheritance and even to give up Strassburg, but when, in the pride of victory, the allies insisted that, in case Philip of Anjou and the people of Spain should offer opposition, he should assist in driving out his own grandson, his cup of wrath flowed over. Neither now, nor in the following year, in the conferences at Gertruydenberg, would he treat on such a basis. "The French would be no longer French," wrote Madame de Maintenon, "if they accepted an insult like this;" while "Lise Lotta" declared that the allies had made "barbaric propositions." The conference was broken up and the war renewed.

The bloodiest of all the battles of this long struggle, and the one which, in point of the numbers participating, outranks any action of the eighteenth century, still remained to be fought. Louis XIV. roused himself to his last and most desperate effort, while the French people stood by him to a man, and many sold the silver from their table to furnish him with funds. At Malplaquet, fought in September, 1709, ninety thousand Frenchmen, under Villars, stood over against one hundred thousand of the allies, commanded by Eugene and Marlborough. With the latter were Frederick William, the crown prince of Prussia,

Schwerin the future victor of Mollwitz, and Maurice, the later *Maréchal de Saxe*.

The battle raged from early morning to late evening, with the final result that the allies maintained the field, but lost twice as many in dead and wounded as their conquered opponents. The French were not so wholly to blame for ascribing the victory to themselves: it was in these days that in all the streets of Paris one could hear the mocking song, "Marlborough s'en va-t'en guerre!" At all events, Malplaquet practically finished the war. France was on the verge of bankruptcy, and, although numerous small engagements still took place, they were only the running commentary, as it were, to the long negotiations for peace.

Death of Joseph.

That these negotiations lasted as long as they did was largely the fault of Marlborough. The Whig party lived by war, and to it the great general was not above catering. But now a new event occurred, which changed the aspect of affairs and acted like an explosive in sundering the Austrian and English interests. In the tide of Louis XIV.'s fortunes, and not through any victories of his own, there came a wonderful rise.

In April, 1711, the young Emperor Joseph fell sick with the small-pox and died. The next of kin, and the one to whom the throne of the empire would be likely to fall, was none other than that Charles III. who was struggling so hard for the crowns of Spain and Italy. But could England and Holland now, any more than in the beginning, submit to the union of all these territories in one hand? The wheel had swung round to where it had stood eleven years before. In London, at the Hague, and in Berlin, there was but one thought, that a new Charles V. could never be tolerated; far better that France should enjoy a part of the Spanish inheritance.

Altogether, in England, a strong contrary wind was blowing. For the first time in many years the Tory party gained the ascendency. Marlborough soon found that his influence was gone; his enemies even dared to accuse him of taking a percentage from the Jews who supplied bread for his army, and of appropriating funds that were intended for the foreign troops. Queen Anne dismissed the Duchess of Marlborough from her presence, while, in the country at large, all the landowners clamored for peace at any price. Thus was England hurried into one of the most disgraceful acts in her history. Without a word to the allies, at whose side she had fought for so many years, she entered into private negotiations with France, and assured Spain to Philip of Anjou. Austria was left completely in the lurch; her minister, Count Gallas, was snubbed and boycotted in London, ostensibly on personal grounds. No other than Prince Eugene, whom the English had hitherto fairly idolized, was sent to take his place. He arrived only to learn that Marlborough had been driven from all his offices, and his command in the Netherlands given to the Duke of Ormond. After a stay of two months, Eugene was obliged to confess that for once he had lost a campaign. The command to the English army, to desist from fighting, reached it on the eve of an expected engagement on the river Scheldt, which the allies felt sure of winning. England's own soldiers all but mutinied when told to withdraw, and refused the usual cheer to their officers as they were marched off to Dunkirk. A number deserted on the way. Although fifty thousand Germans, who had been in the English pay, scorned the new orders and joined Eugene, the general discouragement was so great that Villars easily gained a succession of small victories.

England deserts her allies.

The final arrangement between England, Holland, and

The Peace of Utrecht.

France was completed at Utrecht, in 1713. Portugal, Savoy, and Prussia joined in signing the treaty of peace. Philip of Anjou was acknowledged as king of Spain, but was forced to renounce any rights of eventual succession to the French throne; while the younger Bourbons signed a similar agreement with regard to Spain. England herself secured the invaluable Mediterranean stations of Port Mahon and Gibraltar; and in the New World — at the cost of France — the island of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, as well as Hudson's Bay Territory. Max Emmanuel of Bavaria and his brother were reinstated in all their rights and possessions, even Marlborough's little principality of Mindelheim being suppressed without equivalent. On the part of Max Emmanuel a struggle was made, in addition, for the Spanish Netherlands; but this neither England nor Holland would allow. It was much more agreeable to them that the Bavarian elector should have Sardinia, which they were willing to slice off from the share they had intended to allot to Austria. To Victor Amadeus was given Sicily; to Portugal lands on the Amazon River; and to Prussia, part of Guelders, with the recognition of her right to Neuchâtel, which had belonged to the Orange inheritance.

Austria continues the war.

Charles VI., as the new emperor called himself, had sent an envoy to Utrecht, but received such treatment at the hands of Louis XIV. that he refused to sign the peace. The French king sent demands, in the form of an ultimatum, which, as Charles said himself, were such as should only have been presented to a subjugated enemy. He was not to be acknowledged as emperor until he should have reinstated the two Wittelsbachs; and a whole list of charges and damages on their account was to be paid by him. He was to give a pledge never to attempt to acquire more land in Italy than the congress at Utrecht should have assigned.

In spite of his complete isolation and of the general hopelessness of his cause, Charles determined to continue the war. He would rather, he said to Lord Peterborough, — whom in his excitement he seized by the coat-button, — he would rather risk and lose all, than have laws dictated to him in this fashion. The Diet of Ratisbon also was in favor of resistance, and thanked the emperor for refusing such "despicable and unworthy" proposals of peace, the acceptance of which would have led to inevitable slavery.

The treaties of Rastadt and Baden.

In the campaign that followed, the French, as may be imagined, were uniformly successful. For the fourth time in this war, Landau underwent a siege and was captured, and a like fate befell Freiburg. But Louis XIV., whose life and strength were now ebbing away, was heartily anxious for peace, and was willing, eventually, to make further concessions than at Utrecht. It was finally agreed that the two commanders-in-chief, Eugene and Villars, should come together at Rastadt and discuss the question of preliminaries. The course of these negotiations was by no means smooth. For three months the two generals, who held their meetings in the splendid castle built by the Margrave of Baden, wrangled as to terms. Eugene far outmatched his opponent in the field of diplomacy, and at last, by laying down an ultimatum and ostentatiously preparing for further hostilities, gained for Austria more than she could have hoped. Her chief gains were the Netherlands and, practically, all that Spain had possessed in Italy, — including Sardinia, which was taken away from Max Emmanuel. Three years later Austria exchanged this latter island with the House of Savoy for Sicily.

It remained for the empire, as a whole, to make its peace with France. For this purpose plenipotentiaries met at Baden, and, with characteristic slowness, spent three whole months in drawing up a document which, when it

was finished, differed scarcely in a single word from the Peace of Rastadt. Altogether, the part played by the empire had been one of sacrifice and self-effacement. Two questions that were vital to her were scarcely even touched upon at Baden: the rectification of the western boundary, and the repeal of the "Ryswick clause." Germany came forth from the war exactly as she had gone into it, except that she was poorer in men and money.

As for France, though defeated in every great battle, she stood there strong and aggressive as ever, having placed a Bourbon on the throne of Spain and compelled the emperor to reinstate, without punishment, his rebel vassals. Her various attempts, however, to cast a yoke upon Germany had proved a failure, and had to be postponed for nearly a century.

CHAPTER III

THE FATHER OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

LITERATURE: In addition to the general works mentioned under Chapter XIX., see the memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth, the admirable biography by Förster, *Friedrich Wilhelm I.*, and also Koser, *Friedrich der Grosse als Kronprinz.*

The virtues of Frederick William I.

WHILE the empire was being defrauded at Utrecht, Rastadt, and Baden of the just fruits of its long war with Louis XIV., the state on which the hope of the future rested was entering into a new and distinct phase of its history. The process of training had begun that one day was to justify Prussia's mission as head of a regenerated Germany. Her army was to grow to be the first in Europe; her financial administration the most economical and the least corrupt; her kings were to become the most absolute, but at the same time to interest themselves most deeply in the affairs of the lowest of their subjects.

Frederick William I., who came to the throne on the death of his father in 1713, is a man whose character has been grossly misconceived by posterity. What happened on three or four famous and widely exploited occasions, when an irritable man completely lost his temper, has been made to outweigh the record of a life devoted to the interests of his people, of a phenomenal energy that never flagged from the day of this king's accession to the day of his death, of a talent for administration such as few other crowned heads have ever possessed, of a regard for rectitude and for morality that transformed the whole tone of his surroundings. For each of those violent outbursts,

— which were seldom completely unjustified, — for each time that his cane fell on the backs of his servants or of his very provoking children, one might chronicle a hundred wise measures for the comfort and welfare of his people.

The Margravine of Baireuth.

There is a very evident reason for the misconception of this monarch's true worth, for to no other ruler has the lot fallen of having nourished in his own bosom so witty so spiteful and so unconscientious a biographer. From behind the closed doors of his own palace, from one who was with him day by day, from a daughter who professes to have loved and honored him, we have one of the most malicious pictures that was ever drawn of any man. The only excuse is that the Margravine of Baireuth could never have intended her memoirs to be published, if indeed she ever meant them to be taken seriously at all. Droysen has proved that the letters reproduced at length are not genuine, while the memoirs themselves teem with self-contradictions. Was the whole thing intended as a mere literary exercise? Wilhelmine herself speaks of a talent for pitiless satirizing very much in vogue in her century; she tells how she once read the comic novels of a certain Scarron, and with the aid of her brother applied the satires to persons at court, not sparing even the king. "I dare not even say what a rôle he played," she writes; "we showed them to the queen, who was vastly amused." Again she relates how frightened she was at losing some letters that spoke of the king in "pretty strong language," how deeply she regrets her disrespectfulness and her evil tongue; and she ends up with what gives us the keynote to the whole mystery: "I did it," she says, "more *to show my cleverness and my good ideas* than because I had a bad heart."

The Frederick William of Wilhelmine's pages is a being who carouses until four o'clock in the morning; who starves his children, and even expectorates into their food

to make it the more unpleasant; who tries to strangle his son with the curtain rope, and knocks his daughter senseless by striking her "three tremendous blows in the face." Yet even if all this were true, it seems almost pardonable in view of the pictures the margravine unconsciously draws of herself and of the queen her mother. At the age of ten Wilhelmine knows all the worst court scandal, and is told by the queen to be rude to "three-quarters of Berlin." The two women, later, manage to write — in lemon juice which can only be read when held to the fire — nearly fifteen hundred letters to the young crown prince; in a moment of danger they purloin the casket in which these are contained, forge a whole series of new letters, and counterfeit the seal. Their own correspondence is carried on by notes concealed in cheeses. Both constantly simulate illness, and Wilhelmine holds balls of hot lead under the coverlet to make it appear she has a fever. Spies and villains, plots and intrigues, swoons and violence, hidings behind screens and in cupboards, meet us at every turn.

Wilhelmine's picture of her father and of herself.

The real Frederick William was a rugged genius with strongly marked peculiarities and with a determination to carry absolutism to its logical conclusion. He intended, he once declared, to establish Prussian sovereignty on a "rock of bronze"; and he considered himself accountable for his actions to God alone. "I have no money," was his usual answer to towns that petitioned for unnecessary improvements; and he once wrote to an official, "Salvation belongs to the Lord, and everything else is my affair." Strangely enough, he was unaware that his temper was violent. "God knows I am entirely too tranquil," he once declared; "if I were more choleric, I think things would go better." In addition to his children and his servants, his cane fell upon negligent soldiers and upon those of his subjects whom he discovered in idleness or wrong-doing.

The real Frederick William I.

More serious punishments he inflicted, too, which were out of proportion to the nature of the offence. He was economical to a degree that was often branded as penury, knew how to drive a hard bargain, and often insisted on his bond when common humanity would seem to have called for leniency. His manners were rough, his vein of humor coarse, his sense of the beautiful decidedly limited. Yet often we find an underlying principle of good in his acts of harshness and severity; far better err on the wrong side than fall into the spendthrift laxness of a Charles VI. or an Augustus the Strong. Frederick William's personality is constantly cropping out through the driest of his state papers; his marginal notes to the daily reports of his ministers mount up into the thousands and are a running commentary on his character. They show an industry, an attention to detail that is fairly phenomenal.

Retrenchments of Frederick William I.

Quidquid vult vehementer vult, writes a Saxon envoy of Frederick William, and this quality of impetuosity he showed from the very first moment of his accession. His fixed idea — which had come to him, doubtless, in the camp at Malplaquet where he had sharply resented the imputation that without foreign subsidies his father could not maintain a respectable army — was the necessity of making Prussia into a strong military power. For this, money was required; and the first step in the way of procuring it was economy. The old king had not been dead for half an hour when the young heir, whose pink and white complexion and friendly blue eyes had given no reason to expect such a sternness of character, called for the household accounts and drew a line through the whole list of court lackeys and pages. They appeared for the last time at the gorgeous funeral which was the final concession of a good son to the weakness of his father; they formed part in a rich tableau that represented the end of a whole era in Prussian history.

They then vanished into thin air, as did Frederick William's own great French wig and long mourning garments. The court poet, the upper master of heraldry, the twenty-five trumpeters, went the same way; while the jewels that had ornamented the late king's pall, and the countless trinkets and gewgaws that he had collected, were sold to pay his outstanding debts and to support new regiments. The household was reorganized on the simplest possible basis: three pages at ten thalers a month on which they had to board themselves; thirty riding horses instead of one thousand. The table was to be simple but good; and over against Wilhelmine's calumnies in this regard, we must place the explicit orders, preserved in the archives, that the queen and her children were to have private dishes "according to their gusto." We know of the crown prince, on good authority, that he loved *les petits plats et les hauts goûts*. Queen Sophie Dorothea was given a yearly allowance of eighty thousand thalers for living expenses and for the clothing of herself and ten children; while from the former privy purse, which was turned over to the general state-fund, the king reserved for himself but fifty-two thousand thalers. This beginning of a reform with his own person was characteristic of him throughout his reign; he held his officials to exact punctuality under penalty of heavy fines, but he himself was busy hearing reports at five o'clock in the morning. The excise duties were very onerous; but goods purchased for the royal household were not exempted, and the king's wagons were searched at the gates like those of any commoner. By medical advice, it was customary to bleed the whole army at least once a year; when the time came round, Frederick William sat out on his porch within view of his soldiers and was the first to bare his arm.

The reforms begun in the royal household were carried

Centralization of the administration.

out through the whole length and breadth of the land; although the task was Herculean because of the many forces that were pulling in different directions. The more recently acquired provinces had never been brought into a firm relationship with the Mark Brandenburg: under the lax rule of Frederick I., Cleves, Magdeburg, Halberstadt, Prussian Pomerania, and East Prussia had retained their old faulty local administration, and the proud, narrow-minded nobility still exercised considerable influence. The cities enjoyed a large measure of autonomy, the chief magisterial positions remaining, by tacit consent, in the hands of a few influential families. The reforms of the great elector, indeed, had not been entirely without result: the people knew the value and need of a standing army, and had come to see that certain public burdens must of necessity be borne. But the control had been insufficient; the competency of the numerous bureaus, exchequers, and governing boards had not been clearly fixed; there was no economy of forces, no discipline, no routine. What was most needed was a caste or class of trained officials, and to procure this, the king's service had to be made more honorable and more desirable, but at the same time more rigid. The first years of Frederick William's reign mark an era in all of these matters. The young monarch's leading thought was so to centralize and systematize all things that he himself, as from a coin of vantage, could at any time cast his eye over the whole field. He believed that a king, who "wished to rule with *honneur* in the world," must do everything himself, for "rulers are put there for the purpose of working." And he fully lived up to his creed. "No one who has not seen it can believe," writes Seckendorf, the Austrian envoy, "that one single man, be he ever so intelligent, could do so much and settle so many matters in the progress of a day."

In the course of a few months, the army was reorganized on a new basis and with seven new regiments; old feudal military services, which could no longer be literally performed, were commuted for a fixed yearly sum of money which went to the paying of recruits; a revision of the whole legal system was ordered. The king said in his edict, "one month is already gone, in eleven more the *Landrecht* (or code) must be ready for the whole land" — a command which it proved impossible to strictly carry out. The civil administration was simplified by cashiering several of the many boards. The question of taxation was next taken in hand, and it was found that, particularly in East Prussia, fraud and concealment had long been rampant — many of the nobles paying but the sixth part of what was really due on their lands. A whole new assessment for the province had to be made; and on such sound and thorough principles was this done, that the same schedule was adopted fifty years later for the new acquisitions of Silesia and West Prussia. It met all the same, at the time, with fierce opposition; and the king's own official sent a protest to the effect that the whole country would be ruined. "The whole country ruined!" ran the marginal note to the report in a hideous mixture of languages. "I don't believe a word of it, but I do believe that, as to the squires, their authority and their liberum veto will be ruined!" [1]

Frederick William's activity.

Not the least important of the reforms was the requirement of a budget, or previous estimate, for all public outlays in all parts of the kingdom. Not a penny was to be spent for which the king had not given his express consent; and he remorselessly cut down all demands by about one-third. He wrote on the edge of a ministerial report, which

[1] Tout le pays sera ruine? Nihil kredo, aber das kredo, dass die Junkers ihre Autorität Nie pos volam (Polish) wird ruinirt werden. Ich stabilire die Souveraineté wie einen Rocher von Bronce. — F. W.

asked for three hundred and fifteen thalers to repair a toll-house in Frankfort, "Is it a castle? Twenty-four thalers!" To the governing board in the new Mark, which had petitioned for a building in Cüstrin to hold the public documents, he sent word, "There is room enough in the castle for all the archives of London, Paris, and Berlin."

The "Instruction" of 1723.

In spite, however, of all that was done in the first ten years of this reign, these were but the period of gestation for the great measure that was passed in the first days of the year 1723. The "Instruction for the General Upper Finance, War and Domain Directory" was the crown of all Frederick William's administrative endeavors, the crunching of the heel on all the "Schlendrian" or laxness of former days. It was a codification of life principles, such as only a St. Benedict, a Calvin, or an Ignatius Loyola had hitherto accomplished; and it continued to be used as a rule for Prussian officialdom until the end of all things in 1806. It was Frederick William's own most private work: he went into seclusion in his hunting-box, at Schönebeck, until he had thought it all out, then called in one of his privy councillors to put it in shape, and prepared to impose it on his unwary ministers. When his "thunder-bolt," as he called it, at last fell, he requested his friend and general, Prince Leopold of Dessau, to write him "what kind of faces the gentlemen made and whether they were *confus* or calm."

This splendid monument of absolutism bears the effigy of its founder in every one of its lines. The monarch himself is the apex of everything, "We are lord and king, and can do what we will." All the same, "We wish that any odium, however undeserved, should fall not on us, who are chary of the love and devotion of our subjects and the friendship of our neighbors, but on the General Upper Finance, War and Domain Directory, or on one or other of

the members of the same, unless it shall prove possible to make the public change its bad opinion."

Under the king, is the new central governing board consisting of five ministers — each of which is head of a department — and of a number of councillors and secretaries. Under this board, again, are the local and provincial boards and exchequers. This new General Directory replaces the old war commissariat as well as the former Finance Directory, with both of which Frederick William by this time was completely out of conceit: "for one board is always trying to abstract from the other some of its special rights and revenues in order to make a parade before us and to cause us to think that our revenues are being increased by so much, when in reality we have lost just as much on the other side." And further on: "The war-exchequer belongs to no one else but the king in Prussia; item the domain-exchequer. *We hope that we are he and that we have no need either of a guardian or of an assistant.*" The new directory is to avoid everything that has to do with *Wind und blaue Dunst* — with "wind and blue vapor"; in modern parlance, with the "green table" or with "red tape." The old disputes, that took up so much time under the former boards, are to cease forever, and the new members are to live together in harmony. If they keep their minds and faculties on the king's service, they "will all have their hands full and will not need to campaign with lawsuits against each other. But the poor lawyers, poor devils, will be as *inutil* as the fifth wheel on the cart!"

The new governing boards.

The system of control inaugurated by the "Instruction" was one of the most elaborate ever invented, even when compared with that of the Jesuits. Its weakness was, that it stood or fell with the character and predilections of the head of the state. It worked well under Frederick William I. who was determined, as he said, that all oppor-

The system of control.

tunity should be taken away from "undutiful rogues" of "blowing into one horn" to deceive him. The members of the General Directory were to assemble daily, in summer at seven, in winter at eight o'clock in the morning. A minister or councillor who should be an hour late was to pay a fine of a hundred ducats; for an unexcused absence of a whole day, six months of his salary. On the occasion of a second offence he was to be cashiered: "for that is what we pay them for, to work." Every evening a protocol of the day's proceedings was to be drawn up and submitted to the king, and every week reports were to be laid before him from all the provinces. Personal questions might be asked on doubtful points, provided they were couched in few words and "*nerveus*" or sinewy. The ministers, who are warned "not to be sleepy, as it were, and not to act as if they had no *inquietude*," were to be held responsible, not so much for what had been reported to them by the provincial officials as for the actual facts of the case. They were to know the *minutissima* of what went on in all parts of the kingdom, and in order to obtain this knowledge they were not only to send commissioners to supervise the work of the officials, but also to employ a large number of spies among all classes of the population, and, if need be, to send secret agents from Berlin. The provincial reports were to be carefully audited, not only by the minister whose department might happen to be concerned, but also *in pleno;* and a sharp lookout was to be kept in order to ascertain "if human intrigues and passions have not something to do with the case." Should there be a stoppage in any source of revenue, and the cause be not discernible as "plainly as the sun in the heavens," a member of the Directory was to repair at once in person to the spot.

The provincial officials themselves were to be most carefully chosen from thoroughly trained men with "open

heads," and they were to know their districts "even as we pretend that a captain of our army knows his company and the inward and outward qualities of each soldier that belongs to it." Every attempt at peculation was to be mercilessly struck down, death being the penalty even for comparatively small thefts. Frederick William knew well what was the cancerous evil of his day; it has been carefully reckoned that in Austria in 1700, out of revenues amounting to fourteen million guldens only four million ever found their way to their proper destination. As a particular safeguard, the "Instruction" provides that officials are not to serve in the town or province in which they were brought up; this will give them fewer "inducements to fraud and deceit," and remove them from the baneful influence of their "*Gevatterschaften* and *Connoissancen*," their gossips and acquaintances. This king is rigidly determined that a summary end shall be put to *alle Sudeleien*, to all dirty and underhanded work. All irregular expenses too, and all sudden calls on the treasury, are to be stopped: "We are as tired of them as though they had been shovelled with spoons into our mouth." To cover these *fluc-flac* items, a sum of two hundred and fifty thousand thalers is set aside, and the Directory has to see that it does not spend a *Pfennig* more. The strictest possible thoroughness and punctuality is to be observed in making up the budgets, which are infallibly to be ready by a certain day: "The gentlemen will say it is not possible, but they shall put their heads down to it, and we herewith command them emphatically, that they shall make it possible *sonder Raisoniren*," — without any attempt at argument at all.

The requirements of officials.

No monarch since Charlemagne had personally worked out as did Frederick William, not merely the broad outlines of a great administrative system, but also the smallest details, such as the way to find a market for the butter of

Efforts to increase the revenue.

East Prussia; how the beer of twenty-seven other towns, which are mentioned by name, might be made as good as that of Potsdam; how foreign weavers might be brought to Prussia by the bait of a loom, a wife, and an advance of raw material. Many of the articles of this very lengthy document are filled with a careful explanation of how investments, which show an apparent profit, may turn out to be no real improvement — *keine Besserung, Ergo Wind.*

In two great departments, the exploitation of the crown lands and the training and equipment of the army, Frederick William outdid all the other European monarchs of his day. The so-called royal domains — consisting of original grants, of lapsed fiefs, of purchases, secularized benefices, and heritages of all kinds — amounted in all to nearly one-third of the territory of the Prussian state. The revenues from them were equal to those from all other sources combined, but, like private estates, they needed care and attention. In the forests the wood must be carefully cut and not squandered, the fields were to be kept well fertilized, the meadows drained and protected by dikes. When Frederick William took them in hand, he found them heavily mortgaged, and occupied by a poor class of tenants; during his whole reign he devoted himself to making them flourishing and profitable. And so well did he succeed that he raised the yearly income from them by two million thalers. The system that he adopted of farming them out in large districts, or *ämter*, is the one that is in vogue at the present day.

Introduction of colonists.

And not only did he pay off the debts and burdens, but he settled the waste places with thrifty colonists at an enormous outlay, which returned to him later, in the form of taxes and excise duties, not to speak of stalwart men for his army. Such wholesale damage had war and pestilence done, especially in East Prussia — where the plague of 1709–

1710 destroyed between a third and a half of the entire population — that the colonization had to be conducted on a very extensive scale. Before the end of his reign this thrifty monarch was able to look down proudly on thousands of colonists, the great majority of whom had come to Prussia under special contract with the government. The sums expended in the venture are calculated to have averaged six hundred thalers for each family; while in East Prussia alone six millions were spent in draining and other improvements. For a monarch whose chit of a daughter has dubbed him parsimonious, this was a pretty fair showing. On the occasion of his first journey through these rescued provinces, Frederick the Great wrote to Voltaire that there was something grand and poetical in the thought of it; and again, "Just as the all-shadowing oak springs from the power in the acorn, so does all my later good fortune proceed from the toilsome life and the wise measures of Frederick William."

Persecution of the Salzburg Protestants.

Of all single transactions in the way of colonization, none was more famous at the time, and none has left pleasanter memories,[1] than that by which nearly the whole of a persecuted community, driven from the archbishopric of Salzburg, was received into East Prussia and allowed to found six new towns and many villages. For two centuries, half overlooked and half silently tolerated, the Protestant Salzburgers had lived in peace with their Catholic rulers and neighbors; but in Archbishop Firmian, who was raised to the see in 1727, the church found a defender of the stern old mediæval type. The Jesuits were called in to reclaim the lost sheep; they decided that all the orthodox should know each other by the greeting, "Praised be Jesus Christ," a formula in favor with Pope Benedict XIII., who

[1] Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea* deals with this episode.

had promised absolution of sins to all who should answer "Forever and ever, Amen." Against those who would not be converted the strongest measures were employed, and banishment and imprisonment became the order of the day. Some of the exiles repaired to Ratisbon to complain to the Diet of the breach of the Peace of Westphalia; but that cumbrous body, as usual, was slow to act. Better fortune attended two who appeared in Berlin. They refuted, by submitting to be catechized, the calumny that they were heretics, and managed to arouse general sympathy and interest. When, in 1731, a comprehensive edict of banishment was issued by the ferocious archbishop, and soldiers proceeded to drive out the nonconformists in crowds, Frederick William stepped forward as their protector, sent commissioners with money to pay the journey of as many as would come to him, and intimidated the archbishop with threats of reprisal. From the moment, he declared, that the exiles accepted his offer, they were to be treated as his subjects; and he even obtained for them several million thalers in compensation for their lands and houses.

Reception of the Salzburg Protestants in Prussia.

The journey of the fugitives was soon transformed into a triumphal progress. The burghers of the towns near which they passed came out in crowds to meet them, bearing food and presents of every kind; men and women high in rank delighted to serve them with their own hands. The king received them in person at Potsdam; the queen invited hundreds at a time to her little toy castle of Monbijou. The royal painter, Pesne, was ordered to make a portrait of one of the maidens; while an antiquary avers that the Berlin fashions were suddenly influenced to a remarkable degree, — little pointed Salzburg hats and other characteristic objects coming into high favor.

It was not unnatural that, after being so fêted on the way, many found it difficult to come down to the hard

realities of East Prussian life, — especially as they arrived there at the beginning of a hard northern winter. In the next few years were heard much murmuring and bitter complaints to the effect that things were not as they had been represented. After a time, however, the friction subsided, and the Salzburgers showed in many ways that they were not only good citizens, but even more intelligent than the great majority of their neighbors.

The cantonal system of recruiting the army.

In entering upon the closer consideration of Frederick William's military reforms, we come to the field in which, taken all in all, he felt himself the most at home, and in which, in the end, he was able to show the most tangible results. Despite his untiring industry in other regards, it is easy to see that his heart was all the while with his army: here he was not only king, but a soldier to the core. From 1725 on, he never appeared in public, save in his blue uniform. He was determined that the soldiery should no longer be looked down upon as they had been since the days of the Thirty Years' War: if he showed them unwarranted favor as opposed to civilians, it must be remembered that he had a needful mission to perform, — the reconciling for all time of the military and the national ideal. The soldiers were to be made to feel that the country they were defending was their own; the citizens, that there was no higher duty than that which the soldier was performing.

It is true, during the first half of Frederick William's reign, two-thirds of the army consisted of foreigners; there were times when nearly a thousand recruiting officers were busy beyond the boundaries, engaging men for high pay and, as often as not, kidnapping those who would not come of their own accord. But time showed the imperative need of a new system. The expense was enormous, the violence of the press-gangs led to reprisals and to international complications; while, in spite of the heavy punish-

ments, the number of desertions was ruinous. In 1733, accordingly, the king passed a measure which has been well termed the first step on the way to general compulsory military service. The whole land was divided into districts called cantons, each one containing some five thousand hearths or families; each regiment had its own canton from which to draw its recruits, keeping a roll of the young men from whom it was to choose. It was a levelling process of very great importance, and some of the nobles opposed it bitterly; for their serfs, instead of remaining blindly obedient to them, had now other interests and other ideals. It is true there was a liberal system of furloughs, but the men who came back, wearing the king's collar and the king's cockade, were a different class of beings from the sons of the soil who had marched out. It was Frederick William's outspoken aim to make things more comfortable for them in their regiment than they were at home; they were taught to read and write, and were well fed, clothed, and lodged.

The nobles as officers in the army.

An important levelling process in the opposite direction, yet one that worked equally astounding results, was the forcing of the sons of nobles to accept military commands; they had held aloof hitherto from a service which promised little honor or emolument. In his usual radical manner, Frederick William changed all this, dismissing officers of low birth or mean sentiments, and gradually filling their places from the best elements of the population. A cry of indignation went through the land when it was found that he had sent his police and under-officers to gather in the sons of the old country families for his *Cadetten-Anstalt*, or training-school at Berlin. Many of the parents in their despair tried to prove that they were not noble at all. But the king remained firm, and continued on his way. We have a letter that he sent to the nobles in East Prussia, telling them that their sons were being brought up on Christian principles

and instructed in all the necessary branches, not excepting fencing and dancing: "Twenty-four of them at a time are taught to ride free of charge; besides, they are lodged in clean rooms and have good healthy food and drink."

It was the last step in the subjugation of the old stubborn estates; they were not only rendered docile and harmless, but they gained a new occupation, and became of the greatest service to their country. Accustomed to command at home, they easily fell into the habit of commanding in the field — their separate interests vanished, and they have remained to this day the strongest pillars of the Prussian throne.

Frederick William's tall soldiers.

Apart from his efforts toward strengthening the broader framework of his army, Frederick William devoted himself to the minor details with unswerving perseverance. His right-hand man was Prince Leopold, the "old Dessauer," who taught him much in the way of tactics and evolutions. He it was who introduced the custom of marching in step, the fixed bayonet, the iron ramrod, the quick fire. His regiment at Halle and the king's at Potsdam were the models for the whole land. Frederick William drilled his grenadiers in person, and allowed not the smallest irregularity, not even a tarnished button, to escape his notice. The men were drawn up on parade in such a way that he could pass in and out among them and bring down his cane on the shoulders of any unfortunate delinquent. Yet his "dear blue children," as he called them, were the apple of his eye; he was willing for their sake to make any kind of sacrifice, even to turn a deaf ear to manifest cases of injustice and lawbreaking. His chief pride was to have the men of the largest possible size; and every court in Europe knew that the way to gain his heart was to send him *lange Kerle*. We have the letter in which Count Seckendorf writes that the Prussian officers are not open to money

bribes, but that he *must* have more big men than the emperor has seen fit to send him. It was Frederick William's one folly, his one decided extravagance; he is known to have paid as high as seven thousand thalers for one fine specimen. He went so far as to try by forced marriages to influence the next generation; tall men and women were sent to the altar, by command, who had never seen each other the day before. How he loved these giants! He talked to them personally and listened patiently to their complaints and desires; to many of them he gave houses and fixed incomes. It was believed that he could never refuse a single one of their requests, and he was obliged, at last, to make it a law that outsiders should not employ them as mediums in handing in petitions. He was a little ashamed of the sums they cost him, for on his death-bed he took the trouble to destroy the records of his different purchases.

Frederick William's first war.

Viewed in the light of his administrative reforms, the military and political events of Frederick William's reign seem few and unimportant. Once at the beginning of that reign, and once at the end, Prussian troops saw active service; the period between, for all Europe, was a time of negotiations that led to nothing, of unfruitful congresses, of treaties and leagues made only to be broken. The king's first war, the only one in which he personally played an active part, lasted but a few weeks, and scarcely rose above the level of an execution on mortgaged property. The breakers of the great northern struggle, which Charles XII. of Sweden was waging against Peter the Great, had dashed over into Swedish Pomerania, and, in 1713, Stettin had fallen into Russian hands. By the treaty of Schwedt in the same year, Frederick William induced the victors, in return for the costs of the siege — some four hundred thousand thalers — to withdraw, and to leave Stettin, with the adjacent territory, in his hands. The rightful owner, Charles

XII., had been an exile in Turkey since the disastrous battle of Pultava, five years before. He returned now, after a wild and adventurous journey, and ordered the Prussian king to vacate the premises, but the latter, as a prime condition, demanded the repayment of the money advanced to Russia. Refusing to treat on this basis, and perhaps divining the eagerness with which Frederick William looked forward to annexing his territory, the impetuous Swede threw himself into a struggle with an army of Russians, Danes, and Prussians, three times the size of his own. Frederick William himself appeared in camp; and assisted in the siege of Stralsund; while Prince Leopold of Dessau commanded a force of twenty thousand men which landed on the island of Rügen. With a loss of four thousand in killed and wounded, the Swedes were defeated, and Charles fled for his life. By the final peace, which was not concluded until 1720, Prussia became the richer by the coveted Stettin, which controlled the mouth of the Oder, and by that part of Pomerania south of the river Pesne. The rest was restored to Sweden, which was forced, however, to cede to Hanover the bishoprics of Verden and Bremen. Frederick William had played a rôle which, as he confessed himself, was "not fit for an honest man," but it doubtless salved his conscience that he was obliged by the other powers to pay to Sweden an indemnity of two million thalers.

The claim to Berg.

It is not too much to say, that for the remainder of his reign, the leading thought of Frederick William's foreign policy was to secure for Prussia the reversion of the Rhenish duchy of Berg — a part of that ancient Cleves inheritance which had caused so many pangs in the preceding century. By the last settlement, made in 1666, the house of Pfalz-Neuburg, which had since inherited the whole palatine electorate, was to hold Julier and Berg

until the extinction of its male line. That contingency was now in prospect; but the house of Pfalz-Sulzbach, to whom the rest of the inheritance would naturally fall, was not minded to let slip this fairest part of it. It proved in the end a phantom that Frederick William was chasing; the last of the Pfalz-Neuburgers outlived himself, and his son and successor renounced this modest prospect in favor of larger game. But it influenced Frederick William's attitude at many an important crisis, and the failure of his plans and prospects embittered his last days.

Charles VI. and the Pragmatic Sanction.

During the same period of time, the house of Austria was chasing a similar phantom, in its desire to secure the recognition of all Europe for its so-called Pragmatic Sanction. The difference is that the pursuit of his dream only acted on Frederick William as an incentive to strengthen and unify his state, whereas Charles VI. neglected everything save the one matter in hand. With a heavy heart this prince had left Spain on the death of his brother Joseph, in 1711. He loved the stiff Spanish ceremonial, he delighted in being knelt to and treated like a demigod, and he is said once to have remarked that when he died the word "Barcelona" would be found engraved upon his heart. He had fondly hoped that he might be allowed to keep both the Spanish and the imperial crown, but that delusion had been destroyed by the peace of Utrecht. On the whole, he had not proved a bad emperor; but he possessed the traditional faults of his race, was weak and vacillating and afraid to speak his mind, conferring even with his own ministers by letter and not by word of mouth. He squandered his resources right and left, and never looked at his household accounts, which, after his death, were found to be full of imaginary items: twelve buckets of the best wine for the empress's bath; two casks of old Tokay for her Majesty's parrots, and more of the kind.

Given such an unpractical character, it is easy to understand how Charles could waste his life in seeking to gain written guarantees for his pet project, instead, as Prince Eugene advised him, of seeking the best of all guarantees in a strong and efficient army and a well-filled treasury. His aim was on the whole a just one, — to prevent the subdivision of his lands at his death and to have them pass in their integrity, in default of male heirs, to his eldest living daughter. This was the sum and substance of the Pragmatic Sanction, first drawn up in 1713, but not made public until 1720, when his only son had died and there seemed no prospect of another male heir. Had he been contented with gaining the acquiescence of his own dependencies, — of Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia; of the Tyrol, Croatia, and Transylvania; of Hungary, and the former Spanish Netherlands, — one could only have looked on the Sanction as a great gain for Austria; for, in the years that followed, all these different states fully accustomed themselves to the idea of having Maria Theresa as their future ruler. But when Charles began to beg at the door of every government in Europe, when he made and broke treaties, sacrificed commercial interests, and engaged in war as a mere act of servility, then his policy became suicidal.

Suspicions against Austria.

With Frederick William, Charles VI.'s relations went through extraordinary phases. One can imagine the king's feelings when, in 1718, a secret political agent by the name of Clement laid before him what appeared to be conclusive proofs of a dastardly plot, on the part of Austria and Saxony, to fall upon him in Wusterhausen and carry him off to Vienna. The crown prince, too, the future Frederick the Great, was to be seized and brought up as a Roman Catholic; while the royal treasure in Berlin was to be laid hold of and carried away. The whole conspiracy was a fiction of Clement's, who hoped to extort money for

his revelations; but the manuscripts were so well forged that Frederick William was completely duped. Even after Clement had confessed his share in the matter, the poor king could not be convinced of its entire groundlessness. Prince Eugene had been mentioned as one of the conspirators; to sound him, Frederick William sent a special envoy to Vienna. "I am head of the imperial army, not a chief of bandits," was the great leader's exclamation on perceiving the drift of the envoy's words; though the future was to show that Eugene could condescend to leave his pedestal. Clement was sentenced and hung; but with Frederick William the wound remained behind. He veered round to Austria's enemies, concluded the treaty of Herrenhausen with England; and, even after he had returned to his allegiance and signed the treaties of Wusterhausen and Berlin, great efforts were needed to keep him in the toils and to ward off the English influences.

Grumbkow and Seckendorf.

Now began a game of deceit and intrigue which lasted for several years, and which finds no parallel in history. Were it not for the evidence of his own letters one would never believe that a man like Eugene of Savoy, who managed this affair in Vienna, could have lowered himself to such depths. Count Seckendorf, whom Frederick William had known and liked since the days of Malplaquet, was sent to Berlin as a sort of perpetual envoy, and was given funds with which to bribe the king's councillors and attendants. He kept strict account of his outlays and laid each item before Eugene: a yearly pension to Grumbkow, whose voice had more weight than any other at the Prussian court; the same to the minister resident in London, and to the Saxon envoy at Berlin. The sums descend to mere *pourboires* to the servants, and later even Wilhelmine and the crown prince were supplied with pocket-money. Seckendorf was a man of consummate ability, and, save where

his main object was concerned, neither bad nor cruel. He became a constant member of Frederick William's famous tobacco parliament, where, to an accompaniment of drinking and rude practical joking, affairs of great seriousness were often discussed and decided. Grumbkow was another member, not utterly a villain either; but his soul belonged to Seckendorf. The two watched their prey with feline eagerness. He has not much time, Seckendorf writes to Eugene, to attend to other matters, "for one is obliged to be in the king's company from ten in the morning till eleven or twelve at night, in order not to lose the chances of insinuating into his mind what is right and proper." Every now and then he enlarges his sphere of bribery; he writes to the Chancellor Sinzendorf that his next batch of supplies must include "some big useless giants or other baggage of the kind . . . since from Moscow, England, France, Denmark, and Sweden the king's good will has been secured in this way." A medal must be sent to the learned Gundling, who, though nothing but a court fool, is always with the king and is apt "to instil false principles."

Sophie Dorothea.

It must not be supposed that Seckendorf spent his time in fighting mere phantoms of his imagination; he had a constant and determined enemy in the queen,—"My face," he writes, "is so hateful to her that she will hardly answer me at table,"—and a cause and aim, in preventing the plan of an alliance by marriage with England, which would have given Prussia a natural place among the enemies of Austria. Sophie Dorothea was a strong-minded, domineering woman, greatly embittered at not being allowed to make the display and to play the rôle in the world for which her early training at the Hanoverian court had so well prepared her. The foreign ambassadors at Berlin call her "Olympia," in their reports, because of her high and mighty bearing. She is responsible, in the last resort, for much of

the misery in the royal household, setting herself like a wall of iron against some of her husband's projects, and, worst of all, estranging from him the hearts of his children. Well might her great son later set down his foot and declare, that with *his* politics women should have absolutely nothing to do.

The double-marriage project.

The great double-marriage project, by which Wilhelmine was to become Princess of Wales, and the English Amalia Crown Princess of Prussia, was first seriously considered in 1725, at the time of the treaty of Herrenhausen. Through evil and through good days the queen could never let it out of her mind, and there were times when even Frederick William looked upon it with favor. But George the First he had mildly disliked, and George the Second he utterly despised. Points of difference would come up, occasionally, which would render the mere thought of a union absolutely abhorrent: a dispute over the will of the unfortunate captive of Ahlden, who was the mother of Sophie Dorothea as well as of George II., and who died in 1726; a quarrel as to the Prussian-Hanoverian boundaries; a refusal to allow Hanover to be a happy hunting-ground for Prussian recruiting officers. Things had come once to the very verge of war, and once to a challenge for a personal duel. After this great outburst in 1729, the atmosphere suddenly cleared, and a message of the queen to London led to the sending of a special envoy, Sir Charles Hotham, with conciliatory proposals and with power to arrange the two contracts of marriage — the two, but on no account either one singly. Frederick William was ready enough to have Wilhelmine marry the Prince of Wales, but Hotham's proposition that Frederick should wed Amalia, and be made stadtholder of Hanover, filled him with alarm; he feared the luxury and the laxness of the Hanoverian court, and mistrusted with good cause the steadfastness of the crown prince. And

Grumbkow and Seckendorf had been working on him to good effect, moving heaven and earth against the English party. England wished to make a cat's-paw of him, they said; and of all things on earth that was what Frederick William most dreaded. At last, after weeks of deliberation, he answered Hotham that he considered himself honored by the prospect of Wilhelmine's marriage, but that Frederick was too young; in ten years he should like above all things to have him wed an English princess.

The insult to Hotham.

So far the relations with Hotham had been all that could be desired; although nothing was decided, and it was not likely that England would accept these last proposals, the door was still open for further negotiations. But, in the moment of taking leave, Hotham produced an intercepted letter of Grumbkow's tending to prove that the latter was an Austrian spy. Then Frederick William boiled over with rage, threw the letter on the ground with a forcible expletive, and declared that he had had enough of such interference. Out of the personal discourtesy, for which the king tried to atone by inviting him to dinner, Hotham made a great affair of state and departed abruptly from Berlin. Conciliatory conduct on Frederick William's part might still have bridged matters; it was not as though the letter he had so scorned had been a communication from the English court. But just at this time a long-ripening tragedy in his own household, in which England played a part, came to its climax, and cast a never-to-be-lifted shadow on the whole double-marriage project.

The antipathy of father and son.

Frederick William's relations to his eldest son form an important chapter in Prussian history; it is not too much to say that to the harsh discipline of his youth Frederick owed much of his later greatness. He learned reticence and self-command, he was forced to apply himself diligently to tasks which he at first despised; but above all, he learned

to admire and to follow a system which originally seemed to him wrong. His directions for the education of his successor are not so different from those given by his own father; many a curb at which he himself had chafed, which he even at the time had declared intolerable, was retained in all its force.

It is a mistake to attribute Frederick William's harshness to a mere unreasoning personal antipathy or, on the other hand, purely to a contempt for the finer sides of life which the young prince loved to cultivate. What wounded and terrified the king was the thought of the shipwreck his own life-work seemed destined to endure, so soon as Frederick should come to the throne. We, who know now the true stuff of which the latter was made, are too apt to look upon him in his youth as a misunderstood genius, whose way was beset by unnecessary obstacles; as a matter of fact, he was like a wild stallion, with everything depending on the manner in which he should be tamed and broken. Without the frightful experience at the window of the Küstrin fortress, it is doubtful if we should ever have had the desperate fortitude before a world in ruins at the end of the Seven Years' War.

Iniquities of the crown prince.

On the whole, it seems not unlikely that the unreasoning antipathy had begun on the side of the son. Frederick William had at first fairly sued for the love of this boy; and we still have the instructions providing that in his childish delinquencies the latter should always be threatened with the wrath of his mother, never of his father. In all the king's plans for the improvement of the state, the thought of "Fritz" was paramount; his son at his death must find whole vaults of gold in the treasury, he once said. There were times when, for hours snatched from his toilsome days, he devoted himself personally to the child's education; his threefold aim was to make him a good manager, a good soldier, and a good Christian.

But the pupil proved singularly refractory. Was it that the blood of the Georges was struggling for the mastery? or was it that the carping jealousy of the mother instilled a contempt for all of the father's ideals? Sophie Dorothea made no secret of her dislike for her husband's Spartan surroundings, and it was not in her nature to dissimulate before her children.

Frederick began to seek flighty companions of both sexes, to commit acts of vandalism, to make debts, and to spend his money upon fripperies. Strange as it may seem, the future great commander showed a detestation for things military, and indeed, for vigorous pursuits in general. When his father took him hunting, he would hide behind a tree and bury himself in a book. His greatest delight was to put on gay clothes, to play the flute, and to write satirical French verses. He once spoke of his soldier's uniform as a shroud, and Frederick William retaliated by burning one of his gaudy dressing-gowns. But what most angered the father was a want of frankness, a tendency to conceal the true extent even of a half-discovered offence. Once by a public show of affection he fairly delighted the king. "That is good," the latter said, as he stroked the lad's hand, "only be an upright fellow, only be upright." Yet soon he had cause to think that during the whole scene Frederick had been playing him a comedy, and all the harshness of his nature rose in revolt.

Severity to the crown prince.

One further point must be taken into consideration before joining in the unqualified condemnation to which Frederick William has too often been subjected in this matter. There was a certain purpose and policy even in the king's acts of most outrageous violence. "I have done everything in the world," he said, in one of the most affecting moments of their common lives, "by good means and by bad, to make you an honest man."

Yet with all that can be said on the other side, enough remains in the prince's favor to insure him, for all time, a goodly meed of the world's sympathy. The father's tongue was a stinging lash; there were times when even the most harmless incidents were interpreted to the disfavor of the "evil wight"; there were terrible moments, such as the one on the parade ground at Potsdam, where the boy was buffeted and caned and forced to walk off with soiled garments and dishevelled hair before the eyes of the common soldiers. The same scene was reënacted in the camp at Mühlberg during the splendid festivities at which the pair were the guests of the king of Poland; and from that time on, the plan of flight was never absent from Frederick's mind. Who can blame him for not weighing carefully the consequences of such a move, for choosing ways and means that bordered on high treason, and even for involving others in a ruin that in calmer moments he would have seen to be inevitable? Desertion and abetting desertion were crimes which the codes of all Europe in the eighteenth century punished with death, and when had Frederick William been known to show mercy in such a case?

The attempt at flight.

Immeasurably, beyond a doubt, did the crown prince aggravate his offence by his dealings with England. In the face of his father's refusal to hear any more of the double marriage, he had written to London, with his mother's connivance, to protest that, so long as he lived, he would take no other wife than the Princess Amalia; he had sought to gain a promise from the envoy in Berlin that England would grant him an asylum should he flee from his father's court, and had negotiated for the payment of his debts by George II., placing the sum many thousand thalers too high, that he might have funds for his undertaking.

"In your blind obstinacy you thought to escape me,"

Frederick William said, long after the catastrophe, to his son; "but listen, my good fellow, if you were to live to be sixty or seventy, you would not get the better of me. *Bis dato*, up to date, I have held my own against every one!" Suspecting Frederick's intention, he surrounded him with watchful guardians, bound, under peril of their lives, to cut off the first attempt at flight. The golden opportunity seemed to have come when, on a journey through the empire, but a few hours' ride intervened between the camp near Mannheim and the French frontier; but in the faint glimmering of that August dawn in which Frederick awaited the page, Keith, with his horses — Lieutenant Catte, in Berlin, having agreed to meet him in the Hague, with his papers and other valuables, — he came face to face with Colonel Rochow, his warden-in-chief. The latter would not have betrayed him, but Keith, in an agony of repentance, confessed all to the king. Rochow was ordered to bring the prince, living or dead, within the limits of Prussian territory. Frederick was slow in realizing the future that awaited him; to the commissioners sent to examine him he kept saying mockingly, "Is there anything else you would like to know?" Only gradually, too, did Frederick William come to see the true bearing of the case. "I thought you were in Paris," was his caustic remark at the first sight of the would-be fugitive; but each new tidings filled him with greater alarm. The dealings with England seemed to him particularly heinous because of the consequences that would have been involved had Frederick's request for asylum been granted. "I should have invaded Hanover," he said later, "and burnt and devastated everything, even though it had cost me my life, my land, and my people."

That Frederick William ever thought seriously of putting his son to death is not likely; yet the queen feared

In fear of the death sentence.

the worst, and bent her pride to the extent of entreating her old enemy, Seckendorf, to obtain from the emperor a letter of intercession. And Frederick himself could scarcely be persuaded that a clergyman who visited him in his prison at Küstrin, was not there for the purpose of preparing him for his last hour. At the best, he could hardly have hoped, now, ever to succeed to the throne; he had been repeatedly interrogated as to whether, from a sense of his own unworthiness, he would not resign his claims.

As for the king, it must be said that there was nothing in his conduct, at this juncture, of blind rage or vindictiveness. He himself suffered intensely, and at night walked the floor in sleepless wretchedness, wrestling with the problem of how to make his son *ein honnête homme*. He felt that the mocking spirit, of which Frederick was even yet possessed, must be subdued at any cost, and a sense borne in upon him of the earnestness of life. The boy needed, Frederick William wrote a little later to Leopold of Dessau, to have a taste of real danger, to perform reconnoitring duty where war was going on, to work in trenches or on redoubts: "Should he do this with a good grace and remain steadfast, I would pardon him fully," he said.

The execution of Catte.

As a present means of discipline, the king contrived an ordeal, compared to which any conceivable danger in the field must have seemed a welcome alternative. The cases of all persons directly concerned in the plan of flight had been submitted to a court-martial of higher officers. They had pronounced the heir to the throne beyond their jurisdiction, but had sentenced Lieutenant Catte to life-long imprisonment. This verdict Frederick William changed, with full right as chief justice of his land, to death on the scaffold. To Catte he sent expressions of regret, but declared it better that he should die, than that justice should perish in the land. Then came the day when the young

Frederick was informed that in two hours his friend must be beheaded before his own eyes. "What awful news is this you bring?" he cried; "Lord Jesus, rather take my own life!" But no one listened to his prayers, and soon the gloomy procession turned the angle of the fortress wall. The escort drew up in a circle with Catte in their midst, and Frederick had only time to rush to the window and throw a despairing cry for pardon to his unfortunate accomplice. The latter, full of love and devotion to his prince, answered that he had nothing to forgive; later a writing of his was brought to Frederick in which the latter was urged to give his heart to God and not to bear malice against the king. As the blow fell, the prince lost consciousness, then stood for hours with his eyes glued to Catte's corpse, which Frederick William, as an aggravation of the punishment, had ordered to be left where it fell, from eight in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon.[1]

The discipline at Küstrin.

It speaks well for the penetration of Frederick William that not only did his rough experiment do Frederick no harm, but that it really seemed to strengthen and steady his character. The same may be said, in a still higher degree, of the year of probation that the prince was obliged to pass through in order to regain his father's favor. "The school of misfortune," he once himself declared, "makes one circumspect, discreet, and sympathetic. One carefully weighs the possible consequences of each smallest step." Three days after Catte's execution, Frederick was given the freedom of the fortress and town of Küstrin; but was not to be saluted by the guards, nor even by the officers of the garrison. He was to work daily in the War and Domain office as *Auscultator* or assistant clerk, the king commanding that "on a lower level there should be placed

[1] "Cruel as the grinding of human hearts under millstones," writes Carlyle of this episode, "but was it only that?"

for him a little table and a chair, and on the table ink, pen, and paper." Here, month after month, the prince worked not only faithfully but cheerfully; learning the lesson of governing in all its smallest details, and often luring a smile from the friendly judges and councillors by the wit that would flash out from his legal reports. He bore no malice to any one, and, strange to say, Grumbkow, whose machinations against the English marriage had largely contributed to his misfortunes, became, to all outward appearances, his warmest friend. The king persistently refused to see him, or to grant him the right to wear his uniform. "Had I done what he has," Frederick William wrote to Wolden, the young man's special mentor and guardian, "I should be filled with a deadly shame, and never allow myself to be seen at all."

The restoration to favor.

But at last Wolden received a message to say that the king was coming to see the culprit. "So soon as I look him in the eyes," he declared, "I shall know whether or not he has really improved." On the day of the visit — we have Grumbkow's protocol of all that took place — Frederick was called to strict account for every one of his past sins; but his eyes told the tale that his father wished to read. Frederick William began to relent, and the interview at last grew extremely affecting. The king ended up with a declaration of forgiveness, and Frederick, dissolved in tears, knelt and kissed his feet. Then, as Frederick William was about to enter his carriage, he turned, and embraced his son before the eyes of an eager throng. "I never believed before," said Frederick, when he was gone, "that my father cherished for me the least spark of affection." A few weeks later came another affecting scene in the ball room of the Berlin castle, where the king, who had arranged that the crown prince's coming should be a complete surprise, led him by the hand through the crowded

hall straight to the queen, "See, madam, here is our Fritz again!" Soon afterward, on petition of all the generals who were present in Berlin, he was reinstated in the army, and promised the command of a regiment in Ruppin.

Even now it was only by walking the narrowest of paths that he could keep his father's favor. He often fretted and chafed, and once, on the occasion of the king's illness, wrote ugly words to his sister to the effect that "the Turk" had no intention of dying. But he had learned to bow to a will that was stronger than his own, and he thought no more of open insubordination, — not even when a question arose which concerned nobody so much as himself, affecting as it did his whole future. The crown prince's dealings with England had put a final end, in Frederick William's mind at least, to the double-marriage project. "In all my days, neither single nor double," he declared; "I will not have their princesses in my house, nor will I give them one of mine, even under the best of conditions." The outcry over Catte's judgment and execution had widened the breach. "Had I a hundred thousand such Cattes I would behead them all together," was the message he sent to the English people through his ambassador. He meant, he said, to *souteniren* himself as *Herr despotique*, and the English were to know that he would suffer no co-regent at his side.

The forced marriage.

The men who had most reason to rejoice at this attitude were Seckendorf and Grumbkow. Fully in possession of the ear of the king, they now arranged a marriage between Frederick and the Princess Elizabeth Christine of Brunswick-Bevern, a niece of the empress. Grumbkow, for his services in the matter, received a present of forty thousand guldens, in addition to his yearly stipend, from the Austrian court: "for if ever any one in the world deserves favors, it is this man," wrote Seckendorf to Vienna. It mattered little that Elizabeth Christine was person-

ally distasteful to Frederick; he felt indeed that any marriage would be a relief from the strict discipline and supervision under which his father still kept him; but he declared from the first that there never could be any sympathy between this woman and himself. "I pity the poor thing," he wrote to Grumbkow, "for now there will be one more unhappy princess in the world." His letters grew more and more desperate. "My God, is not one such case enough?" he cries, referring to the unfortunate marriage of his younger sister with the Margrave of Ansbach. And again, "I would rather marry the commonest piece of female baggage in all Berlin than this praying nun, with a face like a half-a-dozen flies all rolled into one." Finally, "I will keep my word, I will marry her; but then, enough: *Bonjour, Madame, et bon chemin!*"

The futility of the marriage.

Nor was there to be spared to the young bridegroom the saddest and bitterest of all considerations — the needlessness of the whole sacrifice. The marriage had been brought about chiefly for the sake of Austria; Frederick William's policy for years had been that of absolute trust in the emperor. "He will have to spurn me from him with his feet," he once said; "I am his unto death, faithful to the last drop of blood." But that spurning process had already begun.

England's guarantee of his Pragmatic Sanction had always seemed to Charles VI. one of the most necessary to obtain. After years of enmity, he had achieved his wish, in 1731, at the sacrifice of his Ostende Company, Austria's one great commercial enterprise, which interfered with the English trade in the East Indies. Surely complaisance to a new ally never went further than when now, just before the wedding with the Prussian crown prince, Seckendorf was instructed to break the match he had so carefully arranged and to bring about that old, so often mooted union between Frederick and the English Princess Amalia.

He received his instructions and acquitted himself of his mission only twenty-four hours before the ceremony was to be performed, and after the guests had already arrived. Frederick William was unnaturally calm; he thought Seckendorf must be dreaming, he said, and refused utterly to besmirch his honor and his parole by countermanding the festivities. So Frederick went to the altar to no one's benefit; while Frederick William was hurried along from one bitter experience with Austria to another.

Austria's treachery.

More and more it became evident that Charles had no intention of keeping the agreement with regard to the duchy of Berg, which he had made in 1728. We know now, that he was bound by contrary promises to the other party, the house of Pfalz-Sulzbach. He began, soon after the *entente* with England, to declare that the town of Düsseldorf must be excepted in any case; and finally tried to force Frederick William to accept the intervention of a congress of nations. This proved in the end a foolish policy, which freed Prussia from the trammels of the Berlin treaty. Frederick William was deeply pained, too, by the manner in which the emperor treated his offers of aid in the war that broke out with France, in 1735, with regard to the Polish succession. Louis XV. fought for his son-in-law, Stanislaus Lescinsky; Austria and Russia for Augustus III. of Saxony,—who finally won the day. But the campaign on the Rhine, though led by the old Prince Eugene with the young Frederick in his camp, was a series of wretched blunders. Frederick William would gladly have sent fifty thousand men; but Austria feared that he would seize Berg, and required him to send no more than his bare contingent. The emperor made light in every way of the value of Prussia's aid. A common indignation against Austria seems to have broken down the last barriers that remained between the father and son. Frederick

William was repeatedly heard to remark, "There stands one who will avenge me!" Once he poured out in writing his wrath at the emperor's ingratitude and ended up with, "The reflections which must result from what I tell you may give you an opportunity to be on your guard in the future;" while Frederick himself, as far back as 1737, prophesied, in a letter to Grumbkow, that pride in Austria was going before a fall: "Should the emperor die to-day or to-morrow, what changes will not the world experience!" "The king treats me now as I always wished he would," writes Frederick in 1739. It was in these days that his eyes were opened as to the magnificent results achieved by his father in the work of reclaiming East Prussia. One painful scene still took place when, a few weeks before his death, the old king was holding his tobacco parliament, and, on the entry of the crown prince, every one in the room rose and saluted him. It had always been a principle that no ceremony of the kind should be observed. Full of bitterness of heart, the old invalid caused his chair to be wheeled into another room, and sent back the command, that those who had "worshipped the rising sun" might disperse to their homes.

Father and son.

In his last days Frederick William summoned strength to review for Frederick's benefit his whole foreign policy, and to warn him against Austria's invariable efforts to hold down Prussia. He had again grown very loving, very tender. Once, in the presence of the crown prince, he turned to a number of officials and cried out, "Has not God shown me too much favor in giving me so strong and worthy a son?" and again, locking him in a warm embrace, his voice choked with sobs, "My God, I die happy in leaving so worthy a son and successor!" The Nemesis of the past had been propitiated, and, in the account which Frederick wrote of his father's life, there is not a word of blame save in the one point, that he had forced him into an unhappy marriage.

CHAPTER IV

THE WARS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

LITERATURE: Schaefer, *Der siebenjährige Krieg*, is still the great authority for the Seven Years' War. Longman, in the *Epoch Series*, is simply a condensation of Schaefer. Tuttle, *Frederick the Great*, extends only to 1757. Koser, *König Friedrich der Grosse*, is also incomplete, but excellent as far as it goes. Koser is the greatest living authority on Frederick.

Frederick's firm grasp of the reins of government.

WHEN first confronted with the prospect of his father's death, young Frederick of Prussia complained bitterly that he was being thrust out into the midst of storm, that a relentless fate was forcing him to mount Fortuna's car, that the peaceful, pleasant, and industrious days he had latterly been enjoying at Rheinsberg, his small palace near Ruppin, were at an end forever. Not that he meant to make any radical change in the system of administration; with the old king's methods he had of late become completely reconciled,—with his economy, his attention to detail, his diligent care for the army. But events were to assume a quicker tempo, the instruments at hand were to find their use, the millions lying idle in the vaults of the treasury were to be put into circulation, the ninety thousand soldiers were to show of what deeds and what exertions they were capable. In his very first address to his officers, Frederick told them that their regiments were expected to be useful as well as ornamental; immediately after his father's funeral he dismissed the tall, showy grenadiers, and formed new regiments of better and less costly material. To the surprise and disappointment of many he

proved as stern, decisive, and absolute as ever Frederick William had been; haughtily reprimanded the Prince of Anhalt, the "old Dessauer," who spoke of "exercising authority"; and sent General Schulenburg, who had come to Berlin to congratulate him on his accession, flying back to his regiment with instructions not to leave it again without permission. Yet Schulenburg, if any one, deserved well of his new master, for he had been president of that court-martial which had, eight years before, firmly declared the case of a crown prince to be beyond its jurisdiction.

The Heristal matter.

In the matter of a dispute with the Bishop of Liège concerning the little Prussian principality of Heristal, — a part of the Orange inheritance, — Frederick in these days called for the advice of his ministers; but, angry at their pacific injunctions, and at their evident awe of the Emperor Charles VI., who was ready to take the bishop's part, he wrote on the edge of their formal report: "When the ministers talk politics they are clever men, but their ideas on war are like the opinions of an Iroquois on the subject of astronomy." By marching three battalions of grenadiers and a squadron of dragoons into the bishop's territory he brought the latter to terms; while Charles VI., struck by the young king's perfectly fearless attitude, thought best to suppress a *dehortatorium*, or formal admonition, that was already under way. Podewils, Frederick's minister of foreign affairs, declared to Charles's envoy, that his master considered himself fully on an equality with his Imperial Majesty, who, he would have him understand, was only *primus inter pares*.

The death of the emperor.

A few weeks later, while Frederick himself was lying sick of a fever, a messenger brought the news of Charles's sudden death. The very same day Frederick wrote to Voltaire: "The time has come for an entire change in the old political system, the stone has again broken loose which

once descended on the four-metalled image of Nebuchadnezzar and destroyed it utterly. . . . I have cast off my fever [with the aid of quinine, which had hitherto been considered too dangerous a remedy], for I shall need to put my body to every conceivable use." Yet, as Frederick said himself two days later, there was no reason why a bagatelle like the death of the emperor should greatly excite him; "It is only a matter of carrying out plans which I have long had in my head."

Almost immediately, the army was commanded to hold itself in readiness; by November 15, Frederick was able to write from Rheinsberg to his minister, that he had given his Berlin regiments a false order of march in order to throw the "tattlers" off the scent, and that Podewils must keep his eyes open. "If heaven is not absolutely against us, we have the finest game in the world. . . . I think of striking my blow on the 8th of December, and thus inaugurating the boldest, most rapid, and grandest undertaking in which a prince of my house has ever been engaged."

The descent on Silesia.

To the last moment Frederick kept his plans secret. First at Rheinsberg, then at Berlin, he filled the palace with guests, for whom he arranged comedies and balls. The very evening before his departure for the army, was filled till far into the night with a double entertainment — a masquerade and a supper. The next morning at nine he mounted his coach and drove off to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and three days later wrote to Podewils: "I have crossed the Rubicon with banners waving and to the sound of trumpets; my troops show the best of wills, the officers are full of ambition, and the commanders thirst for fame. . . . Either I die or I reap honor from this enterprise." To Jordan he wrote: "Be my Cicero and show the justice of my cause. I will be thy Cæsar and carry the matter through."

No act in history has been more variously judged than the sudden descent of the Prussian king on the Austrian province of Silesia; apologists and accusers at once sprang up, and the dispute thus inaugurated never has been, and never can be, entirely laid at rest. Undoubtedly, it was barbarous practice to thus invade a friendly country without so much as a declaration of war, unchivalrous conduct for a strong king to throw down the gauntlet to a young queen struggling, in the midst of bereavement, to maintain her endangered inheritance; and all this out of motives in which, as Frederick confessed himself, ambition and the "desire to make a name" played a conspicuous part. On the other hand, Frederick had long known that the death of the last male Austrian Hapsburg would be the inevitable signal for just such a struggle as had followed on the extinction of the Spanish line. In spite of the Pragmatic Sanction, the succession of a woman was likely to be disputed by no less than four rulers: by the kings of Spain, Sardinia, and Poland, and the elector of Bavaria. Frederick's own house had claims against the greater part of Silesia, which had been hoarded up for three generations against this very day; the old Chancellor von Ludewig, in Halle, had for forty years been collecting proofs on the Prussian side, while, before him, Ilgen, minister to the Great Elector, had warned his master to be on the lookout for a favorable opportunity. A plan for the conquest of Silesia had been drawn up at that time; it was once shown to Frederick William I., who declared that it was worth to him a hundred thousand thalers; its existence was well known to the young Frederick.

Ground for the claim to Silesia.

There is no need here to recapitulate the grounds upon which Prussia based her claims; even Austria had, to some extent, acknowledged their justice by agreeing, before the Great Elector's death, to give up Schwiebus in

return for a safe title to Brieg, Liegnitz, Wohlau, and Jägerndorf. It is true the emperor had stipulated in secret, with the then electoral prince, that Schwiebus should be returned to him without equivalent so soon as the old elector died; but Frederick I., when later fulfilling this condition, laid stress on the advantage taken of his youth and inexperience, and expressly refused to ratify that former renunciation of his father to the larger duchies. Frederick II. maintained that by the retrocession of Schwiebus those older claims had regained their former force and vigor.

Apart from the justice of the claims themselves, it is urged that Frederick should first have tried the path of peaceful negotiation; but here Austria reaped the harvest of her own previous perfidy. When had negotiations with her ever led to tangible results? when had her means been anything but false and underhanded? Frederick was willing enough to negotiate, but he wished to do so from a coign of vantage, and for that reason he threw his armies into Silesia. More than this, the result proved that he was stronger than his antagonist; but who at the time could have foreseen this? Austria was three or four times the size of Prussia, among her troops were veterans of two wars, and she had numerous allies; nor was Maria Theresa personally so helpless and alone as many have supposed. Her strength of character brought her to the fore and made her a redoubtable enemy for Frederick; but the latter could not know that her husband, Francis of Lorraine, would prove so complete a nonentity. It was with him that all Frederick's thoughts were at first busy, with him that negotiations were carried on. The tragedy of Maria's situation lay not in the fact that she was a beautiful young woman thrown entirely on her own resources, but in the circumstances that her country had been

wretchedly mismanaged, that of the list of soldiers on paper not half were fit to take the field, that luxury and extravagance had emptied the treasury, that rottenness and corruption ruled in all the public offices. A state that has thus sown to the wind is sure to reap the whirlwind.

Pleasure of the Silesians in being conquered.

Frederick's task was rendered immeasurably easier from the fact that the Silesians, groaning under bad government and religious persecution, showed very little aversion to being conquered. With the exception of the three fortresses of Brieg, Glogau, and Neisse, in which the regular Austrian troops took refuge, the whole land submitted without a blow. When the Austrian minister, Bartenstein, confessed that "an excessive zeal in religious matters had made the number of malcontents very large," he was stating the case far too mildly. The Treaty of Alt-Ranstädt, by which Charles XII. of Sweden had wrested a promise of toleration for the Protestants from the Emperor Charles VI., had been robbed of all its value by the intrigues of Jesuit confessors. Under the head of "apostates" were included many whose only sin consisted in having Protestant relatives. Frederick, at his coming, found the prisons full of those who were suffering for their faith; and one of his first and most popular acts was to send to Berlin for a batch of preachers.

Entry into Breslau.

With the citizens of Breslau, the capital of Silesia, Frederick treated as with an independent power, securing their neutrality and promising not to burden them with a Prussian garrison. Then he held an entry into the town the like of which, under similar circumstances, has rarely been seen. A company of militia received him at the gate; the garrison formed in two lines, down which he rode on horseback, followed by a long train of officers, pages, and lackeys. His coach of state, empty save for his ermine and velvet mantle, preceded him; even the car

containing his belongings was drawn by gayly decked mules. No lord returning to his own could have been greeted with more enthusiasm; never-ending cheers followed him to his quarters, and he was finally called out to his balcony to bow his thanks. All the chief officials and grandees accepted his invitation to a dinner, at which he drank to the town's prosperity, — his soldiers the while moving peacefully about the streets as objects of admiration to every one, especially, writes a Breslau diarist, to "our Silesian womankind." A few days later came a grand ball, and the civic chroniclers took the trouble to note the names of each and all of the ladies whom the handsome young king favored with a dance.

Personality of Maria Theresa.

Far from joyous, as may be imagined, were the feelings of the queen of Hungary and archduchess of Austria at being robbed of the province which she considered the "fairest jewel in her crown." Maria Theresa was not the woman to take lightly a blow like this; piety toward her father's memory, if nothing else, made it a sacred duty to her to maintain his possessions intact. And she was possessed of every quality that could rouse her people to risk all in her defence; men praised her lovely voice, her dramatic abilities, her grace, her tact, her skill with the bow and arrow, her horsemanship, her fluency in languages. "Oh, if she were only a man, with just the qualities she actually possesses," sighed old Chancellor Sinzendorf to the English envoy, Robinson. On two occasions the Hungarians were roused by her to a perfect fervor of enthusiasm: once when she appeared in their Diet, accompanied by her child, and pleaded for their aid; and again when, at her coronation, she rode up the Mount of Defiance and swung her sword to the four winds of heaven as a challenge to all her enemies.

Her husband, on the other hand, was almost universally

Francis of Lorraine.

despised. Four years before, as generalissimo of all the Austrian forces, he had failed to gain credit or renown in the Turkish war that had ended so miserably with the Peace of Belgrade; the bitterest and most hateful complaints were later brought against him. His wife, though devoted to him, was not blind to his faults; there were times in these wars with Frederick when she begged and pleaded with him not to take a command. "I at last took refuge," she once wrote to her sister, "in our usual resources of caresses and tears; but of what effect are they on a husband of nine years' standing? . . . At last I became very angry, which served me so well that both he and I were taken ill."

Failure of negotiations.

Almost immediately, on her own accession, Maria had insisted that Francis be declared coregent; and it was to him, as we have seen, that Frederick's envoys directed themselves. In return for the coveted province, they offered every advantage of alliance and friendship — support against all enemies, the Prussian vote at the impending imperial election, even a large sum of money. The grand duke on the whole was firm, and took a lofty tone. "Rather the Turks before Vienna," he cried out, "or the surrender of the Netherlands to France, or any concession to Bavaria and Saxony, than the abandonment of Silesia." On two separate occasions, however, when Francis had just made utterances that sounded somewhat more conciliatory, there came a light knock at the door, and the queen appeared with an innocent question. The envoys were at last dismissed with the haughty remark, "Go home to your master and tell him that, so long as a single one of his soldiers remains in Silesia, we have not a word to say!" It was in vain that Frederick finally offered to content himself with a part, instead of the whole, of Silesia; in vain that he tried to win the support of the

Austrian councillors by the promise of enormous bribes. All offers were scornfully and categorically refused. The "woman with the heart of a king" remained obdurate, in spite of her desperate circumstances.

Austrian sympathizers.

For the present, Austria's expected allies had failed to make their appearance. In Russia, indeed, amid palace revolutions like those of the most benighted Oriental monarchy, a party came to the fore that was distinctly hostile to Prussia; and Podewils, when he heard of the fall of Frederick's friend, the prime minister, Münnich, wrote to his master, "Pandora's box is opened; we are entering into the most terrible crisis that ever impended over the house of Brandenburg." But Podewils was always over anxious. "Gently, gently," Frederick had been obliged to say to him shortly before, "you are getting too excited." Again, on another occasion, "I am sorry to have to tell you that I don't know a more chicken-hearted man than you." Russia, as it turned out, had enough to do to attend to her own troubled affairs, and the same was true of England, which had more real sympathy with Maria Theresa, and, on account of Hanoverian jealousies, more real hatred of Frederick than any other power. "We must clip this prince's wings," said George II. to the Polish-Saxon envoy; "he is too dangerous for both of us;" but there were more factors to be reckoned with in England than the mere will of the king. And Saxony, though dreading above all things the aggrandizement of her Prussian neighbor, and in every way secretly conspiring against Frederick, was in too weak hands to accomplish much; her elector, from the first, offended Austria by his rapacious demands for eventual compensation.

Frederick's own determined attitude did as much as anything to keep outsiders at bay and to give his first encounter at arms the form of a gigantic duel with Aus-

tria. "I shall perish rather than give up my project," he said to the English envoy, Guy Dickens; "the other powers need not think that I am to be intimidated by threats. . . . If the worst comes to the worst I shall join with France and beat and bite and devastate in all directions!"

Austrian delays.

As for Maria Theresa, many a weary day passed before she was able to despatch an army to Silesia; she could do nothing to hinder the fall of Glogau, which surrendered, after a desperate storm, to young Leopold of Dessau. Frederick in the meantime had had narrow escapes from attempts on his life; once, when he himself chanced to have ridden ahead, his carriage was shot at and two persons in it killed. An Austrian who was captured declared that he had been hired by the Grand Duke of Lorraine to assassinate the king; and Frederick, though not in the least believing this assertion, was not above making use of it for political purposes. For the world's benefit Podewils was ordered to "paint the unworthy proceedings of the Vienna court in suitable colors." The risks that he was constantly running caused the young king at this time to issue directions for the eventuality of his death or captivity. "Should I have the misfortune to be taken alive," he wrote to Podewils, "I command you unconditionally — and your head shall answer for it — that during my absence you obey none of my orders; that you serve my brother with your counsels; and that no unworthy step be taken by the state to secure my release. . . . I am only king so long as I am free." In case of his death his body was to be burned after the manner of the Romans, his ashes to be deposited in a vase at Rheinsberg, and a monument to be raised to him like that of the Horatii at Tusculum.

When the Austrians did at last cross the Giant Moun-

tains, their coming was in the nature of a surprise. Their commander, Neipperg, in so far justified his boast of having learned the art of war under Prince Eugene, as to succeed in conducting his army quickly and safely over an unguarded pass; but soon he was obliged to send word to Vienna that "to tell the truth he had not yet decided whether to turn to the right or to the left." He could not know that Frederick was obliged to make superhuman efforts to bring together his troops, which were scattered in half a dozen different camps. The Silesians proved bad informers, and Neipperg, stationing his army at Mollwitz and the neighboring villages, was forced to remain on the defensive and await the course of events. Here at Mollwitz, Frederick determined to attack him, although, in spite of its being the month of April, the snow lay two feet deep upon the ground. His infantry was superior in numbers to that of the Austrians, whose cavalry, on the other hand, was stronger.

The battle of Mollwitz.

Mollwitz was one of those battles on the result of which everything depended; not only did alliances hang in the balance, but the enemy, if successful, could have barred the way to Breslau and Berlin, which were Frederick's bases of supplies. And the result seemed very doubtful. The Prussian troops, thoroughly as they were exercised in all the arts of the parade ground, were utterly unused to real war; before the crashing cavalry charge of the Austrian generals, Römer and Berlichingen, their line was pierced in several places, and Schulenburg, whose slowness in taking his position had given the enemy their advantage, was mortally wounded while trying to retrieve his error. To add to the confusion the second battle line, seeing nothing but Austrian cavalry before them, fired into the rear of their own first line. On the verge of despair, Frederick sent one of his lieutenants to the old Dessauer

with the news that the battle was lost; he himself, by the advice of Schwerin, — who, indeed, had not yet abandoned hope, — left the field with a few followers and rode through the gathering darkness to Oppeln. Here he fell in with Austrian hussars, and nothing but the extraordinary speed of his horse saved him from capture.

Victory snatched from defeat.

Not until two o'clock the next morning, did Frederick learn that he had fled from the most brilliant of victories. Schwerin, after a peremptory order to young Leopold of Dessau to stop the suicidal firing of his men, had ridden up to the standard of the first battalion of the guards, had ordered the music to play for an attack, and then, with the whole right wing, had fallen upon the Austrian infantry. His muskets were better than those of the enemy, while the iron ramrods enabled his men to load and fire more quickly. The Austrian foot-soldiers were soon taking refuge one behind the other; while the cavalry skulked far in the rear, refusing to advance even though General Berlichingen, in his rage and despair, clove the skulls of two of his men and swept several from their horses with his sword. The last great act of the battle of Mollwitz was an advance of the whole Prussian left wing, at double-quick time and with an absolute precision that would have gladdened the heart of Frederick William I. and justified all his minute care. Never in his life, wrote one of the enemy's own officers, had he seen anything so superb. The tables were completely turned, and Neipperg was soon in full retreat. In his own account of this battle, Frederick speaks of his infantry as "Cæsars and heroes," but of his cavalry as "not worth the devil's taking"; while his own absence from the field is too bitter a memory even to find mention.

The French alliance.

While Austria was recuperating her bruised and beaten forces, Frederick had time to attend to the matter of alliances. His camp at Mollwitz was sought out by envoys

from all the powers; it was immediately evident how much higher he had risen in the general scale of estimation. The fate of Europe hung on his decision; for Belle-Isle, the French envoy, had appeared, with all the pomp and magnificence of a reigning prince, to advocate a scheme for the thorough despoliation of Austria. Her provinces were to go to pay the electors for discarding the traditions of three centuries and putting a Wittelsbach on the throne of the empire. Frederick wavered long, coquetting with England; but at last, by a treaty signed at Breslau on June 4, 1741, accepted the French programme. In a number of secret articles, France guaranteed to him Lower Silesia, with Breslau, and promised not only to vigorously prosecute the war on her own account, but to assure the non-interference of Russia by stirring up Sweden to war against her. In spite of dissensions between Belle-Isle and his chief, Cardinal Fleury, an allied French and Bavarian army was soon in the field, and succeeded in taking Linz, the capital of Upper Austria. It would have been easy to fall upon Vienna, which was ill garrisoned and ill fortified; and Frederick did his utmost to induce the French to undertake the task. He burned with impatience, he wrote to Belle-Isle, to embrace him as victor before the gates of the city. "This Austria must be struck to earth," he said to Valory; "incurable wounds must be inflicted upon her before she is in a condition to parry the blows!" But Belle-Isle preferred to march on Prague—ostensibly from military considerations, but in reality because the French feared to do too much for their emperor elect, Charles Albert of Bavaria. "If we make the elector master of Vienna, we shall no longer be master of the elector," a French diplomat is said to have remarked. Frederick found that his own counsel weighed for nothing.

The truce of Klein-Schnellendorf.

Prague fell through the tardiness and bad generalship of the Grand Duke Francis; and Maria's situation was growing more and more desperate, when a voice called to her, as it were, from the deep, and a hand was stretched out from the least expected of quarters. Frederick had once said to Podewils, "If honesty will help us, we will be honest men; if duplicity is needed, then let us be rogues." Now, discontented with the French proceedings, aware that it was to his advantage not to have a protracted war, anxious, above all things, to get Neipperg's army, — which was safely under the shadow of the fortress of Neisse, — out of Silesia, he closed, through the medium of the English Hyndford, the secret agreement with Austria, known as the truce of Klein-Schnellendorf (October 9, 1741). Everything was done to deceive the French. Valory, who was in the Prussian camp at the time, knew nothing of what was going on. A number of articles concerned themselves with measures by which appearances were to be preserved: there were to be several skirmishes and a sham siege of Neisse, which was to capitulate at the end of fifteen days.

The Emperor Charles VII.

Comment is superfluous when delving into this slough of intrigue; many a diplomatic move, especially in the eighteenth century, will not bear the test of plain morality. Small consolation that in this matter one country was as bad as another! But, even from a political standpoint, the truce of Klein-Schnellendorf was a false move on Frederick's part; for the benefit to Maria Theresa of having Neipperg's army for use against the French, far outweighed the disadvantage of losing the one fortress of Neisse. Frederick, indeed, on the pretext that the promise of secrecy had been violated, soon repudiated his agreement and occupied the Austrian province of Glatz; but from this time on the fortunes of Maria Theresa were on the mend.

The French were dislodged from Linz; the Austrians were able to carry the war into Charles Albert's own dominions, and, in the very days when, as Charles VII., the elector was being crowned emperor of the Romans at Frankfort, his Bavarian possessions were wrested from him. A witticism against his field marshal, Count Törring, to the effect that he was like a drum because only heard from when beaten, went the rounds of friend and foe. A medal was struck with two images of Charles himself, the one as elector, with "Aut Cæsar aut nihil," the other as emperor, with "Et Cæsar et nihil."

The battle of Chotusitz.

Meanwhile the Austrian commander, Prince Charles of Lorraine, had come upon the Prussians at the village of Chotusitz, not far from the Bohemian town of Czaslau; but, through an error of judgment, had allowed Frederick time to unite with the young Dessauer and to draw up his army in good order. Then, indeed, the Austrians fought like tigers and carried the struggle into the narrow village streets, from which, by setting fire to the straw-roofed houses, they finally dislodged the Prussian occupants. Twice Frederick's wavering troops had to be urged back to their duty: once by a brave officer, who seized a banner and threw himself into the breach; again, "in the name of God and of the king," by a fiery young field chaplain. The Austrians attributed their own final defeat to the fact that their cavalry had stopped to plunder the Prussian camp.

"Who could have foretold," wrote Frederick a few days later to his friend Jordan, "that Providence would choose a poet to overthrow the European system and cross the calculations of kings!" Yet in reality there was little of pride or exultation in his heart. He had once more determined to make a private peace with Austria, even on less advantageous terms than he had demanded before the

battle. At that time, he had asked for two Bohemian counties; these Maria Theresa still refused to relinquish, preferring, as she said, to perish in the ruins of Vienna. "If the gates of hell should open," she would not give up Königgrätz. By the treaty of Breslau, signed in July, 1742, she saved for herself not only these districts, but even a small part of Upper Silesia.

The Peace of Breslau.

The reason for Frederick's second defection from the French was, as before, their arrogance and uselessness as allies; in these very days the Duke of Broglie's incapacity had brought about a disastrous defeat — a new "imbroglio," said his enemies. But the young king's conscience was not clear; it was in vain that he armed himself with a sardonic smile when talking to Valory, and spoke of the "little goading speeches" of the Parisians as parrot-like utterances which they themselves did not understand. He really did feel sore and sensitive, especially when the sentiments once expressed in his writing against Machiavelli were ruthlessly submitted to the test of his own conduct. He went so far as to write a pamphlet in self-defence — which Podewils would not allow him to publish — and a letter to Fleury, in which he threw the whole blame upon Broglie. He likened him to a Penelope, who was undoing all his, Frederick's, work: "Can I be held responsible for Broglie's not being a Turenne? Out of a night owl I cannot make an eagle."

Having secured by the Treaty of Breslau a territory equal to one-third of the whole former Prussian state, and having been recognized by the voice of his people as "the Great," Frederick could afford to stand aside and watch the European war. With feelings far from pleasurable he saw Austria extricate herself from her difficulties, make favorable treaties and alliances, and gain military advantages. His contempt for the French grew to withering

scorn when he heard that Maillebois had abandoned an attempt to relieve Prague; that Belle-Isle, in consequence, had been obliged, in the dead of winter, to make a disastrous retreat; and that the main French army of seventy thousand men had been pushed out of Bavaria almost without striking a blow. "I must confess," Frederick wrote, "that bad as was my opinion of old Broglie, his present conduct exceeds all expectations in the way of cowardice and folly." After the battle of Dettingen, in which the so-called Pragmatic army, consisting largely of English, defeated the Duke de Noailles; and which was considered in London so brilliant a victory that Handel composed a *Te Deum* in its honor, Frederick declared that he never again wished to hear the name of a Frenchman.

The second Silesian War.

England, on account of her own enmity to France, had become the stanchest supporter of Maria Theresa. The "firebrand," Lord Carteret, had introduced an entirely new spirit into her policy, and showed activity in all directions. It was largely his doing that Austria, in September 1743, signed with the king of Sardinia the Treaty of Worms, by which, in return for land cessions in Lombardy, Charles Emmanuel agreed to fight the French with forty-five thousand men. Frederick noted with alarm that this Worms agreement,—which guaranteed Austria's possessions on the basis of former treaties,—passed over in silence the recent Breslau provisions. Maria Theresa was becoming aggressive; she spoke openly of "the unfree election by which the elector of Bavaria (Frederick's protégé) is said to have become emperor," and sent a protest to the Diet to the effect that the Bohemian vote belonged to her and had not been properly cast. The interference of the English, too, seemed to Frederick full of menace. He wished, he declared to Podewils, that the devil would take his uncle, George II. "Listen, my lord," he said to Hyndford, "I

don't care what happens to the French, but I shall not allow the emperor to be ruined or dethroned." A treaty, concluded between Saxony and Austria, in January, 1744, finally determined him to reënter the arena; and, what was more, not to withdraw from it empty-handed. By an agreement made at Frankfort he secured the help of the young Elector Palatine and the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, and then so far conquered his own repugnances as to sue for an alliance with France, — even condescending to write a personal letter to the Duchess of Châteauroux, the all-powerful mistress of Louis XV. Largely by her influence, a treaty was drawn up by which the prospective spoils were apportioned between Prussia, France, and the emperor. Louis XV.'s share was to be some coveted fortresses in the Netherlands; Frederick's, three Bohemian counties, in addition to the whole of Silesia; Charles Albert's, the rest of Bohemia.

Failure of Frederick's Bohemian campaign.

Thus the struggle began anew. As general of the emperor, Frederick demanded and enforced the right of free passage through Saxon territory; made a dash for Prague, which he captured without difficulty; and then pushed farther south, with some thoughts of reaching Vienna. Maria's army was in the midst of a victorious advance into Alsace when the news came of the fresh invasion. Prince Charles hastily recrossed the Rhine, and now all the worthlessness of the French as allies once more came to light. Regard for one of the first rules of joint warfare should have led them to hold fast the Austrian army, which was retreating from them and which their own forces outnumbered as two to one; instead, they allowed it to return unmolested, while their own troops marched off to the Netherlands. Frederick, as may be imagined, was soon in sore straits — the more so as twenty-two thousand Saxons marched to Maria Theresa's

aid. Far from carrying out his threat of "setting his foot on the throat of his enemy" in Vienna, he was reduced to a strict defensive and was compelled to retreat to Silesia as best he could. Gladly enough would he have risked an engagement; but the policy of the Austrians, now led by the gifted Traun, whom even Frederick acknowledged as at this time his own superior, was to delay and to annoy. As post after post was relinquished, as provisions became scarcer and scarcer on account of the hostile attitude of the Bohemian peasants, a demoralization spread among the soldiers such as a royal Prussian army had never yet known. The Austrians maintained that they had actually counted nineteen thousand deserters; and certain it is that the army of eighty thousand men soon dwindled to half its original size. Maria Theresa felt sure of the future, and issued a proclamation to the Silesians, promising them speedy liberation from the "unbearable yoke" under which they were languishing.

As for Frederick, who blamed himself greatly for many of the misfortunes that had occurred, and confessed frankly that "no general had ever committed so many blunders in a single season," he was determined to strike some signal blow, to risk *le tout pour le tout*, and to return to Berlin as victor or not at all. Strangely enough, the image of Maria Theresa, fearless among overwhelming dangers, rose before him and steeled him to new efforts: "Think of this woman who did not despair when the enemy stood before Vienna and flooded her richest provinces," he wrote to Podewils.

The battle of Hohenfriedberg.

Frederick had purposely left the passes of the Giant Mountains unguarded, in the hope that the enemy would cross them and attempt to recover Silesia; but he was hardly prepared for the haste with which the Hungarian pandours and hussars swarmed into the land. He was

completely cut off from a part of his forces, which the Margrave of Schwedt commanded in Jägerndorf; and only a desperate ride of General Ziethen to bring Schwedt his instructions, and a splendid return march of Otto Schwerin through the midst of the enemy, prevented a grave catastrophe. "Kiss Schwerin for me a thousand times," wrote Frederick to the margrave, "and tell him that as long as I live I will never forget his bravery and steadfastness."

The Austrians had underrated the Prussian forces. Taking the failure to guard the passes for a sign of weakness, they determined to attack Frederick at Hohenfriedberg, not far from Schweidnitz. "There can be no God in heaven if we do not win this battle," said Prince Charles of Lorraine to one of his adjutants. Free from anxiety, the Austrian leader — the man who had felt so superior to Traun that he had forced him out of the command — lay quietly down to sleep within sight of the Prussian camp, having been assured by his scouts that the attack might safely be postponed until the following day. But, leaving his fires burning and his tents standing, Frederick, with his whole army, stole softly out into the night and took up a more favorable position. At early dawn the Saxon contingents were attacked and put to flight before the Austrians were ready to begin their fire; Prince Charles's right wing was easily thrown into confusion, and a magnificent charge of the Baireuth dragoons, under Gessler, completed its ruin. Sixty-six standards were captured and twenty-one battalions routed — numbers which, by Frederick's command, were later incorporated in the Gessler coat of arms. The rest of the beaten army retreated as best it could, leaving sixteen thousand men on the field and losing nearly nine thousand stragglers and deserters. "Never did the old Romans do anything more

brilliant," wrote Frederick to Podewils; and then set to work to compose a commemorative march, which is played in the Prussian army to this day.

Frederick hoped to have achieved from Hohenfriedberg "a good peace and a long rest," but he was doomed to disappointment. Maria Theresa was by no means reduced to desperate straits. She still had the Saxons, English, and Dutch on her side; and when, in these days, the Emperor Charles VII. died, she came to terms with the new Bavarian elector by the Treaty of Füssen. The French conveniently confined their efforts to the Netherlands; where, indeed, they had succeeded in winning the brilliant victory of Fontenoy. Maria's own courage was as unbroken as ever; even, she declared, though she were sure of making peace with Frederick on the following morning, she would risk a battle the evening before. The satisfaction was hers of having her husband declared emperor at Frankfort; and, in the festivities that followed, she remained in the background and refused to be crowned, that he might have the more honor. With Saxony, she formed a bold plan for striking a blow at the heart of Frederick's possessions and for despoiling him of parts of Brandenburg. Russia, too, was to be included in the arrangement, and to be allowed to cede to Poland certain provinces of East Prussia.

The battle of Sohr.

New victories of Frederick frustrated the tempting plan. He had been attacked at the village of Sohr, not far from the Bohemian border, by an Austrian army nearly double the size of his own — the enemy trying the same manœuvre that he himself had so successfully executed at Hohenfriedberg, and taking a new position under cover of the night. Only with the rising sun did he see the extent of the danger, and the impossibility either of retreating or of remaining in camp. There was no alternative but to

form in line of battle under the heavy fire of the Austrian batteries, and then to storm the heights on which they stood. The deserted camp was plundered by hordes of Hungarians, Frederick's horses and dogs, his clothes, his books, and even his flute were carried off; but none the less his courage and coolness won the day. The enemy were driven from height to height with terrific losses. He was "beaten, yes, well beaten," Prince Charles confessed in a letter to his brother. The prophecy of King George of England that, "the king of Prussia would do more in one day than Prince Charles in six months," had been richly fulfilled.

The battle of Kesselsdorf.

But still more decisive than Sohr, was an action that took place a few weeks later at Kesselsdorf, near Dresden. On hearing of the plan to dismember Brandenburg, Frederick had sent an army into Saxony, intrusting the supreme command to Leopold of Dessau — who undertook it unwillingly, complaining of his age and infirmities. The old companion in arms of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, himself the hero of twenty-one battles and twenty-seven sieges, had been out of conceit with the whole Silesian war, in which his advice had not been freely asked. But Frederick urged him on to his duty; and when his movements seemed too slow, did not hesitate to reprimand him in the sternest manner. "My field marshal," he wrote, "is the only person who either can not, or will not, understand my plain commands." He fairly goaded him into an engagement, knowing that all depended on frustrating a union between the Saxons and the Austrian army that had been defeated at Sohr. The "old Dessauer" did finally rise to the occasion; his last fight was one of the grandest he had conducted in all his half-century of service. With 22,000 men, he stormed the heights at Kesselsdorf, on which stood 34,000 Saxons — while Prince

Charles's army of 46,000 men had advanced to a point only five miles off. As Frederick was ready by this time to unite with his victorious general there was nothing for the Austrians to do but to sue for peace. They expected, indeed, a hard diplomatic struggle; Maria's envoy, Harrach, had, he said, "wished to tear out his eyes because, through negotiations with this Tamerlane, he would be compelled to forge for his mistress chains of everlasting servitude."

The Peace of Dresden.

But Frederick showed himself remarkably lenient; by the Dresden Peace, which was signed on Christmas morning, 1745, he gained neither more nor less than he had enjoyed by the Peace of Breslau, except that Saxony had to pay a war indemnity of a million thalers.

For Maria Theresa, indeed, although Frederick acknowledged her husband as emperor, this second renunciation was more painful than the first had been, and would never have been signed had her instructions reached her envoy, Harrach, in time. In 1742 she had seen her way to wresting Bavaria from Charles VII.; now, while abandoning Silesia, she had to be content to part with a million and a quarter of Germans with no compensation to balance the preponderating Slavic elements in her heterogeneous domains. Austria's rôle as the first German power had been played to the end.

"Happy are they," wrote Frederick a few weeks after the conclusion of the Dresden Peace, "happy are they who, having secured their own safety, can tranquilly look upon the embarrassment and anxiety of others." And again, in the following year, "I continually bless my present situation, hearing the storm rage and seeing the lightning split the finest oaks, without being myself affected. It is a sensible man who keeps quiet and learns moderation by experience. Ambition in the long run is

a virtue for fools, a guide that leads us astray and lands us in an abyss hidden by flowers."

The Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Once more a peace with Frederick meant anything but a season of quiet for Maria Theresa. For two years and more her war with France continued, and Marshal Maurice de Saxe, one of the numerous irregular progeny of Augustus the Strong, succeeded in wresting from the incapable Charles of Lorraine every single stronghold in the Netherlands, save Luxemburg and Limburg. Even the presence in camp of Louis XV. himself could not, as Frederick with biting sarcasm declared, prevent the progress of the French arms. The pitched battle of Rocoux, fought in October, 1746, ended in the total defeat of the allies. In Italy, it is true, the Austrians were more fortunate; while the English were able, in America and on the ocean, to find vulnerable points in the armor of their enemies. For the campaign of 1748, preparations had been made on a hitherto unheard-of scale. The forces in the Netherlands were to be raised to a total of 156,000 men, while 90,000 Austrians and Sardinians were to operate in Italy, and a corps of 50,000 Russians in the English pay was to advance to the Rhine. But, before all these armies could come into action, the general desire for peace and the progress of diplomacy had led to the summoning of the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle; where, in spite of the reluctance of Austria, — which alone was called upon to make serious sacrifices, — a peace was finally arranged. The French gave up their conquests in the Netherlands, and Maria Theresa ceded to Don Philip of Spain, Louis XV.'s nephew, the duchies of Parma and Piacenza.

Maria Theresa and Elizabeth of Russia.

Although a separate clause in the Treaty of Aix — forced through by England and France in the hope of securing the future peace of Europe — guaranteed to Frederick the possession of Silesia, it is doubtful if in her heart of hearts

Maria Theresa ever really for a moment acquiesced in her fate. "She forgets that she is queen, and breaks into tears like a woman, whenever she sees a Silesian," an English envoy had written in 1743. Of the efforts she now made to increase her revenues and to place the administration of her lands on a firmer basis we cannot here speak. Her surest hope for the future seemed to lie in the acquisition of strong allies, and in this she was helped by the natural isolation of Prussia and by the personal unpopularity of Frederick. France could not forgive him for twice deserting her cause and making his own advantageous terms with the enemy; at the Congress of Aix the French envoy-in-chief, Severin, had spoken of him as a "filigree king," as a regular *fripon;* and, on his return to Paris, had refused to visit the Prussian ambassador. As for Russia, the Czarina had been on the point of invading Frederick's lands when the battle of Kesselsdorf turned the scale in his favor; even after the Peace of Dresden Elizabeth had offered to furnish ninety thousand men if Austria would resume the war. This wild, passionate Czarina, who spent her nights in drunken orgies, and who was egged on by Frederick's bitter enemy, Bestucheff, hated the Prussian king with an unholy hate. Sarcastic and malicious enough were the remarks he had often made about her; and Bestucheff, who was at the same time her prime minister and the father-in-law of her unacknowledged daughter, found it to his interest to have his agents carefully retail them in her ear. Two lackeys who had left Frederick's service for that of the Russian court were among the tale-bearers, as were also the English and French ambassadors. More self-respecting men, indeed—like Count Kayserling, the Russian envoy to Berlin—would not be concerned in the foul business, and flatly refused to obey the orders which bade them act as scavengers for stray bits of personal gossip and slander.

Danger for Frederick.

In the year after the Treaty of Aix, an attempt, on Bestucheff's part, to set aside the succession of Frederick's brother-in-law, the crown prince of Sweden, — who, indeed, under altered circumstances, had had Russia herself to thank for his elevation, — led to the very verge of a Prussian-Russian war. "My Swedish sister awaits a visit this year which will not be very agreeable to her," wrote Frederick in the spring of 1749; and again, to Frederike Ulrica herself, "We must do our best to keep on our guard and to be prepared for the worst that can happen." His energy in mobilizing his forces did much to avert the catastrophe; and Elizabeth, finding that France was inclined to help Sweden, and that Maria Theresa would only join in the struggle on conditions dictated by her own interest in Silesia, desisted from her warlike plans at the eleventh hour. But Frederick knew well that the danger was only temporarily averted; four or five years of peace, he declared, and he should find himself once more attacked. He little knew what a general avalanche the Russian-Austrian intrigues — aided by that French-English struggle which had started with the American boundary disputes and was resolving itself, in Europe, into a fight for Hanover — were to bring down about his ears.

Traditional alliances.

In the interval the world was to see a shifting of alliances which belongs to the seven wonders of diplomatic history. Austria, for two hundred years, had been the constant enemy of France. The Emperor Charles V. had fought against Francis I. and Henry II.; Ferdinand II. and Ferdinand III. against Richelieu's generals; Leopold I., Joseph I., and Charles VI. in repeated wars against Louis XIV.; Maria Theresa herself, for seven years, against the present king. To Prussia, on the other hand, from the days when Frederick William I. broke off the double marriage project and expressed his opinions

so freely about George II., England had been an object of hatred. In the Austrian succession war, George's subsidies, his armies, even his own mediocre military talents, had been at the service of Maria Theresa. Even after the Peace of Aix it had more than once come to the verge of a rupture with Frederick: the latter, in 1751, in spite of Podewils's frightened "What will your uncle say?" had chosen one of the heads of the Jacobites, a man whom the English government had pronounced a rebel and an outlaw, to be Prussia's official representative in Paris. And when England, which, in the previous war, had captured Prussian vessels carrying French merchandise, persistently refused compensation, Frederick, in 1752, retaliated by retaining the interest on the Silesian debt, which an English syndicate had assumed. In London the excitement was intense; the wildest rumors gained ground, and active preparations were made for the defence of Hanover — which, it was believed, would be immediately attacked. Indeed, in the following year, when, after the defeat of George Washington at Fort Duquesne, the prospect of a long and bitter struggle between England and France became assured, Frederick urged this very measure on the French ambassador, Latouche. "That is the surest means of making this —— [George II.] change his tune," he said; employing a "cavalier-like epithet," with regard to his uncle, which Latouche found too strong to report to his own government.

The Convention of Westminster.

And yet, after all, toward the autumn of 1755, Frederick began to veer round to the side of England: his reasons for so abrupt a change of policy being, firstly, that the French expected too much of him -- that, in fact, they wished "to pile upon their allies the whole burden of the war and keep their own hands free"; and, secondly, the circumstance that Russia was making dangerous over-

tures to England. The time had not yet come when Frederick could face the idea of having Prussia, with its scanty population of five millions, carry on a war against three great powers, with only one single slippery ally like France. It was probably true, what Lord Hyndford had once said, that he feared Russia more than God. In proportion, therefore, as the Russian-English relations grew warm or cold, he regulated his conduct toward George II.; well knowing that, by her position, Prussia was better able than any other power to accomplish the English king's desire, and insure the safety of his Hanoverian possessions.

Finally, early in 1756, after Russia had already agreed to furnish seventy thousand men, who were to be supported by English subsidies, Frederick closed an alliance with George. The Convention of Westminster provided for firm peace and friendship between Prussia and England, and stipulated that each should turn against any enemy attacking the lands of the other. A united army was to oppose any foreign power that should presume to force its way on to German ground. This agreement, this one little stroke of the pen, Frederick hoped, would reduce "the queen of Hungary to madness, Saxony to insignificance, and Russia to despair."

The first Treaty of Versailles.

Parallel with these English-Prussian negotiations had gone those of Maria Theresa with France. The bait offered to the latter power was a part of the Austrian Netherlands for Louis XV.'s nephew, — who would then be asked to renounce Parma and Piacenza, — and the support of another relative of the French king, Prince Conti, as candidate for the Polish throne. In return for these favors, the French court was to help the empress to gratify the ruling passion of her life, and reduce Prussia to the limits it had occupied before the Thirty Years' War. The hated

king was to become once more a mere margrave. All that was needed was French subsidies; fighters enough could be gained by allowing Frederick's natural enemies to rend and rive at the body of his doomed state. Saxony was to have Magdeburg; Sweden, Stettin and Further Pomerania; the Palatinate, Cleves and Mark; the Franconian Circle, Ansbach and Baireuth.

The news that Frederick had signed the Treaty of Westminster found France still undecided, but soon weighed down the balance in Austria's favor. Kaunitz, the dashing new minister, whose progressive policy was so hated at Vienna by all save the empress herself, had done his work well at the Parisian court. No means had been left untried of influencing the weak voluptuary who sat on the throne of the Bourbons. Kaunitz and his successor in Paris, Starhemberg, had succeeded in winning the favor of Madame de Pompadour, — the graceful and beautiful, but coarse-minded and unscrupulous, mistress of the king. It is not true — at least the empress herself indignantly denied the rumor — that Maria Theresa went so far as to write to the Pompadour a personal letter and to address her as "sister" and "cousin"; nor is it true, in spite of anecdotes which seem to prove the contrary, that Frederick had systematically neglected this person of ignominious birth. But certainly the empress had sent presents and polite messages, while Frederick in some way or other had incurred the Pompadour's dislike. The latter boasted herself, and probably with right, that the preliminary treaties signed at Versailles, in May, 1756, were essentially her own work. To be sure, Austria had not as yet gained all that she desired. The treaty was merely defensive; and Louis XV. objected to depriving Prussia of more than Silesia, besides desiring the whole of the Netherlands for France.

Frederick learns the designs of his enemies.

Frederick had hoped that her own treaty with England would prevent Russia from making war on a power that had just become the closest ally of the English, but he was mistaken. Elizabeth was more eager to attack him than was even Maria Theresa. When the latter's envoy broached the subject the Czarina replied that she had been on the very point of suggesting an offensive alliance. Her disappointment was great when Austria, for the reason that France had not yet been won for an aggressive policy, determined to postpone the campaign until the following spring. Bestucheff, indeed, was not so warlike as his mistress. Elizabeth was ill with strange maladies. It seemed not unlikely that she would soon die; and regard for the "rising sun" prompted the wary minister not to strike too hostile an attitude either toward Prussia or toward England.

Frederick was well informed of all the schemes that were being forged against him: he had in his pay a member of the Saxon chancery — a trusted member, who supplied him with copies of the most secret documents. From various directions, too, he received words of warning and advice; nor did he scruple to have the Berlin post-office open letters on their way from St. Petersburg to England and Holland. At last a Dutch ambassador, whose correspondence had been read, but only half understood, volunteered the positive information that Austria was preparing to put eighty thousand, Russia one hundred and fifty thousand, men in the field. On one point at least Frederick was fully determined: he would not meet his fate like a lamb led to the slaughter. When hostilities should open he meant to make the first move. "There is no help for it," he declared to Mitchell, the English envoy; "if this lady" — pointing to a portrait of Maria Theresa which hung on the wall — "wishes war, she

shall have it soon." "Look into my face," he had said a moment before to the same personage; "does my nose look like one at which fingers can be wagged? By God, I will not stand it!" Mitchell had answered, in a manner not displeasing to the king, that indeed patience and submissiveness were not exactly to be counted among the qualities for which he was distinguished.

An ultimatum sent to Vienna.

In order to bring matters to a climax, Frederick despatched one messenger after another to Vienna with categorical questions. First, what was the meaning of the movements of the troops in Bohemia and Moravia; were these preparations being made with a view to an attack upon himself? Maria's answer was purposely evasive and unsatisfactory; she wished to provoke Frederick and make him the aggressor; only then could she hope for the full benefit of her treaty with France. Hard and fast on the heels of the first envoy, came a second, requesting a straightforward answer as to whether the empress intended to attack the king of Prussia either in the present or the following year. A few days later, Frederick wrote on the margin of his military instructions to Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick: "The answer has come and is good for nothing." For the third time, he sent to say that he was certain now of the evil intentions of the Vienna court; his troops were already on the march, but he would order them to turn back if the empress would give him the assurance he had latterly demanded.

Frederick's occupation of Saxony.

One imperative duty Frederick felt called upon to perform before throwing his forces against the main Austrian army: the Saxon court which, as he knew from the testimony of its own archives, had tried to egg on all the other powers against him, and which, beyond a doubt, meant to follow Bestucheff's advice and take part in the struggle "so soon as the rider should begin to waver in the saddle,"

was first to be rendered harmless. Only by occupying the electorate could proper communications be kept up with Berlin; in no other way could the forces Frederick meant to throw into Bohemia and Moravia be secured from ugly surprises. The only misfortune was that the cowardly king, Augustus III., did not succeed in making his escape from the land. The commander of the body-guards had been asked if he could guarantee that no spent ball should strike the royal person; and, on his giving a negative answer, the attempt was abandoned, and Augustus, with his army, withdrew to an almost impregnable position in Saxon Switzerland, between Pirna and the Königstein. Prussian troops marched into Dresden, and, in spite of the fierce resistance of the queen, Maria Josepha, who actually threw her person in the way, forced open the door of the room in the palace where the archives were kept, selected three bags full of compromising documents, and sent them off to Berlin to be published for the benefit of Europe. An ultimatum was sent to the commanding general, Arnim, to the effect that the whole Saxon army must take the oath of allegiance to the Prussian king. To Arnim's objection that no example of such a thing could be found in history, "Oh, yes, there can," Frederick answered; "and even if there could not, I would like you to know that I pride myself on being somewhat original."

Capitulation of the Saxons.

An Austrian army, under General Browne, who proposed to relieve the Saxons in Pirna, was met on the left bank of the Elbe, at Lobositz; and a battle took place among the steep vine-clad hills (October 1, 1756). The Prussian troops, to use Frederick's own expression, performed "miracles of bravery," but the enemy, too, proved that they were "no longer the old Austrians." The chief advantage of the slight victory was that the beleaguered army lost hope and was soon brought to sub-

mission, the capitulation being signed on the 15th of October. The officers were released on parole and the common soldiers incorporated in the Prussian army, — whereby the fatal mistake was made, as Frederick himself confessed, of not dissolving the regiments and apportioning the men among loyal battalions, but of simply placing them, as they were, under Prussian commanders. No wonder they deserted by thousands, and thus belied the expectation that, being Protestants, they would serve more willingly under Frederick than under their own Catholic king. On the whole, this Saxon campaign had been unfortunate. Seven precious weeks had been wasted in starving out a camp that could only have been taken with great loss of life; and the great advantage of keeping the members of the coalition as far apart as possible had thus been forfeited. Now, the season was so advanced and so uncommonly cold that nothing remained but to go into winter quarters, — Saxony, meanwhile, being placed completely under Prussian administration, and the taxes of her subjects going to the uses of her conqueror.

The second Treaty of Versailles.

The king of France had heard the news of the humiliation of his friend, the king of Poland, with rage and with oaths of vengeance. Yet Louis XV. wavered long before committing himself finally to Maria Theresa's scheme of destruction. It was one year to a day from the signing of the first Versailles Treaty, before the second, offensive, one was concluded. Then, indeed, greed of Belgian land, the Pompadour's intrigues, and Louis's own ridiculous pretension to be the champion of the true religion against the assaults of a heretic and madman, induced France to go to the greatest lengths that even Austria could have desired. Instead of mere subsidies, Louis was to furnish one hundred and fifteen thousand men. Prussia was to be dismembered and the spoils divided in all directions.

The very least of the demands of the allies were to include the whole Cleves heritage, Silesia, Crossen, Magdeburg, Halberstadt, and the share of Swedish Pomerania acquired a generation before by Frederick William I. Maria Theresa and Elizabeth had arranged, in addition, that Frederick should lose the very nucleus of his royal power, — the province of East Prussia; it was to go to Poland, which, in turn, was to cede to Russia Courland and Semgallen. To be sure, Maria's envoy, Esterhazy, was reminded in St. Petersburg of the homely proverb, "Catch your hare before you skin him"; but so completely did Frederick seem to be rushing into the toils that a little confidence was pardonable. Russia was not only to send an army through Poland, but her fleet was to operate in the Baltic; while Sweden, Frederick's only hope in the North, was now drawn into the alliance against him, and, in return for French subsidies, agreed to furnish twenty thousand men. Moreover, Austria, at the Diet of Ratisbon, succeeded in drawing over to her side sixty out of eighty-six of the estates of the empire, by which majority the Diet voted "imperial execution" against the wanton invader of Saxony.

Frederick isolated.

Prussia's only hope seemed to lie in the prospect of English aid, — a prospect which, for the present at least, proved completely illusory. England had wars to wage in all parts of the world; and in this very year was hard pressed both in India and in America. Frederick was keenly alive to the perils of his situation. He likened himself to a stag on which a "pack of kings and princes" had been let loose, or to Orpheus pursued by Mænads — represented by the two empresses and the Pompadour. Once more, as in 1740, he issued the most stringent commands as to what should happen should he die or fall into captivity; in the latter case even his own letters and

BRANDENBURG-PRUSSIA 1415-1806
ACQUISITONS OF THE GREAT ELECTOR 1640-1688
ACQUISITONS OF FREDERICK I 1688-1713
ACQUISITONS OF FREDERICK WILLIAM I 1713-1740
ACQUISITONS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT 1740-1786
ACQUISITONS OF FREDERICK WILLIAM II 1786-1797
ACQUISITONS OF FREDERICK WILLIAM III TO 1806
SCALE OF MILES
12 Longitude East from Green

GROWTH OF PRUSSIA TO 1806.

PRUSSIA under FREDERICK the GREAT

At Coronation — At Death

COLONY IN S.W. AFRICA

1685 (1721)

COLONIES ON THE GOLD COAST

1681 (1720)

Taccarary

Dorotheenschanze

Fr. Sophie Louise

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entreaties were to be disregarded. But his danger heightened instead of dulling his intelligence, and he well deserved what Napoleon Bonaparte considered "the highest praise that one can pay to his character," namely, that he "was especially great in decisive moments." In public he never repined; "the whole army reads the face of its commander," he once wrote; "a general must be like an actor." But even in his heart of hearts he seems to have possessed a steady beacon-light of hope. "*Un certo non so che*," he wrote to the Margravine of Baireuth, "seems to tell me that all will go perfectly well." And again, at the time of the last visit he was destined to make to his own capital for the space of more than six terrible years: "I have a presentiment that I shall neither be killed nor wounded; I confess, however, that, should things turn out badly, I should a hundred times prefer death to the fate that would await me. You know my enemies; you can judge what I should have to swallow in the way of humiliations!"

Advantages of absolutism.

One great advantage Frederick possessed which outweighed much numerical superiority: he was absolute lord and master, not only of his army, but also of the resources of his land. He could, and did, make forced loans, anticipate taxes, and even inflate the currency to meet immediate needs. Every plan of the Austrians, on the other hand, had to be made with reference, not only to Charles of Lorraine, the incompetent commander-in-chief, but also to Maria Theresa, to her husband, and to a permanent war council in Vienna. And at the side of the Prussian king, himself assuredly no mean general, there stood the bravest and most experienced commander in Europe, — Curt von Schwerin, the victor of Mollwitz, once the companion in arms of a Marlborough, a Eugene, and a Charles XII. The queen of Hungary will have two "nice boys" to deal

with, Frederick had said, meaning himself and Schwerin. So widespread was the latter's fame that, in 1745, Louis XV. had offered to place him in command of one of his armies. Not the least of Schwerin's merits was his zeal in attending to the needs, wants, and comforts of his soldiers, while at the same time preserving the strictest order and discipline. "Never will the army forget," wrote Frederick, sixteen years after his great general's death, "that it has been under the command of a Marshal Schwerin."

The battle near Prague.

In the enforced idleness of the winter quarters in Dresden, Frederick spent his time in studying the great campaigns of Turenne, Eugene, and Marlborough; he visited the field of Lützen, where Gustavus Adolphus had found his death. All his thoughts and energies were bent on how to *abimieren* the Austrians — to drive them into an abyss of ruin and despair before the advent of the French and the Russians. After long consultations with Schwerin and with one whom he esteemed almost as highly, Winterfeldt, he determined to make a dash at the enemy's camp near Königgrätz, — a daring resolve considering that the supplies were insufficient and that, on account of the earliness of the season, not even grass could be obtained for the horses.

The Austrians had received warning of Frederick's intention, but, in their blindness, had held the report for a ruse of war. Now, their sole alternative was to retreat to the hills near Prague, leaving behind them stores of inestimable value. They took up a strong position on the crest of the Ziscaberg, the approach of the Prussians being rendered more difficult by the steepness of the ascent, on the one side, and by the slimy and treacherous nature of the ground upon the other. But on they came, floundering through the beds of empty fish-ponds; and finally, with desperate bravery, they put the enemy to flight, mortally

wounding the most capable Austrian general, Browne, and driving Prince Charles into such a panic that he fell unconscious with a spasm of the heart. But the Prussian losses, too, were terrific: fiery old Schwerin himself, who, with a cry of "This way, my children!" had seized a flag and ridden in front of his battalion, was fatally pierced by a bullet — a costly sacrifice that filled Frederick with pain, and that, to use his own words, "withered the laurels of victory." Rather, he declared, would he have lost ten thousand men.

The defeat at Kolin.

Had the old hero lived a few days longer, he would doubtless have hindered his beloved king from one of the most disastrous steps of his life. Leaving the bulk of his army to coop up the Austrians in Prague, Frederick moved, with a small detachment, to join the Duke of Bevern, and cut off General Daun, who was marching to the city's relief. He would not believe the reports as to the strength of Daun's army, and determined to give him battle at once. When he drew up against him, near the small town of Kolin, he found himself outnumbered by two to one. Even then, the Austrians were all but driven to retreat; the day would not have been lost but for disobedience to Frederick's distinct command that one whole wing should remain in reserve. "With four fresh battalions," he declared later, "I could have won the engagement." As it was, out of all his flying soldiers he could only rally some forty men, with whom he attempted to make a charge. "Will your Majesty try to take the battery alone?" cried one of his adjutants, inducing him finally to desist from the attempt and to give the order for a general retreat. Nearly two-thirds of his infantry were dead or wounded, or prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

Never were hopes more completely crushed than by the outcome of this battle. The army before Prague would not

believe the news, until they saw the dejected bearing and sunken eyes of their king. Well might the victorious enemy chant their Ambrosian hymns; and well might Maria Theresa decree rewards to her soldiers and found an order, in her own name, of which her successful general was the first recipient. Kolin decided the whole Bohemian campaign. Crestfallen to the last degree, Frederick determined to retire to Silesia; and when, at last, he rallied his army in a place of safety, some 40,000 men failed to answer to the roll-call. A corps, which he had intrusted to his brother, Augustus William, the heir apparent to the Prussian throne, had suffered terrible losses on account of the indecision and incapacity of its leader: stinging and cruel were the rebukes that Frederick administered; he could be as harsh as ever his own father had been when occasion demanded. "You may, if you like, command a harem," he wrote, "but so long as I live I will never trust you with the command over ten men!" He bade his own soldiers hold no intercourse with those which his brother had been leading. Fairly crushed, mentally and physically, the poor prince wasted away, and died broken-hearted within a few months.

The Convention of Kloster-Zeven.

It was, indeed, no time for leniency, for the general situation seemed absolutely hopeless. "In these unhappy times," wrote Frederick to D'Argens, "one needs entrails of iron and a heart of bronze." To meet nearly 100,000 Russians in East Prussia only 24,000 men were available; Marshal Lehwaldt gave battle at Gross-Jägerndorf, but his defeat was a foregone conclusion. It was much to his credit that he was able to beat an orderly retreat, and Frederick had nothing but praise for his endeavors: to reënforce him in any way was beyond his power. Against the Swedish battalions that gathered in Stralsund, some 22,000 strong, there could only be opposed some few vol-

unteers. The fortress of Peenemünde was soon forced to surrender, while the fate of Stettin hung wavering in the balance. Thus from all quarters the tide of invasion rolled relentlessly in. The enemy could recruit its armies from a population of some 60,000,000, while 4,500,000 was all that Prussia could boast. England, indeed, was Frederick's ally; but no British soldiers were despatched to his aid. An army of nearly 50,000 Hanoverians and Hessians had been placed under the Duke of Cumberland for the sake of protecting the electorate against the attack of three times as many French; but this favorite son of George II. was absolutely lacking in military talents, and withdrew, in a panic, from his only serious engagement, at Hastenbeck, at a time when the advantage was all on his own side. Driven from point to point, he finally ran his army into a regular *cul de sac*, where he was forced to surrender and to sign the disgraceful Convention of Kloster-Zeven. Fortunately, to spare his feelings, the French commander had called it a convention, and not a capitulation, — the difference being that the one required ratification, the other not.

Sympathy of Germans for Frederick.

It was in Frederick's favor that, although the empire, as a whole, had brought some 60,000 men into the field, these forces were of the worst possible material, and not over loyal to their cause. Large as was the majority of the delegates that had voted for imperial execution, the people of Germany, as a whole, sympathized with Frederick. The latter's envoy at the Diet, Plotho, became a popular hero for the courageous manner in which he received the imperial notary who tried to serve upon him the formal citation by which his master, the "Margrave of Brandenburg," was bidden to appear within two months and show cause why he should not be placed in the greater ban of the empire and lose all his fiefs, privileges, liberties, and

expectations. The notary himself has left a description of how Plotho seized him by the robe, stuffed the citation "between his coat," forced him backward out of the room, and called to two of his lackeys to "pitch him down the stairs." Goethe has told how, seven years later, at the coronation at Frankfort, Plotho was still the cynosure of all eyes, and how respect for the Hapsburgs could scarcely prevent the murmurs of approbation from breaking out into open applause. The ban against Frederick was never formally published, nor was the emperor even in a position to procure Plotho's removal.

The great battle of Rossbach.

Frederick, in the meantime, leaving the Duke of Bevern, with the bulk of the army, in Silesia to keep the Austrians in check, had marched off to Thuringia. He tried to entice Soubise, who commanded a second French army, and Hildburghausen, under whom were the contingents of the empire, to give him battle. He would gladly in these days have made peace with the French on any honorable terms, and his agents were instructed to offer Madame de Pompadour half a million thalers, or even the principalities of Valengin and Neuenburg, if she would use her good offices in Prussia's favor. But nothing came of the endeavor, as Louis XV. refused to treat without his allies. Soubise and Hildburghausen kept out of the path of Frederick, who was forced to waste his time in marches and countermarches, while one piece of bad tidings after another rained upon him. In a skirmish near Görlitz, his best-loved general, Winterfeldt, was killed; while a small corps, under the Austrian Haddik, entered Berlin and laid it under contribution. A mere fleeting visit, indeed, in which little damage was done. From some unknown cause, Haddik refrained even from blowing up the Prussian powder magazines, and his withdrawal the next day furthered Frederick's cause in an unexpected manner.

The latter's endeavor to intercept Haddik was looked upon as a retreat by Soubise and Hildburghausen; they came out from among the Thuringian hills, intending to liberate Saxony. Then Frederick turned, eager to give them battle, and took up a strong position at Rossbach — not far from the great Leipzig plain, where the battles of Breitenfeld and Lützen had been fought. From a hole in the roof of the town hall, made on purpose by removing pieces of slate, he watched the enemy's movements for hours. Confident in their overwhelming numbers, — some 43,000 against 20,000, — the combined army tried the daring manœuvre of marching completely around the Prussian flank; their one dread and fear was that Frederick might escape. But, for him, one of the great chances of his life had come; under the shelter of the Polzenberg and Janusberg he changed his whole position, and, when thought by the enemy to be in full retreat, swept down upon them from the crest of the hills. Those were a kind of tactics of which the world till then had little dreamed. In the course of an hour the battle was decided, at a sacrifice in all of 530 men. Frederick killed and wounded 3000 and took 5000 prisoners. The rest fled precipitately, and the mere rumor, "The Prussians are coming," was enough to make them march the whole night through. The roads were strewn with hats, cuirasses, and heavy riding boots; while the Thuringian peasants earned handsome sums by dragging fugitives from the villages and forests and delivering them up at so much a head. Voltaire, in far-off Ferney, was in despair. "This is no favorable time for Frenchmen in foreign lands," he wrote; "they laugh in our faces as though we had been adjutants of M. de Soubise." As for Frederick, he poured out his heart in rejoicing to the Margravine of Baireuth: "Now I can descend to my tomb in peace, for the fame and honor of

my people are saved!" He wrote grotesque odes to the "perfumed heroes" and to the *écraseurs*, who had themselves been crushed.

Austria nearly recovers Silesia.

Yet one such victory was not enough; still another fierce encounter was needed to equalize the earlier losses of this wonderful year of warfare, and to extricate the caged lion from his perilous position. And the brightness of Rossbach was to prove the merest foil to the splendors of Leuthen.

The scale in the meanwhile had leapt up in favor of the Austrians. Far from being daunted by the defeat of the French and of the troops of the empire, Maria Theresa is thought to have heard of it with a certain satisfaction. These allies had been difficult to manage of late and had followed too much their own purposes and inclinations. And Silesia, in spite of Rossbach, was in a fair way of being won back. The Duke of Bevern was proving too timid; he hung on the commands of Frederick and waited for the royal approval of measures which could only be successful if carried out at once. Thus Schweidnitz, Frederick's new fortress, fell, after a siege of seventeen days, without a battle having been offered to the besiegers; and 5800 Prussians were made prisoners of war. When finally an engagement did take place, near Breslau, the circumstances were far less advantageous; and the defeated Prussians were obliged to retreat into the town. Bevern himself was taken captive, — voluntarily, as Frederick at first believed, — and when, soon afterward, Breslau fell, the fate of Silesia seemed sealed. Some 4000 men who had fought on the Prussian side went over to the empress. Charles of Lorraine was instructed to hasten and give the *coup de grâce* to Frederick's disorganized army.

But the latter had become a new man since the battle of

Rossbach. He steps forward now, at the very height of his extraordinary genius, full of self-confidence, the inspirer of others, the very God of his troops. "His heart is torn, but his head is clear and cool," declares his secretary, Eichel. He found the Silesian army in an incredible state of demoralization, but his presence in camp worked a marvellous transformation. The sight of his determined face, — which had taken on entirely new lines in the course of this awful war, — the glance of the great, earnest eye, the sound of the sympathetic voice, did as much to restore order as the brief, emphatic words with which he addressed his officers. Whoever wished to abandon him might go at once without fear of punishment; the situation was desperate, a battle must be risked at any cost. The enemy favored him by quitting a strong position in order the more quickly to dispose of this "Potsdam parade guard" — this tiny force from one-half to one-third the size of their own. "The fox has crept out of his hole," cried Frederick, in boundless glee; "now I will punish his audacity."

The battle of Leuthen.

Here at Leuthen this royal commander tried, with phenomenal success, his most famous devices; — he played with his army as though it had been some instrument, some carefully graduated machine. Making a feint against the enemy's right wing, he hurried the bulk of his forces obliquely across their whole line of battle, and fell with terrific impetus upon their more exposed left. No clever pugilist ever more completely broke down the guard of his unwary antagonist. The slaughter was appalling; the retreat so disastrous that only 35,000 starving and ill men out of an original 60,000 or 70,000 found refuge in Bohemia; while, by the capitulation of Breslau, 18,000 more became prisoners of war. Napoleon Bonaparte said of this battle: "It was a masterpiece in the way of evolutions, manœuvres, and determination, and would alone

have sufficed to make Frederick immortal and to rank him among the greatest generals. He attacked a vastly superior and victorious army, already drawn up in line of battle, with an army consisting in part of troops that had just been beaten, and carried off a great victory with comparatively small losses."

English aid.

With the exception of the fortress of Schweidnitz, all Silesia was once more in Frederick's hands. The Russians, too, on the strength of a report that the Czarina Elizabeth had died, — or possibly because their leader, Apraxin, was mixed up in a conspiracy to supplant her, — had already turned homeward; and Lehwaldt, thus set free, had practically purged Pomerania of the Swedes. England, moreover, had awakened to her responsibilities, had repudiated the Convention of Kloster-Zeven, and voted four million pounds sterling in the way of subsidies; besides placing the control of the Hanoverian forces under a general in whom Frederick had the fullest confidence, Ferdinand of Brunswick, who had served from youth up in the Prussian army. New indeed was the spirit which William Pitt had infused into the government of the English nation; he it was who had cried out in Parliament, "I feel the most grateful sentiments of veneration and zeal for a prince who stands, the unshaken bulwark of Europe, against the most powerful and malignant confederacy that ever yet has threatened the independence of mankind."

But Frederick had gained a breathing space only to be plunged more deeply into a sea of dangers and difficulties. He had hoped for peace after his great victories, but he soon realized, as he wrote to his brother Henry, that he must "continue his rope-dancing." Year after year he was to experience more bitterly what it meant to sustain a war against enemies on all of his boundaries; year after year he was to find it more difficult to raise men

and money. Nor was it a question of numbers alone; the material, too, of his army was rapidly degenerating. The recruits were less well trained, while no suitable officers could be found to take the place of the devoted men who had fallen at their posts. It could not be otherwise, when the Prussian state was so infinitely smaller in area than the domains of any one of its principal antagonists.

In the spring of 1758, Frederick managed to take Schweidnitz; while Ferdinand of Brunswick, with great energy, forced the French to evacuate Minden, and drove them across the Rhine. They had suffered much, these troops of Louis XV.; badly cared for, sickness had broken out in their camp, and, in the month of January alone, some ten thousand had died in hospital. Later on in the summer, Ferdinand defeated Clermont, who, to repeat a Parisian witticism of the time, "preached like a soldier and fought like an apostle"; and took Düsseldorf.

Frederick's retreat from Moravia.

But the Czarina Elizabeth had meanwhile discovered and put down the conspiracy against her, Apraxin had been removed from the command, and Bestucheff disgraced, threatened with the knout, and even sentenced to death—a penalty which was then commuted to banishment. With more determination than ever the campaign was carried on in East Prussia; and General Fermor, Apraxin's successor, brought the whole land into his hands. All the cities, as well as the chief nobles, were forced to swear allegiance to Russia; they did it with an apparent willingness that the Prussian king never forgave.

Frederick himself had marched into Moravia intending to reduce the fortress of Olmütz; but his engineers miscalculated the proper distance at which to throw up their intrenchments, and, while they were making good their fault, some four thousand valuable transport wagons fell into the hands of the Austrian general, Laudon. Fred-

erick, short of ammunition and in every way crippled by the loss, was nearly hemmed in between two formidable armies. Daun had some seventy thousand men, while in Laudon, whose services he had once rejected when offered to himself, he found the most formidable general with whom he had ever yet had to contend.

His own determination was now quickly made. Calling his officers together, he appealed to their loyalty and bravery, threatened to cashier any one of them who should say that all was lost, or even show a crestfallen countenance, and then, abandoning the field, made one of the memorable retreats of history, and reached Silesia with his army safe and sound. From here, after only two days' rest, he started off with fourteen thousand picked men to give battle to the Russians, who had advanced as far as the river Oder and were threatening to overwhelm the whole Mark Brandenburg. "Say to all your officers," he wrote to Dohna, to whom he had intrusted the defence of the Mark, "that my device is 'conquer or die,' and that, if any one thinks otherwise, he can stay on this side of the Oder and go to the devil!"

The battle of Zorndorf.

In ten days, through the hottest of August weather, Frederick marched 150 miles to Frankfort on the Oder; then he joined forces with Dohna before Küstrin, obliging Fermor to abandon the siege of that fortress. Soon after, at Zorndorf, was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the whole war, if not, indeed, of the whole century. Frederick had been sadly mistaken in these Russians; he considered them bad fighters — and he was right as regarded their capacity for executing swift manœuvres. But they stood their ground in the grim jaws of death as well as any troops in Europe. Frederick conquered them here at Zorndorf — conquered them so completely that they could not make their projected junction with the Swedes, and were obliged

soon to abandon the campaign. But the fierceness of the ten-hour fight had been unprecedented; maddened by the cruelty and wild excesses of these half-barbarians, Frederick, for the first and only time in his life, had commanded that no mercy be shown, no quarter given. When ammunition grew scarce, the fight was continued with bayonets, sabres, and the but-ends of muskets; dying men clasped each other in a last hostile embrace, and a Russian, mortally wounded, was found gnawing the flesh of a Prussian. Frederick's losses were about eleven thousand, those of Fermor nearly twice that number.

Twice during this battle, the dashing cavalry general, Seydlitz, had saved the wavering fortunes of the day by unexpected charges. At first Frederick had been alarmed at his unwonted independence and had sent him a command, followed by a stern warning that he must answer for his actions with his head. But Seydlitz had seen his opportunity, and sending word, "After the battle my head is at my king's service," had gone his own way. His head was safe enough when, later, at the door of his tent Frederick received him with a warm embrace and acknowledged him the real victor.

The defeat at Hochkirch.

If any one advantage could outweigh the numerical superiority of the allies, it was Frederick's capacity for swift movement and sudden action. The dead that fell at Zorndorf could scarcely have found burial before he started off for Saxony, the defence of which he had left in the hands of Prince Henry of Prussia—that one of all his brothers in whom, in spite of the difference of their characters, and, on Henry's part, of a lack of sympathy and comprehension, he placed the most confidence. And here in Saxony, Henry had fully justified it. Daun had taken advantage of Frederick's absence to invade the land, and Henry had held him at bay and avoided disaster, although

the different forces against him outnumbered his own by four to one.

For the present, indeed, the days of signal victories were over; and, for the three defeats which followed, Frederick had no one but himself to thank. At Hochkirch, near Bautzen, he had encamped in a position which he knew to be dangerous, seeing that a vastly superior force of Austrians held the hills all around. Marshal Keith had said to him, "If the Austrians leave us unmolested in this camp, they deserve to be hanged;" but Frederick had merely answered, "It is to be hoped that they fear us more than the gallows." He despised this Daun, this Fabius Cunctator, who always remained on the defensive. But in the present case Daun listened to good advice and made a night attack upon the Prussians. The latter rushed to arms half-naked and confused by the din and uproar; so dark it was that they could only distinguish friend from foe by feeling for the fur caps of their antagonists. For five hours they made a stubborn resistance, and then retreated, beaten, and with losses much greater than those of the Austrians, but in good order. Frederick, who fortunately had not yet received the news of the death of his favorite sister, Wilhelmine, which took place in this very night of Hochkirch, remained calm and cheerful. He did indeed write to his brother Henry, "Unhappily I am still alive;" but on the very same day he also wrote to Schmettau, the commandant of Dresden, "I am determined not to retreat a single step, but rather, standing firm, to await the enemy and give him battle a second time."

The battle of Kunersdorf.

But Daun furnished him with no opportunity; intrenching himself with as much care as though he had never won a victory, the Austrian commander considered that he was doing enough for his mistress by guarding the road

to Silesia, where a second Austrian army was besieging Neisse. Frederick slipped by him, relieved Neisse, and was soon back in Saxony.

In the following summer the Russians again advanced to the Oder. Elizabeth's zeal had slackened after Zorndorf, but the courts of Vienna and Paris had taken care that she should see an official report in a Berlin newspaper in which the Russians were spoken of as "barbarians." She had fallen into a violent rage, and informed Maria Theresa, through Esterhazy, that she would risk her last rouble and her last man for the sake of annihilating the king of Prussia. Her own guard regiments had been despatched from St. Petersburg, and, in July, 1759, the reënforced army won the battle of Kay, near Züllichau, and took the important town of Frankfort-on-the-Oder. For the first time in the war, a supplementary corps of Austrians, under none other than Laudon, was sent to Prussia, and Frederick's downfall seemed assured.

Nothing daunted, he attacked the combined army, nearly double the size of his own, on the heights of Kunersdorf, routed the Russian left wing, and took seventy guns and several thousand prisoners. Had he been willing to rest on his laurels and to give a breathing space to his army, which had been marching and fighting for twelve hours, he would have saved himself the most awful, the most overwhelming, of all his defeats. But he wished to annihilate the Russians by cutting off their retreat; and, failing in this, drove them to make a last desperate stand. They held the Spitzberg against all his assaults; although the Prussian infantry stood there, hour after hour, suffocated by the heat and tortured by the thirst — which they had been unable to quench on their long, dusty march. They hoped to the last that Seydlitz would sweep down to their rescue as he had done at Zorndorf; but Seydlitz was

lying wounded and could bring them no help. A right instinct had led him to delay carrying out one of Frederick's commands, but when the order came a second time he had fallen in attempting to obey.

Frederick's despair.

The king himself had shown a never-failing courage, and at the last could scarcely be drawn from the lost field. Two horses had been shot under him; his clothes were riddled with bullets, one of which would certainly have wounded him had it not flattened against a golden *étui*. The outcome of the battle procured him the darkest moments of despair that he had ever known in his whole life. "Of an army of 48,000, there are not at this moment 3,000 left," he wrote to Finkenstein. "The consequences of the battle will be worse than the battle itself; I have no more resources, and, not to hide the truth, I consider that all is lost. I shall not survive the ruin of my country. Farewell forever!" So completely did he consider his career ended that, under pretence of illness, he resigned the command to General Finck, bidding him make a last effort to save Berlin should Laudon march in that direction. But, a few days later, he was able to write to his brother Henry: "You may reckon upon it that so long as my eyes can open I shall do my duty and serve my state." And again, after the lapse of a fortnight, overjoyed at hearing that the Russians had retired from the Mark: "I have to announce to you a miracle that has happened in favor of the House of Brandenburg!"

The battle of Minden.

Frederick found that his losses were not so great as he had feared — some 18,000 or 19,000 against 16,000 of the enemy; and in this same month Ferdinand of Brunswick had won the great battle of Minden against the new French commander, Contades. Here at Minden, the enemy would have been as completely routed as was Frederick's army at

Kunersdorf, had it not been for the cowardice and folly of the English Lord Sackville, who, at a decisive moment, refused to join in the engagement. "For God's sake," a lieutenant colonel had said to Ligonier, Ferdinand's aide-de-camp, "repeat your orders that that man may not pretend he does not understand them; for it is now over half an hour since we received orders to march, and yet we are still here. For you see, sir, the condition he is in." Sackville was later court-martialled, and declared "unfit to serve his Majesty in any military capacity whatever."

The surrender at Maxen.

There is no doubt but that, had Daun and the Russian general, Soltykoff, acted in concert, Frederick's worst fears would have been realized. But the Russians were angry because, save for sending Laudon's corps, the Austrians had done little to support them. They themselves had lost 27,000 men since reaching the Oder; it was time, Soltykoff thought, that Daun should bear more of the burden of the war and allow his, Soltykoff's, army to rest. Moreover, the Austrian field marshal, instead of furnishing long-promised provisions and supplies, now offered a mere money payment. "My soldiers do not eat money," answered Soltykoff, in a rage; and the friction at last precluded all common action.

For Frederick, indeed, fate still had blows enough in reserve. Immediately after Kunersdorf, he had ordered Schmettau to make what terms he could for Dresden. The commandant surrendered within a fortnight, convinced that without hope of succor a garrison of 4000 could accomplish nothing against six times that number. The first fruits of the war, the Prussian centre of supplies, was lost; and soon came the surrender at Maxen of 12,000 men under General Finck, who, in too literal obedience to commands, had allowed himself to be surrounded, and then, instead of fighting his way out, had

laid down his arms. "That cuts me to the marrow," Frederick said when he heard of the disaster; and, a whole year later, he declared: "If we are conquered, we shall have to date our ruin from the day of that wretched occurrence at Maxen." Finck was disgraced and placed under arrest.

Frederick's dwindling resources.

It seemed, indeed, in the two years that followed, as if even Frederick's superhuman efforts must meet with failure. With breathless interest all Europe watched him extricate himself from one hopeless situation after another. What saved him was his own activity and courage; the capability and bravery of generals like Ziethen, Seydlitz, Ferdinand of Brunswick, and Prince Henry of Prussia; and, lastly, the fact that at home the affairs of the allies were managed, in the final instance, by three capricious women. How long had Maria Theresa clung to Charles of Lorraine after all the world knew that he was nothing of a general! It was the same with Elizabeth and Fermor.

All the same, the iron ring was being drawn closer and closer around Frederick. In the spring of 1760 he could oppose but 90,000 Prussians to 200,000 Austrians; for the first time since the war began, Laudon could open a campaign on Prussian territory. He took Glatz and appeared before Breslau, after having fairly annihilated a corps under General de la Motte Fouqué at Landshut. Fouqué himself, the Prussian Bayard, was wounded and taken prisoner, but not until the bravery of his resistance had filled even the enemy with admiration. One of the Austrian colonels, Voit, would have lent him his own horse: "I should only soil your fine trappings with my blood," he said, refusing the offer. "My trappings will be worth infinitely more," was the generous response, "if they are spattered with the blood of a hero."

Frederick himself, after bombarding Dresden to no

effect, marched to Silesia, where he found himself surrounded by no less than three Austrian armies: those of Lacy, Daun, and Laudon; while a large Russian corps was not far off. These, according to his own verdict, were the most perilous days through which he had ever passed; only the most extreme wariness and agility saved him from destruction. Night after night, he changed his camp after the enemy had already made their dispositions for an attack. At Liegnitz, at last, they felt sure of securing him; Daun and Lacy were to fall upon him simultaneously, while Laudon was to cut off his retreat. He was told of the Austrian boast, "The sack is open, we need only to pull the string and the king and his army are caught!" "They are not so wrong," was his comment, "but I hope to slit their sack!" Under cover of the night he caught Laudon on the march before the latter could take up his appointed position. Daun, with his usual indecision, did not come to the rescue until the last moment; and Ziethen received his advance guard with a volley from the heaviest guns. Lacy was held back by swampy ground, though Laudon believed that he had purposely left him in the lurch. The latter's losses were nearly 11,000 as compared to 3500 of the enemy. The battle of Liegnitz.

As for Frederick, he evaded the Russian general, Czernitscheff, and threw him into a panic by the simple subterfuge of allowing one of his own letters, with a greatly exaggerated account of the victory of Liegnitz, to fall, as if by chance, into Russian hands. But Czernitscheff, later joining with Totleben, appeared before Berlin, and forced it to capitulate and to pay a heavy ransom. Lacy occupied Potsdam and Charlottenburg, in which latter place much wanton damage was done. On the news of Frederick's approach, the Russians withdrew to the Oder, and Lacy to Torgau, where he joined Daun. The circle

had narrowed until it enclosed the very heart of Frederick's own domains.

The battle of Torgau.

Here at Torgau, Frederick, with 44,000 men, stood over against the 60,000 of Daun, determined, as he wrote to his brother Henry, "to conquer or die." He had called his generals together and told them that he "did not wish the opinion of any one of them, but would merely tell them that Daun must be attacked on the following day." Ziethen was intrusted with the whole right wing, and was ordered to outflank the enemy and cut off their retreat to the south. The strength of the Austrians lay in the number of their heavy guns, which almost doubled those of the Prussians; and Frederick's first attack was greeted by the most murderous fire he had ever experienced. Indeed, the Prussians soon found that they had before them a task of unwonted seriousness. In the midst of the engagement Frederick himself, who had hitherto borne such a charmed existence, was struck in the breast by a bullet and fell unconscious from his horse; fortunately, the ball was almost a spent one, and during a part at least of the remainder of the battle, he was able to retain the command. Wearied, indeed, and weakened, he at last repaired to a little church near by to have his wound bound and to formulate his plans. Darkness had come on and no one knew which side had won. Austrian and Prussian soldiers sat down peaceably together, after mutually agreeing to surrender themselves the next day to the army which should prove to have been victorious. The Austrian commanders, indeed, considered the field theirs, and sent off the news to Vienna; where it was proclaimed in the streets and imparted by special envoys to the foreign powers. But they had counted without Ziethen's hussars. From the opposite side, after night had already fallen, he had started to storm the heights of Supitz, which the

Austrians had maintained the whole day; and by midnight had forced Daun to order a retreat.

Except for the fact that defeat would have meant ruin, Frederick gained little by dearly bought victories like Torgau. Ten thousand more of his sadly dwindling army were incapacitated for fighting. He himself was growing very bitter and savage against those who forced him to continue the war, and who had just plundered his capital. He sanctioned now so merciless a sacking of the castles of Torgau and Hubertsburg, that one of his generals, Saldern, refused to carry out his commands. Frederick on the defensive.

In the following spring, Frederick was able to oppose only 96,000 men to three times that number of Austrians and Russians; while Ferdinand of Brunswick had to contend as usual with a French army nearly double the size of his own. The war enters now into a somewhat slower *tempo;* the year 1761 is the year of sieges and camps, and, on the Silesian scene of war at least, is not marked by a single pitched battle. For the first time in the course of the war, Frederick devoted his whole energies to intrenching himself as strongly as possible; and his camp at Bunzelwitz, north of Schweidnitz, proved marvellously strong and effective. The Austrians, on the other hand, besieged and took Schweidnitz, while, at the same time, Colberg, after a long and glorious resistance, fell into the hands of the Russians.

Thus again the field of action was narrowed; thus again Herculean efforts were needed to raise the Prussian army, which had shrunk to a meagre 60,000, to its normal size. Any other man than Frederick, indeed, would have been completely brought to bay by the sickening news that now came from England: how the courageous and warlike Pitt had fallen and been replaced by the favorite of the new king, the pacific Bute; how the mili- Lord Bute's abandonment of Frederick.

tary convention with Prussia had not been renewed, and the English subsidies, which of late years had been very considerable indeed, were henceforward to cease; how Frederick was advised to make peace, even at the price of some of his lands. So far did Bute go in his desire for peace and quiet, that he was willing to renounce Newfoundland and other English conquests in North America; and drew down upon himself, in consequence, in his own land, a flood of satiric sheets, in which he was most unfavorably compared to the idolized Pitt. Nay more, Bute so far forgot the long Prussian friendship as to send an envoy to urge the Russian court to continue its armies in the field against Frederick, on the ground that otherwise Frederick would have free play against Maria Theresa, and thus the war might be prolonged indefinitely! The English treason to the German cause at Utrecht was nothing to this base attempt at crippling a former ally. Bute's own envoy, Mitchell, was outraged at such conduct and at his chief's whole attitude. He begged Frederick not to confound the English nation with a madman, who was rushing to his own destruction and would surely end upon the scaffold. "I am tired of my accursed trade," Mitchell wrote to Keith, the envoy at St. Petersburg.

To Bute's surprise, Frederick accepted the withdrawal of the subsidies with a certain equanimity; the demand that he should rush head over heels (*à l'hurlu-burlu*) into a peace he declared impossible of fulfilment. "The English thought," he wrote later, "that money did everything and that there was no money except in England." But he never forgave this desertion; one of his favorite horses, which he had named after Bute, was condemned to haul wood with base mules. When England's war with her American colonies broke out, all Frederick's sympathies were with the latter; and on the Hessian soldiers who were

sold to fight across the water he placed the same tax, when they crossed his domains, as on cattle going to slaughter.

Russia changes front.

Frederick was kept from despair and, so far as human judgment reaches, from utter ruin, by events which were occurring simultaneously in Russia. His old, indefatigable enemy, Elizabeth, died on January 5, 1762; and was succeeded by her Holstein nephew, Peter III., who had always cherished a romantic attachment for Frederick. In the very night after the Czarina's decease, couriers were sent off to the army, bidding it advance no farther into Prussian territory and to refrain from all hostilities; within a week, a secret messenger had been despatched to Frederick himself, assuring him of the new Czar's firm friendship. The Prussian king answered by freeing Peter's little German principality of Zerbst from all levies and imposts, and by returning all the Russian prisoners of war. In the month of May, a formal peace was signed at St. Petersburg; and the event was celebrated with the utmost rejoicing in every city of the Mark. "Heaven still stands by us," wrote Frederick to Ferdinand of Brunswick, "and everything will turn out well." He had grown as tired of this struggle, as tired of life, to use his own favorite simile, as the Wandering Jew himself; but now the end was in sight. The peace with Russia was followed by one with Sweden, with which power, indeed, Frederick said contemptuously that he was scarcely aware of having been at war: one of his generals, Belling, had had a little trouble with these Swedes, but would probably settle it by himself.

The battle of Burkersdorf.

Peter III.'s enthusiastic demonstrations of friendship went so far, that he had himself chosen colonel of a Prussian regiment, and that he also sent Czernitscheff back with eighteen thousand men to fight on the side of this former enemy. The Russian general joined Frederick when the latter was

preparing to fight a battle for the rescue of Schweidnitz; but the brave Prussian king was none the less destined to finish this war without the aid of foreign troops. Just as the attack was about to commence against the Austrians, who were posted on the heights of Burkersdorf, news came that Peter III. had been deposed by Catherine II., who, though willing to ratify the recent peace, was not minded to shed the blood of her Russians in an indifferent cause. So much was gained by Frederick, that Czernitscheff agreed to keep secret from the Austrians the order for his recall; his soldiers, though lay figures in the battle of Burkersdorf, helped greatly to decide the day in favor of the Prussians.

The long struggle of years was ending where it had begun, as a stern duel between Austria and Prussia. George III. of England, in November, 1762, closed the treaty of Fontainebleau with France on the understanding that each power should abandon its former ally.

The peace of Hubertsburg.

But how could even a Maria Theresa hope to compete, alone, with an enemy whom she had failed to crush when in bond with nearly the whole continent of Europe? She offered to accept the mediation of the electoral prince of Saxony; and, when Frederick refused, sent her own envoy direct to the castle of Hubertsburg with directions to agree to a peace on the basis of a return to the condition of things before the war — a solution of the difficulties which Frederick himself had proposed. Yet, even then, the negotiations, which were conducted on the Prussian side by the minister, Hertzberg, occupied a full seven weeks, many of the questions raised being merely incidental. The Viennese envoy insisted, for instance, that in both copies of the treaty the name of Maria Theresa should come first; and negotiations had to cease until word came from Frederick that the matter was wholly

indifferent to him. The peace was signed on the 15th of February, 1763, a *status quo* in every particular.

This, then, was the end of the great struggle that had cost a million lives and loaded every state of Europe, save Prussia, with such a national debt as they have never yet been able to liquidate. Unlike the majority of peace treaties, it seemed to satisfy every one; although the undoubted victor was Frederick, who retained Silesia, after having warded off from the Prussian state an almost certain destruction. The English envoy, Mitchell, immediately on the receipt of the news, wrote to the Prussian king that he had long considered him the first of warriors, but must now admire him as the most able negotiator that had ever lived.

CHAPTER V

FREDERICK THE GREAT IN TIME OF PEACE

LITERATURE: Koser has excellent chapters on various phases of Frederick's reign. See also the learned biography by Preuss. Reimann, *Neuere Geschichte des preussischen Staates*, deals exhaustively with the period from 1763 on. Dohm's *Denkwürdigkeiten* are an interesting treatment of the last twenty-five years of the eighteenth century, by a contemporary. Tuttle is at his best when treating of Frederick in time of peace. Oncken's *Friedrich der Grosse* is not remarkable for any merits. See also Pierson and Eberty. Some of Schmoller's excellent studies include Frederick's time.

Frederick a national hero.

IF the happenings in Prussia occupy considerable space in our pages, it is not merely because these matters are intrinsically of great interest, but also because that state was now actually assuming the leadership in Germany. When once an elector of the empire, in a seven years' struggle, had succeeded in defeating, not merely the house of Austria, with four times the territory and six times the population, but, at the same time, the might of Russia and France combined, — not to speak of the whole of the rest of Germany, — there was no doubt as to where lay the centre of national gravity. Frederick the Great is looked upon to-day, not as the special hero of the Prussians, but as the hero of the whole German people. His portrait was hung in the huts of peasants all over the land, and was sold in so many impressions that at this day contemporary copies can be obtained in the print shops for a mere song.

In person, Frederick was a typical German, fair-haired and with blue eyes of wonderful brilliancy — we are told by one who saw him often, that none of the portraits could do justice to those eyes. In stature he was very short,

measuring not more than five feet five. In his personal appearance, as well as in all his habits and ways of thought, he changed greatly in the course of the Seven Years' War; one has only to look at the engraving by Wille, taken in the year of his accession, and to compare it with one of the later ones, like that of Bartolozzi, to appreciate the difference. In the one the features are well rounded, handsome, radiant, and rather pleasantly arrogant; in the other they are grim, determined, foxy, and deeply lined with care. He writes himself in one of his letters about those wrinkles and their cause, and we can trace the change in other ways. No more striking contrast can be imagined than that which appears in the whole tone of his correspondence. "My youth, the fire of passion, the longing for fame," he writes to Jordan, in 1740, "yes, to be frank, curiosity and, in the last instance, a secret instinct, have driven me from my quiet rest; and the wish to see my name in the news-leaves and in history has led me astray. Come to me here, philosophy maintains its rights, and I assure you I would think only of peace and quiet had I not this accursed desire for fame." "Yes, experience is a fine thing," he wrote in 1762; "in my youth I was buoyant as a foal that springs around a meadow without a bridle, now I have grown as cautious as old Nestor. But more than that, I am gray, furrowed with grief, bowed with bodily ills — only fit, in short, to be thrown to the dogs."

Personal characteristics of Frederick.

The price of this king's victories had indeed been a terrible one to pay. No language can do justice to the steadfastness with which he had met every kind of onslaught; but the man within was filled with thoughts of bitterness and despair. "Death is sweet in comparison to such a life," he wrote in 1760. ". . . Never will I outlive the moment that obliges me to sign a disadvantageous peace.

Terrible strain of the Seven Years' War.

. . . I have lost all my friends and my dearest relations; my unhappiness has reached the limits of possibility; I have nothing left for which to hope."

As early as 1758, he had written that he had lost everything he loved and honored in the world. It would be hard to equal in bitterness and cynicism the terms in which he speaks of his prospects in 1761: "Next year, too, I shall have to go on rope-dancing and making dangerous bounds whenever it pleases their very apostolic, very Christian, and very Muscovitic majesties to call, 'Jump, Marquis!' . . . Ah, how hard-hearted men are! They say to me, 'You have friends.' Yes, fine friends, who cross their arms and tell me, 'We really wish you all success!' — 'But I am drowning; throw me a rope!' — 'Oh, no, you will not drown.' — 'Yes, I must sink the next moment.' — 'Oh, we hope the contrary. But if it should happen, be convinced that we shall place a fine inscription on your tomb!'" Shortly before the end of the war he wrote to Frau von Camas, "You speak of the death of poor F. . . . Ah, dear Mamma, for six years now it is no longer the dead, but the living I bemoan."

Frederick's coldness to his wife.

Beyond a doubt, the halcyon days of Frederick's life fell in the period between the Peace of Breslau, in 1745, and the beginning of the Seven Years' War, in 1756. It is true that his marriage had turned out fully as unhappily as he had prophesied. He had declared, at the time, that he would put away his Brunswick bride on the day of his coronation; but there was no formal proceeding of the kind. There had been a period, indeed, when, at Rheinsberg, they had lived together quite happily. When he first went off to the Silesian wars he wrote to her, if not warmly, at least in a friendly strain; he counts on the pleasure, he declares, of seeing her again after the peace. But he gradually grows colder and colder; and when her brother dies

he waits a long time before sending her a word of regret. Their relations were at last established on the most distant and formal of footings. Frederick always insisted, indeed, that she should receive to the full the honors due to a queen; and her court, at Berlin in the winter and at Schönhausen in the summer, was the centre of considerable activity. Ambassadors were punctilious in paying their respects; her birthday was a brilliant festival; while parades and other expressions of rejoicing were inaugurated in her honor. The king made her formal visits at long intervals; but to Potsdam, where he resided for half the year, she might never come — not even when her husband was desperately ill. It is doubtful if she ever even laid eyes on Frederick's exquisite little palace of Sans Souci. Once when her brother Ferdinand came to Berlin and Frederick was absent in the wars, the latter wrote to Ferdinand that he would be pleased to have him visit the palace, and, if the queen should choose to accompany him, everything would be ready for her reception. But Elizabeth Christine proudly refused. She would not choose the time of her husband's absence to visit his abode.

Unhappiness of Elizabeth Christine.

Frederick was right when he said, at the time of his marriage, "There will be one more unhappy princess in the world." Elizabeth Christine would have liked nothing better than to be a faithful, loving, and devoted wife. She repeatedly declared that she was ready to die for the king, and she waited in hope and expectation that time might bring a change. Once, when she knew that he was coming to Berlin, she rose from a bed of sickness, declaring that, living or dead, she must be there to receive him on his arrival. Yet all this devotion and humility never softened the heart of the man who was its object. Frederick had once said of his intended bride, "Let her be as frivolous as she pleases, only not simple;" perhaps all

this affection bordered on simplicity. Yet there were other, worse qualities, such as a proneness to suspicion, a moodiness of temper, a certain discontent. At all events, Frederick thoroughly detested her. Once, when he had arranged a little journey and a festival for his mother, Elizabeth Christine sent word through her brother that she would like to take part; but Frederick refused, on the ground that she was a simpering marplot and would spoil the whole occasion.

Death of Wilhelmine.

Thus it came about that Sans Souci was scarcely ever graced by the presence of a woman. With his sister Wilhelmine, Frederick had quarrelled at the time of the election, as emperor, of Maria Theresa's husband. The Margravine of Baireuth had not been able to refrain from paying her respects to the new empress and from taking part in the Frankfort gayeties. But the breach had been healed and Wilhelmine for a time had been her brother's guest at Potsdam. Her death, on the night of the battle of Hochkirch, was one of the most terrible blows of these terrible times.

Frederick's guests at Sans Souci.

Frederick found consolation for the lack of a normal household in his dumb beasts and in his literary men. To his dogs he was perfectly devoted; they were allowed the utmost liberty, were fondly inquired after when the king was absent, and were finally buried in the tomb he had intended for himself. With his horses it was the same; some of them were allowed to roam about at will, and one, the famous Condé, was even invited into the hall of Sans Souci, where, according to tradition at least, he wrought havoc to the pavement with his heavy feet. The broken tile was long shown to visitors, until, in common with the chair-cover torn by the dogs, it was repaired by the present ruler.

One of the first acts of Frederick's reign had been to

issue invitations to foreign celebrities to come and grace his court. Many, like Vaucanson and Gresset, had been obliged to refuse, but Maupertuis — at the height of his fame as Arctic explorer and discoverer of the flattening of the poles of the earth — had accepted the presidency of the Berlin academy. Many of the newcomers received stipends, and had, therefore, to be at the king's beck and call. A constant guest for a time was the Scotchman, James Keith, who had been a general in the Russian service and was now made Prussian marshal. He writes to his brother, in 1747: "I enjoy here the distinction of eating with him [the king] almost every afternoon and evening. He has more intelligence and wit than I can describe, and speaks, with thoroughness and technical knowledge, about the most varied matters. He has surrounded himself with men whom he treats perfectly informally, almost like friends, yet there is no favorite." Keith praises the king's habitual politeness, but finds him somewhat inscrutable.

In this familiar circle Frederick passed merry evenings, playing the flute and reading aloud his own odes, satires, and epistles. The want of restraint, however, was not allowed to turn into license — once Voltaire was roundly snubbed, but wittily turned it off with a "Silence, gentlemen; the king of Prussia has just come in." Frederick's confidence in these friends went so far, that he had twelve copies struck off for their benefit, by his own secret press, of a somewhat scandalous production, entitled *Works of the Philosopher of Sans Souci*, which ridiculed the church and caricatured half the crowned heads of Europe. Voltaire's criticism was, that the king had worked too fast to have created a real work of art; that while he, Voltaire, was trying to better some fifty old lines Frederick had composed four or five hundred new ones.

First meeting with Voltaire.

Frederick's first meeting with the great French poet, wit, and historian had been in the year of his accession, although letters had previously been interchanged. The young king had written that he could neither live happily nor die quietly until he should have embraced this friend; while Voltaire had answered: "Simeon shall behold his salvation; the French are Prussians one and all; my heart proclaims to me that the hour is nigh when, from the lips of the crowned Apollo, I shall hear speeches which would have been admired by the wise men of old." It would have been hard for even a crowned Apollo to continue on such a level, and it is no wonder that there was disappointment on both sides at the first interview. Frederick was suffering from a violent fever, yet, as he wrote himself afterward, "with people of that stamp one has no right to be ill." Voltaire was fatigued from his journey, — the meeting took place in Cleves, — he had expected more magnificence, and he adopted an unpleasant tone. Yet his *Mahomet*, which he read aloud, pleased the king greatly; it seemed to him scintillating with ideas.

Voltaire at Rheinsberg.

Voltaire was invited to Rheinsberg, where the two made verses, feasted, gambled, and *danced* together; yet here, too, there was a slight trail of the serpent over the whole. A witticism at the expense of his dead father was taken very ill by the king; Frederick gained the impression that his guest was collecting material with which to make the Berliners ridiculous; lastly, the bill for travelling expenses, three thousand thalers, seemed exorbitant, — a good deal to pay for a court fool, wrote Frederick in wrath. But, worst of all, the man of letters had agreed to play the political spy for the French king; though to worm a secret from this young Hohenzollern was more even than a Voltaire could accomplish.

In spite of all this, we see Voltaire frequently receiv-

ing and refusing invitations to the Prussian court, — the secret of the refusal being, however, that the "divine Emily," the Marquise du Châtelet, had not been invited to accompany her famous adorer. To a hint in that direction Frederick had answered, that two such divinities would dazzle his eyes out. He had once sarcastically remarked of this woman's literary efforts, that she always started to write, the moment she began her studies; and that her friends should advise her to educate her son and not the world.

Voltaire at Sans Souci.

But in 1749 Emily died in childbirth; Voltaire's position as regarded the French court was not all that he could have wished, and, after some hesitation, he accepted Frederick's renewed offer. The latter was too shrewd not to know by this time with what kind of a man he had to deal; in a letter he calls Voltaire an ape who deserves to be chased from the temple of the Muses. But he longed to have this acknowledged master of the French language correct his own verses. "I need his French," he wrote; "why should I trouble about his morals?" Moreover, he really worshipped Voltaire's genius, which, he was sure, would prove immortal. He burned to be able to catch from his very lips the words that must seem so much colder when transferred to paper.

At a hint concerning the travelling expenses, Frederick sent a poem to announce that a golden shower was about to descend upon his Danaë; and was told in return that this special, antiquated Danaë loved her Jupiter and not his gold. All the same, the travelling expenses were reckoned at four thousand thalers, and a salary accepted of five thousand more — besides board and lodging, and the *ordre pour le merite*. Further advantages — not to speak of the joy of living in such a lovely jewelled nest as Sans Souci — were the king's delight in prose and poetry;

his friendly attentions, "which were enough to turn one's head;" and the perfect freedom of intercourse. "I am so presumptuous as to think," Voltaire exclaims, "that nature created me for him." "I forget," he goes on, "that he is the ruler of half Germany and that the other half trembles at his name; that he has won five battles and is the greatest general in Europe. . . . The philosopher has reconciled me to the monarch."

"*Il est grand roi tout le matin,*
Après dîner grand écrivain;
Tout le jour philosophe humain
Et le soir convive divin."

Voltaire's escapades.

Others received Voltaire well beside the king. As he walked to the royal box on the occasion of a great running at the ring, held in the square before the Berlin castle, the Frenchman could hear the murmurs of admiration, and his own name passing from lip to lip. Well might he write home that he seemed to have reached port after thirty years of storm. That this idyllic state of things did not continue longer was the poet's own fault. He was like a kangaroo (the simile was Frederick's): there was no knowing where his next leap might land him. One of his escapades was to employ the pawnbroker Hirschel to buy up bills in Saxony against the Saxon exchequer — the Peace of Breslau having provided that, when owned by Prussians, these notes must be honored in full. To make the affair still more scandalous, there followed a lawsuit with Hirschel, in the course of which Voltaire was generally believed to have falsified records, and to have substituted paste for real diamonds left with him as security. "Voltaire is outswindling the Jews," wrote Frederick, and bade him have no more dealings of the kind "either with the Old or the New Testament." If

he is to continue at Sans Souci he must control his passions and live more like a philosopher.

Jealousies at Sans Souci.

The jealousies of the coterie of learned men made matters more than lively at the Prussian court. Voltaire had procured the banishment of a certain D'Arnaud, whose only apparent crime was, that Frederick had saluted him, in a poem, as the rising sun that was to take the place of the waning Apollo of France. The scientist La Mettrie caused that same waning Apollo moments of the bitterest anguish, by declaring that the king had compared him to an orange, which, in another year, he would squeeze dry and throw away. Voltaire comes back to the matter again and again; he broods over it, he writes about it; and, when La Mettrie unexpectedly dies, his one grief is, that now the truth about the orange will never be fully known.

The crisis was brought about by a quarrel between Maupertuis and one König, in which Voltaire was the violent partisan of the latter. König maintained that one of the vaunted discoveries of the scientist — it concerned the minimum of force — was one that the great Leibnitz had written about, only to show its hollowness. His authority, he said, was a private letter of Leibnitz; which, however, though it really did exist, he was unable to produce when called upon, and was, accordingly, expelled from the academy. Voltaire upheld him with fiery enthusiasm and perpetrated a number of scurrilous satires against the "globe-flattener," Maupertuis, which culminated in the famous *Diatribe du docteur Akakia*.

Arrest of Voltaire.

Furious at having one-half of his intellectual household thus arrayed against the other to the delight of the outer world, Frederick ordered the edition of Dr. Akakia suppressed; and when another appeared in Dresden, commanded that the volume should be burnt by the common

hangman in front of the door of its author. This was too much even for the small-souled Frenchman, and Voltaire tendered the resignation of all his dignities. The king finally let him go, but requested him to leave behind that pledge of a former intimacy, the *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans Souci*. Whether by accident or by design the order was not obeyed; and Frederick, just starting off for East Prussia, ordered his representative in Frankfort to seize the favored son of the Muses, and take the book from his baggage. The order was too literally obeyed. The volume was among the effects that Voltaire had left behind him in Leipzig; it was weeks before it could be procured, and even then the poet was held still longer on a charge of attempt at flight. A trying ordeal indeed for a fiery character like Voltaire! All his pent-up bitterness finally found vent in the *Vie privée du roi de Prusse*, a writing well designated as "one of the most malignant and mendacious, yet one of the most deadly, satires in the whole range of literature."

Frederick as a musician and as an author.

That Frederick, in spite of such episodes, found time and inclination to attend to his own musical and literary labors argues well for his powers of concentration. He had learned to play the flute under the famous Quantz; a part of his morning was regularly devoted to practising, and nearly every evening he played in concert. He has left behind him 121 flute sonatas of his own composition, beside a number of military marches, which are so tuneful as immediately to attract attention when played by modern bands. Besides this, Frederick's literary works of different kinds fill twenty large printed volumes. His *Histoire de mon temps*, written, like all his other productions, in French, is considered the most remarkable production of its kind since Cæsar wrote his commentaries. It is partisan, of course; from first to last Frederick is writing

a sort of glorification of himself, his house, and his work. But, apart from this, Frederick writes as only a chief participant ever can write, and tells us much that could never otherwise have become known. Within his general limits, he is just, fair, frank, and outspoken.

Frederick's great industry.

Nor must it be imagined that these matters took up even the principal part of the time of this most indefatigable of all monarchs. By rising at three and four o'clock, he was able to transact the current affairs of a great and important state and to receive each day a number of humble petitioners, whose cases were almost always disposed of within the twenty-four hours. "You are correct," he writes to Jordan in 1742, "in thinking that I work hard; I do it to live, for nothing is more like death than idleness." "The people are not there for the sake of the rulers, but the rulers for the sake of the people," he writes in one of his essays; nor was it a figure of speech when he declared that the king was merely the first servant of the state. He objected at all times to being placed on a higher plane, and caused the prayer for himself in the church service, which asked favor for "his Majesty," to be changed to: "O Lord, we commend to Thee, Thy servant our king."

Frederick's councillors.

This man was the very incorporation of the German "*Pflicht.*" Among the effects of one of his cabinet councillors, and only for the years 1746 to 1752, there were found some twelve thousand royal decisions. The position of these councillors, as may be imagined, was no sinecure; obliged to appear at five and six in the morning, they remained standing until the last bit of business was transacted. One of them fell down dead in this fatiguing exercise of his duties. Ministers, councillors, and officials of all kinds were, to a large extent, automatons, and were often treated and scolded like children. "You are all of

you first-rate cheats, and not worth your bread," Frederick writes to a board of magistrates. "You ought to be driven out; just wait till I get to Prussia!" He calls his general directory impertinent, corrupt, ignorant, even out and out *canaille;* he threatens to cut off Podewils's head. An official who wished for leave of absence in order to go to a watering-place, is told that he is a fool to throw away his money.

When it so pleased him Frederick transacted the most important business — issued manifestoes or treated concerning war and peace — without consulting or even informing his ministers. It was paternal government carried to its utmost lengths; every official knew that at any moment the king's sharp glance might be prying into his affairs and detecting the weak points of his administration. There was no mere routine work about it, for Frederick was a born reformer, never contented with existing conditions. His activity extended in all directions —to criminal and civil justice, to the army, to the finances, to the betterment of social conditions, to the improvement of agriculture and trade.

Humane measures.

But four days had elapsed after his father's death, before he had issued an edict to his judges that torture was no longer to be employed in criminal investigations — though, strangely enough, he considered it more salutary for the people not to know of the change. Judges were instructed, always to weigh the question as to whether this form of proof should be resorted to, but always to decide in the negative. Frederick abolished, too, the barbarous custom by which women convicted of slaying their offspring were to be drowned in leather sacks of their own sewing. Certain arbitrary hindrances to marriage were also to be laid aside. At the same time religious toleration was enjoined in the strictest terms:

"If Turks and heathen should come to populate the land, we would build them mosques and churches;" and again, "All religions must be tolerated . . . here every one shall get to heaven in his own fashion!" Catholics were told that they could build their churches "as high as they pleased and with as many towers and bells." Yet, in practice, against the Jews Frederick made an exception: not because of their beliefs, but because of qualities that he considered inherent in the race. Each head of a family was obliged to have a written permit to live in his district, and a given total was never to be exceeded. The poor wretches were pushed about, expelled from this or that locality, encouraged where it was thought they might prove useful, and burdened with a number of galling conditions. Each new settler was made to buy a certain amount of porcelain from the royal manufactory; nor might he use his own judgment, but must needs take what was allotted to him, and at a fixed price. Even then, he might not enjoy his own purchase, but was bound to send it out of the country.

Reform in law procedure.

In the matter of civil lawsuits Frederick employed the learned Coccei to make a clean sweep of abuses that had turned the Prussian courts into a perfect Augean stable. Barristers, advocates, and notaries had been fattening on the fees of cases that had been allowed to drag along for ten, twenty, yes, for two hundred years. The acts in a dispute concerning one little village boundary filled seventy folio volumes. Coccei was sent from town to town and from district to district, and in Pomerania alone, in the course of eight months, had settled some twenty-four hundred old cases. No case in future was to occupy, at the utmost, more than one year.

Unlike his father, Frederick made it a rule not to interfere with sentences passed by the regular courts; he had once declared that no one was to obey him should he

The case of Miller Arnold.

take such liberties with the law. He was rather pleased when a man, whose mill adjoined Sans Souci and who had refused to sell at the king's price, told him to his face, in answer to his half threat of dispossession, that there were courts of justice in Berlin. But in one famous case, — that of the miller Arnold, — Frederick, suspecting that a bench of aristocratic judges were denying justice to a poor man, threw himself heart and soul into the cause and constituted himself supreme judge. The judges of the New Mark, by whom the case had first been decided, were told that they were not worth a charge of powder and that they might all go to the devil. When the Berlin court rendered a similar decision, the grand chancellor and three of his associates were summoned to the palace, where they found themselves in the path of a cyclone. How in the world, thundered the king, could a miller earn his living if the water was shut off from his mill? When the *canaille*, as he called them, tried to explain that no possible injury had been done to Arnold, they were told to hold their tongues; while the grand chancellor was suddenly dismissed from the office he had held for years with a curt "Get out! Your place has been given to another." Cruel indignities were then inflicted on all concerned.

In all this Frederick was absolutely and entirely in the wrong, although he would never publicly acknowledge it. That was his way; it would be bad for the people to think him capable of error. But in private he wrote, "I have been too hasty — curse the fellow!"

Healing the wounds of war.

The country benefited indirectly from the incident from the fact that the expelled chancellor's successor was that Carmer who codified the Prussian common law, giving it the form it was to retain until the introduction of the German common law in the year 1900. This matter, as well

as Frederick's other endeavors for the good of his people, had been sadly interrupted by the Seven Years' War. The country had been at the mercy of invading armies; anarchy had taken the place of order; whole cities had been plundered and burned. Frederick himself reckoned that thirteen thousand houses had vanished without leaving a trace. He likens his land to a man covered with wounds and exhausted from loss of blood. The condition of the people was indeed appalling — how appalling may be gathered from the fact that in the city of Berlin, which had scarcely been touched by the enemy, one-third of the inhabitants were forced to live on the charity of the rest.

But paternal government has its advantages; never did any man more thoroughly accept his responsibilities than did Frederick at this crisis. He set himself the definite task of freeing his country, within two years, from every trace of the war; even before he reëntered his capital, after an absence of six years, he had made arrangements for the provinces through which he passed. With an iron determination never to cease fighting until an advantageous peace should have been secured, he had made himself entirely ready for a new campaign, and had in hand a fund of 20,000,000 thalers, besides thousands of horses, and stores of provisions and grain. Right and left, now, he distributed this wealth — never rashly, never thoughtlessly, but always after the most searching inquiry into the nature of the needs. "I must look through and correct still more accounts," he writes to his brother in July, 1763. ". . . It has been going on like this without interruption for four months. . . . I have also to provide Berlin with wood for the coming winter." In Silesia, where the ravages of war had been most constant, he freed the people from their taxes for six months, rebuilt

8000 houses, and gave 17,000 horses for agriculture, besides an immense amount of grain for seed. Applicants who seemed to Frederick undeserving went empty away. "I won't give the low-lived rabble a groschen," he said of the burghers of Potsdam; and to a landrath who wanted compensation for personal losses: "At the day of judgment each man will regain what he has been deprived of in this life." One of his most salutary acts was to dismiss to their homes some 30,000 soldiers, that they might aid in the cultivation of the fields.

Frederick's inflation of the coinage.

The most arbitrary, and perhaps the most characteristic, of Frederick's measures at this time, was his treatment of the currency and of the obligations of the state toward its creditors. His strategy in this respect was as brilliant, and involved as much immediate suffering, as in the case of any of his battles. It is surely an all but incredible record for Prussia to have emerged from this unequal war practically freed from debt; at the very darkest hour the taxes had not been raised, no loan negotiated. Yet almost as incredible were the means that had been employed to achieve this end. The war fund left by Frederick William I., the English subsidies, even the heavy contributions levied on the conquered lands and provinces, had not nearly sufficed for the never ending outlays; the remainder had to be raised by holding back the salaries of the civil officials and paying them in promissory notes, and by inflating and adulterating the coinage to the last degree. And when the moment for redemption came the doors were closed. Simple edicts restored the coinage to its normal basis; the promissory notes were paid in the old currency; but that currency itself was redeemed at but one-fifth of its face value. The hard-worked servants of the state were those on whom the heaviest burden fell. It was cruel and unjust, a practical declaration of bankruptcy;

yet Prussia stood thereby at an immense advantage over her debt-laden rivals.

The favoring of immigration.

To bettering the general conditions of his lands Frederick now bent every energy. Those gay suppers in Sans Souci had ceased forever; it was even noticed that the king showed less care for the neatness of his person. His head was full of plans for draining and settling new lands, and for furthering agriculture and commerce. The number of colonists that were induced to come to Prussia during his reign has been carefully estimated at nearly 300,000; 900 new villages were founded. Add to this, that the army contained some 80,000 to 90,000 foreigners, many of whom remained permanently in the land. This so-called colonization was carried on with the utmost system and regularity. Frederick followed every rise of taxes, every national calamity that occurred in neighboring lands; when the town of Grossenhain burnt down, his agents were sent to the spot to lead the sufferers to the land of promise. The underlying idea of all this was, that Prussia must be made to produce at home all, and more than all, that the people needed; if artisans of a certain kind were wanting search was made for them far and wide. Butter-makers from Holland were in great demand, as were also persons who had had experience with the manufacture of silk.

The manufacture of silk.

This latter industry, the most exotic that Prussians had ever undertaken, was actually made to flourish; although but one-sixth of the raw material could be grown in the land itself. Frederick tried to make it a part of the occupation of preachers and sextons, in their cemeteries, and schoolmasters, in their yards, to grow mulberry trees for the cultivation of the worm; and he issued comprehensive edicts on the subject. It would be so simple, he declared, if only the wives and children would look after the cocoons.

In spite of the rivalry of France, where climate and the price of labor were far more favorable, it was calculated that, in 1796, no less than 12,000 Prussians were engaged in the manufacture of silk. Colonists were paid so much for every loom they set up, and were protected, besides, by heavy duties placed on foreign importations. Frederick considered every penny that went out of the land as wasted. "If a man has a purse of five score ducats," he wrote, "and draws one out every twenty-four hours, without putting anything back, — at the end of a hundred days he will have nothing left."

Reclaiming of waste lands.

The greatest privileges and inducements, indeed, were offered to all these newcomers, Frederick expending on them directly some 25,000,000 thalers. A part of the travelling expenses, proportioned to the distance and to the size of the families, was regularly paid; aid in the shape of building materials, or even of money, was furnished; while exemptions were granted from customs duties, from state and communal taxes, and from liability to military service. The farmer received his cattle, his seed, and his tools; the manufacturer was encouraged to start new industries.

On the fertile land along the Oder, which was reclaimed by draining and by building dams, some 1200 families were established. "I have won a province," Frederick exclaimed as he gazed on the 225,000 acres that were thus rescued from the waters. Along the Warthe, the Vistula, and the Netze operations were undertaken on the same gigantic scale; and it may be roughly estimated that, in all, from 1500 to 2000 square miles were thus recovered.

Protective duties.

The desire to protect home industries and to cut off every chance of competition from foreign markets, led Frederick into passing the most unpopular measures of his whole reign. Heavy duties were placed upon almost

every article, and the pettiest means resorted to in order to prevent smuggling. People were stopped, not only at the city gates, but also in the streets; their houses were entered at will and every corner searched; while the burden of proving that the goods were not contraband rested with the owners. Moreover, when the duties, although levied on some 3000 articles, failed to produce the expected revenue, Frederick chanced on the evil idea of putting the direction of the whole matter into the hands of a board of Frenchmen. With a horde of subordinates, they fell upon the land; in addition to their salaries they were to have five per cent of all profits which should exceed the estimates of 1765 and 1766. Their official title was, *administration générale des accises et péages*, and they unfolded a system of espionage which was perfectly odious to the Germans. Coffee was one of the articles most generally used and most frequently smuggled: Frederick, in his paternal fashion, told his subjects that it was not good for them to drink it; that he himself had been raised on beer soup; that if they would persist he should feel obliged to impose a duty of 250 per cent. In order more absolutely to control its use, it was decreed that no one should burn it or grind it at home, but only in the royal mills; where, as a matter of fact, it was sold at treble its worth. Regularly appointed "coffee-smellers" went from house to house, to see that the command was obeyed. Nor did the new system help matters in the least: as nearly as we can estimate, two-thirds of the coffee used in Prussia was brought in by unlawful means; and disorders of every kind resulted, culminating in violence and murder.

Only the boundless love and devotion the people felt for the person of their "Fritz" prevented more serious outbreaks. Once, on an afternoon drive, he came upon an excited crowd grouped around a caricature of himself

in which he was represented as holding a can of coffee on his knee. Stopping his horses he bade them lower the picture that it might be the better seen — whereat the scowls melted into rapturous approval.

Frederick as drill master.

Frederick would not have been a Hohenzollern had not the army, in the ultimate instance, been his chief care. Like his father, he managed everything about it in person, himself training and drilling the troops that he led to battle; he caused minute reports to be drawn up, from which he learned the capacities and the special good and bad qualities of every regiment. Officers and soldiers alike were subjected to hard, serious work, and were given but small pay. Nor were there any regular pensions even for those who had distinguished themselves, or been wounded, in the field. The king's chief device was, to appoint his retired subalterns to positions as country schoolmasters, irrespectively, it would seem, of their qualifications. Here they would be sure, at least, of a beggarly pittance for the rest of their days. The common soldier, under this reign, was a mere part of the machine; and, being usually of poor stuff at the outset, had too often to be flogged into shape. The discipline was extraordinarily severe; running the gauntlet proved fatal in dozens of instances, and it was expressly made known that a certain amount of harshness was considered no discredit to an officer. It was the king's wish that the rank and file should dread those in command more than they did the enemy.

Frederick spared himself as little as he did his men; during the manœuvres he would rise at two o'clock. Before the end of his reign he had increased the total of his soldiers to two hundred thousand, an enormous ratio to the small number of Prussia's inhabitants. Going the rounds of his provinces every year, he inspected each separate regiment, introducing a number of reforms — such as

lightening the cavalry and infantry, — and providing a new trigger that enabled the men to shoot as often as six times in the minute.

Nobles as officers.

The officers of the Prussian army were almost exclusively nobles; they alone were supposed by the king to have a well-developed sense of honor. Frederick believed, and said openly, that on them depended the security of the state. All able-bodied nobles were, therefore, practically obliged to become officers; and there were times in the Seven Years' War when, even then, there were not enough. Commoners were taken in, but were dismissed or degraded as soon as the war was over. This sacred caste of men of high birth was to be fostered in every way. Frederick gave millions to pay their debts and prevent the alienation of their lands; he exempted them from the excise taxes and from the odious presence of the coffee-smellers. On the other hand, the noble was never to disgrace his rank by engaging in trade, nor might he marry out of his own sphere. Hussar officers were never to marry at all; while others had to beg permission, which was not always granted. The king did not wish, he said, to see a regular "weepy weep" every time the troops marched out to war. The observance of the difference in rank went so far that a noble might never acquire a farm or peasant estate; he alone was entitled to wear a feather in his cap; at public festivals his end of the room was barred off from the common herd; while, at masquerades, he alone might wear the pink domino.

Hardships of the peasants.

The peasants, who formed the bulk of the army, were not exactly slaves; for they could not be arbitrarily bought and sold, except as a part of the lands on which they dwelt. But they still had to give to their lords a very large proportion of their time and of their produce; while the lords, in turn, had many ways of inflicting hardships

and punishments upon them. Their children were forced to be household servants for the term of five years, and without pay. Frederick recognized the existence of great evils in this regard, but tried in vain to remove them. A decree abolishing serfdom in Pomerania was rescinded because of representations on the part of the nobles; and the matter remained in abeyance until the days of Baron Stein.

The first partition of Poland.

Although the first half of Frederick's reign was almost wholly warlike and the last half almost wholly peaceful, the amount of territory acquired in each was very nearly equal: fierce struggles against a world in arms had gained and kept Silesia, while, eleven years later, a stretch of land of similar dimensions was won by purely diplomatic arts. By the first partition of Poland, in 1772, there came to the share of Prussia that portion of the land of the Teutonic Order which had fallen absolutely to its Slavic conqueror by the Treaty of Thorn, in 1466. This territory had been known by the name of West Prussia — in contradistinction to East Prussia, which, though in feudal dependence to Poland, had yet remained the property of the order, — and eventually found its way into the hands of the Hohenzollerns. On the whole, it may be doubted whether, for Frederick the Great, West Prussia was not a more valuable acquisition than even Silesia. To be sure, the natural resources of the land were infinitely inferior, and the important towns of Danzig and Thorn were excepted from the cession. But West Prussia had hitherto completely cut in two the possessions of the Hohenzollerns, which now stretched in an unbroken line from the borders of Hanover to the river Niemen. And the new lands along the rivers Netze and Vistula were capable of great improvement; for, when properly drained and protected, the soil was extremely fertile.

The Polish nobility.

This division of parts of Poland by the mere right of the strongest has been generally cried down as one of the most iniquitous acts in history; a satiric artist of the time has drawn an apt picture of the poor Polish king tearing his hair, while Frederick, Catherine, and Joseph coldly point to the map of Europe, which they are cutting up to suit themselves. But it must be said, on the other side, that if ever a people had been proved incapable of self-government it was these Poles. Frederick was not exaggerating when he declared, on his first visit to these parts, that Canada was in a better state of cultivation, and that he had acquired "a piece of anarchy." A nation of savages could not have acted more lawlessly or taken less heed to their own advantage than did the Poles. For more than a century the cruelest kind of civil warfare had been the order of the day; and even such national institutions as there were, could at any moment be put out of joint by the *nie pos walam*, or *liberum veto*, of a single noble in the Diet. One-fourteenth of the whole population belonged to the nobility, for all children inherited the title alike; and it was, furthermore, the custom to create new nobles *en masse*. After the relief of Vienna, in 1683, John Sobieski had conferred this distinction on the whole of his cavalry. These *Szlachcicen*, as they were called, held all the public offices, and ground down the lower classes — who often lived in earth huts and were little better than brutes. The business of ruling was ostensibly performed by an elected king and by a Diet of some two hundred members; but, year after year, there were bitter conflicts of interest, which not infrequently ended in the formation, all over Poland, of confederations for mutual aggression. Incredible as it may seem, it has been reckoned that, out of fifty-two diets held between the years 1652 and 1704, no less than forty-eight broke up in disorder. At the Diet of 1746, one party

refused to allow the signing of the very laws it had just helped to pass, and, throughout one whole evening session, lasting several hours, blew out the candles every time they were brought in.

Degeneracy of the Poles.

No wonder Jean Jacques Rousseau could say of the Polish nation, "It is a body that has a stroke of apoplexy every time it moves." Even the loyal primate, Lubienski, — in summoning to the election of 1764, — declares that the laws are disregarded, that commerce has ceased, that the boundaries are unprotected, and the treasury empty. "In all history," says his proclamation, "no example can be found of such disorders;" and again, "A kingdom so miserably constituted must of necessity either become the prey of an enemy or relapse in time into Tartar steppes." King Stanislaus Lesczinsky had once written, "Our turn will surely come, and we shall be the prey of a great conqueror; *perhaps the neighboring powers may decide to divide our territory.*" It is evident that, whatever fate was to strike Poland, her condition could not have been changed for the worse; moreover, if an excuse is needed for Frederick the Great, it is to be found in the fact that Russia would have absorbed the whole had he refused to take his share, and that, by accepting this solution of a difficult problem, he averted a general European war.

Stanislaus Poniatowski.

The Polish question had just become important at the time of the death of Augustus III., in 1763. Frederick, isolated, and estranged from all the other great powers, had determined to cultivate the friendship of Catherine II., and aided her in bringing on the vacant Polish throne her former lover, Stanislaus Poniatowski. To him it was roundly intimated that he never could have become king by his own efforts, and that he would be expected to show his gratitude by subserviency to Russia. The utmost pressure had, indeed, been exercised upon the electors:

the Russians had camped before Warsaw and had sent bands of Cossacks at intervals to parade the streets; the primate, Lubienski, had been bribed by the gift of a splendid piece of fur worth twenty-four thousand roubles and by the promise of eighty thousand more after the election. At Catherine's request, Frederick had sent Prussian troops to Poland; and, on the news of the success of Poniatowski, he congratulated his ally in the most glowing terms. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light," he wrote; "as far as the Ottoman Porte your Majesty forces from all a recognition of the excellency of your system. You speak, madame, and the world is silent before you." Frederick might well express his admiration for Catherine, inasmuch as, in the treaty signed with himself shortly before the election, she had secured all the advantage for herself, — he promising to interfere in Poland for the sake of purely Russian interests. It had been hinted, indeed, even then, that in case of war he might hope for compensation.

The Polish nonconformists.

The Poles rushed blindly on to their own ruin. This forcible imposition of a king did not seem to greatly worry them, but they could not be brought to keep peace among themselves. The main body of the people, fanatic and Jesuit-ridden to the last degree, would grant no concessions whatever to the so-called dissidents, — members of the orthodox Russian and of the Lutheran church. Not only might they hold no office, but they might not even partake of their own communion or bury the bodies of their own dead without first receiving permission of the Catholic authorities. Forbidden to build new churches, or even to repair the old ones, their schools, too, were shut up and their children lured into Catholic establishments; while, over the dying, the Jesuit priests hovered, trying to make converts at the last moment.

Here was a matter that gave Prussia and Russia constant pretexts for interference; while Austria, becoming alarmed for the very existence of Poland, began to assume a threatening attitude toward these two powers. By a new treaty, in 1767, Frederick promised Russia that, under certain circumstances, he would throw an army into Austrian territory; but, in such a case, he fully intended to compensate himself at the cost of Poland.

From this time on, Frederick's thoughts were constantly busy with the project of acquiring West Prussia; though the actual suggestion seems to have come from Russia, and the actual impulse did certainly come from Austria. The affair of the dissidents involved the Czarina in a war, not only with the Poles, but also with the Turks — whose territory had been inadvertently violated by the seizure of Polish refugees. Moldau and Wallachia were soon in Russian hands; Austria, greatly alarmed, made advances to Turkey and also to Prussia — an interchange of visits taking place between Frederick and Maria Theresa's son and coregent, Joseph.

Folly and superstition of the Poles.

The Poles, meanwhile, acted more and more like irresponsible children. In 1768, they had made concessions and signed agreements which they later refused to carry out. They were perfectly blinded in their hatred of the Russians, and, in the face of the tremendous superiority of the latter, pinned their faith upon the supernatural; they believed that the halos from the heads of the risen dead would blind their enemies, and that the Mother of God would direct the bullets of a people that had chosen her to be their patron saint. It was seriously reported that Joseph and Mary, together, had stocked the Cracow arsenal with much-needed ammunition.

A Russian-Austrian war was now on the very point of breaking out; and Austria, in 1771, signed an alliance

with the Turks. Frederick by the terms of his treaty was bound to aid Russia. But Austria's occupation of the Polish district of Zips — on the ground of an old mortgage which she meant now to redeem — and her subsequent seizure of adjoining territory, brought about a solution of the difficulties which was unexpected to the party most concerned. Catherine's remark to Prince Henry, Frederick's representative, on hearing of this action, was a seemingly innocent question as to why others, too, should not do the like. The result was a race for gain and a staking out of ever increasing claims, which culminated in the famous Treaty of Partition of 1772. Of all the contracting parties, Austria seems to have had the least right on her side; and, had it rested with Maria Theresa alone, the transaction would never have been consummated. But Joseph II. was the incarnation of greed, and Kaunitz well supported him.

The conscience of Maria Theresa.

The poor empress, though she eventually consented to everything, was more unhappy than ever in her life before. "I have but a very poor opinion of our right," she declared. And indeed Russia and Prussia had at least the excuse, that the Polish war had caused them heavy losses, for which they were now seeking indemnity. In February, 1771, Maria Theresa wrote: "When claim was laid to all my lands I buoyed myself up with my good right and with the help of God; now, when not only is the right not on my side, but obligations, justice, and fairness are against me, I have no peace left." She could not bear, she said, the reproaches of a heart unaccustomed to deceive itself or others. When the Swedish envoy, Count Barck, once tried to comfort her by declaring that she was accountable for her actions only to God: "Yes," she cried, solemnly raising her hands to heaven, "that is the very judge I fear!"

Yet, all this time, her government was fairly insatiable

Austria's greed.

in its demands. Frederick the Great, who complained bitterly that Austria was acquiring so much more territory than himself, remarked of Kaunitz that he was pretty well imitating the greed of the double eagle on the coat of arms of his court; and, in talking to Zwieten, the Austrian envoy, he suddenly broke out with: "*Potztausend!* you have a good maw!"

In the final settlement Austria's share was, as a matter of fact, three times the size of Prussia's, and much more fertile and populous; although, as Kaunitz pointed out, it was less favorably situated, being separated from the rest of the monarchy by the Carpathians. The Russian portion was larger still; but contained only half the number of inhabitants and consisted mainly of woods, marshes, and barren stretches of sand.

Despair and levity of the Polish patriots.

Poland herself had less than no voice in this whole matter of partition. When the grand chancellor, Czartoriski, told the Russian envoy that, in the forty years of his administration, he had never dreamt of such a possibility, "Yes," was the insolent answer, "the older one grows, the more one learns!" The Diet was commanded, in the most peremptory manner, to assemble — to begin deliberations on the 19th of April and to end them on the 7th of June. The annexed districts were allowed no representation, while many other provinces, in despair, refused to send delegates at all. Those who did come together to this most maimed of assemblies, were obliged to sign allegiance to a "confederation" before being allowed admittance to the hall; it was made generally known that the least opposition would cause the allies to increase their demands; while Prussian and Russian soldiers were drawn up in rank and file, ready to be quartered on the recalcitrant. The Bishop of Luck but narrowly escaped being made to share his sleeping apartment with twelve hussars.

The poor king of Poland was in the depths of despair. "I am completely in the hands of the three courts," he wrote to a lady in Paris. "I am dying of hunger; they have attacked all that I hold most dear." He cursed the day that had brought him to this unhappy spot, which he nevertheless was debarred from leaving. The treaty was ratified in September, 1772, after Frederick and Joseph had made unworthy attempts still further to increase their holdings. The Polish delegates signed with actual tears and wailings; before he could be prevented, one of them had written the word "farewell" opposite to his name. Yet the childishness of these patriots was simply unconquerable. The papal nuncio is authority for the statement that frivolity, corruption, and unbridled extravagance were displayed as never before. On the night before handing in the formal renunciation of thousands of square miles of their territory, many took part in a great festivity at the Brühl palace. Fireworks were set off and King Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski himself opened the ball with the Princess Sapieha!

Frederick's reforms in West Prussia.

For Frederick, the acquisition of West Prussia was the incentive to unprecedented efforts in the way of reclaiming waste lands and of regenerating a fallen people. His first visit to his new territory had not disappointed him. "It is a very good and very advantageous possession," he wrote to his brother Henry; "but in order that fewer persons may be envious, I say to every one who will listen, that I have seen nothing but sand, pines, moorland, and Jews." On September 27, 1772, the estates did him homage in the great hall of the ruined Marienburg; they were feasted at his expense, and gold and silver medals were distributed among them; while coins to the amount of 2000 thalers were flung to the people. From now on, he exchanged the old title of "king *in* Prussia" for the fuller

"king *of* Prussia"; and ceased to complain that his kingdom was an anomaly, belonging neither to the small nor to the great powers. He drew colonists by the thousands into poorly settled districts; spurred the farmers on by setting prizes on the best results of agriculture; founded public schools, and did away with the superabundant Catholic holidays that had done so much to encourage idleness. The whole apparatus of a well-ordered administration was introduced: military divisions, judicial courts, rapid postal communication, commercial regulations. The Bromberg Canal between the Netze and the Brahe, constructed at a cost of 740,000 thalers, opened up a direct path of trade to the Elbe and to the Oder. The revenues from the new province soon rose to 5,000,000 thalers; besides which, 25,000 men were added yearly to the Prussian army.

The Bavarian succession war.

The military establishment went on increasing until the day of Frederick's death, and, at the last, numbered nearly 200,000 in all — an enormous total for a state with a population of but little over 5,000,000. One small disastrous war came to mar the end of a glorious reign — a war, as usual, with Austria, and one in which, although no battle was fought and no siege undertaken, some 20,000 Prussian soldiers succumbed to sickness and the treasury was depleted by 17,000,000 thalers. This Bavarian succession war is one that historians delight to ridicule, and that contemporaries nicknamed the "potato war," because the chief occupation of the troops was hunting for food in the fields. Frederick's military reputation suffered, too, inasmuch as he failed to accomplish what he attempted, and showed, in general, the effects of old age and of a broken constitution. Yet if Austria was to be prevented from holding the leadership of Germany, the war was necessary and, indeed, unavoidable. With the Emperor Joseph II., the acquisition of new lands had come to be an

inveterate passion; he had taken all that he could possibly lay hands on in Poland; he had wrested the province of Bukovina from Turkey; and now he was lusting for the whole of Bavaria. One is tempted to think that he had learned his lesson from Frederick the Great; for his methods were very similar. Old claims to Bavaria, dating back to 1426, were raked out; and, before they could be acknowledged, armies were sent to enforce them. It mattered little that the claims were baseless, and that the very emperor, Sigismund, who had made the grants in question, had reversed them in 1429, with the consent of the parties concerned.

Austria lusting for Wittelsbach lands.

The family of Wittelsbach, divided into three lines, held at this time Bavaria, the Palatinate, and the Duchy of Pfalz-Zweibrücken. The Elector Maximilian Joseph, however, and the Count Palatine Charles Theodore were both childless and together had signed an instrument — the names only being left blank — which, when one died, the other was immediately to be proclaimed heir to his lands. United, this would make a territory nearly equalling Prussia as it had been at the time of the accession of Frederick the Great; and Emperor Joseph had once said of Charles Theodore, "God grant that he do not also inherit the mind of a Frederick, for to him alone will he be second in power and possessions in Germany."

The sequel showed that on this point at least there was no ground for fear. On the death of Maximilian Joseph, in 1777, Charles Theodore, far from displaying the mind of a Frederick, proved as clay in the hands of Austria. Only let him have peace and quiet, and comfortable possession of what was left, and he was willing to sign away almost any part of his inheritance. He was afraid, indeed, to show the agreement with Austria to his heir, Charles of Zweibrücken, and tried to obtain the latter's signature

without having him read the document; Austrian troops in the meantime had taken possession of Lower Bavaria and the Upper Palatinate, and were encroaching in all directions. It was at this juncture that Frederick the Great awoke to a sense of what a preponderance in Germany success would give to Austria. Moreover, in thus trying to absorb an electorate, Joseph II. was acting contrary to the Golden Bull, to the Westphalian Peace, and to his own electoral concessions. Yet it seemed to Frederick that the impulse should come from the injured parties, and he tried to galvanize the person most concerned, Charles Theodore, into a posture of resistance. Failing in this endeavor, he sought to prop up Charles of Zweibrücken, who needed much encouragement. The only manly member of the family was the Princess Maria Anna, a sister of the dead Maximilian Joseph, who of her own accord appealed to the Prussian king. "Ah, why were not you elector?" Frederick wrote to her; and together they did finally induce Duke Charles to send a formal appeal for aid to Prussia and to France, and, in March, 1778, to bring the matter before the Diet at Ratisbon.

Prussia and Russia cry halt to Austria.

Frederick was now in a position of great strength. For the first time Prussia headed a movement for the protection of a minor German state against Austrian aggression: the emperor was to learn that he could not rule like a Turkish sultan and break all privileges and compacts. Saxony, too, had well-grounded claims to a small part of the Bavarian inheritance, the Saxon electress having been a sister of Maximilian Joseph. It was likely that Catherine of Russia, being Frederick's ally, would interfere in his behalf; while Maria Theresa, grown old and timid, was openly out of sympathy with her ambitious son, whom she warned against irritating Frederick — for, from this "monster," the worst was to be expected. The armies

had been in the field some months when, without consulting Joseph, she sent Baron Thugut to the "monster" with overtures of peace; this led to long negotiations, during which military operations were carried on without spirit, — the hardships of the approaching winter compelling Frederick at last to beat an inglorious retreat into Silesia.

A word from Catherine of Russia proved more decisive than arguments or manœuvres in other directions. In the spring of 1799, she declared that she considered Austria's claims groundless, and that, should the emperor persist in his designs, she would feel compelled to fulfil the terms of her alliance with Prussia. Unable to resist such a combination as this, the emperor consented to the calling of a congress at Teschen, where peace was finally signed on the 13th of May, 1779. A miserable war and a miserable peace! Whereas Frederick had fought for the principle that Austria had no right to an inch of Bavarian territory, he was obliged to consent to the cession of the rich district, between the Inn, the Danube, and the Salzach, containing some sixty thousand inhabitants. His own reward was nominal: the right to incorporate Ansbach and Baireuth as a part of Prussian territory — a right which had never been seriously disputed. To accomplish this small result, he had submitted to the calling in of Russia in a purely German question — a precedent for the future of which that power was often to take advantage.

Joseph II.'s ambitious plans.

The future proved that a simple treaty of peace was not sufficient to bar the progress of the "Cæsar possessed by demons," — as Frederick affectionately denominated Joseph. No emperor since Charles V. had shown such activity both for good and for bad. In his own Austrian lands Joseph established religious toleration, abolished all the harder features of serfdom, took away all inquisitorial power from his criminal courts, dropped from the code such crimes as

magic, apostasy, and marriage with infidels, and introduced compulsory education. But, in the empire at large, he encroached more and more on the liberties and on the possessions of the estates, proving himself, by his methods, a political Ignatius Loyola, — with spies everywhere and with complete carelessness as to the means by which his good ends were to be accomplished. The Westphalian bishoprics were his first object of attack. His brother Maximilian was elected coadjutor of Cologne and Münster, and, like that Ernest of Bavaria of Reformation times, sought to bring adjacent sees into his own hands. From the Catholic clergy in general an attempt was made to raise obsolete revenues; the Austrian police interfered beyond their own boundaries; claims were laid to Würtemberg and an exchange proposed with Baden.

The league of princes.

Most serious of all, was a new attempt to gain Bavaria, made in 1784, this time not by war or by encroachment, but by diplomacy. Charles Theodore was invited to renounce his electorate, in return for the Austrian Netherlands and the title of king of Burgundy. To Austria, this meant the control of all South Germany and the absorption of an important electoral vote. And Charles Theodore was not unwilling to make the exchange, although the Duke of Zweibrücken declared that he preferred to be buried under the ruins of Bavaria. This answer, said Joseph, "smacked chiefly of Potsdam," nor was he far wrong. Frederick by this time had completed a long projected *Fürstenbund*, or close association of princes, for mutual protection. The confederates were to act as a unit at the diets, to strive for a reform of the imperial Chamber Court, to guarantee to each other the safety and inviolability of their territories. As there were three electors, Hanover, Saxony, and Brandenburg, in the league, and as all agreed to act in unison at a future election, an enor-

mous pressure could be brought to bear upon the Hapsburgs.

This first confederation of German states, under the leadership of Prussia, was temporary in character and looked to the attainment of a single object — the frustration of the Austrian designs on Bavaria. This object it achieved, but it played no further rôle. Yet the *Fürstenbund* has its great importance as the presage of what was to come; and, also, for two other reasons: for the first time Germans tried to settle their own affairs without calling in foreign aid, and, for the first time, in the composition of such a league, religious differences played absolutely no part. "It is time to get out of the old rut," a warm defender of the project had written; "be you Catholic or Protestant, you are a free German man whose forefathers would rather have died than serve!"

Death of Frederick the Great.

The *Fürstenbund* was the last political achievement of Frederick the Great; the time had come for him to throw off what he himself called "the worn-out cover of his soul." His last years seem to have been miserably unhappy: all his pleasures and resources had come to an end, and the loss of his front teeth prevented him even from playing the flute; while oppressive taxation had cost him much of his popularity. "Old sour-mug" was the nickname given him even in his own family. For the person of his heir, — his nephew, Frederick William, — he had neither love nor respect; he doubtless felt a presentiment of the coming wreck and ruin of his country. The "wonderful man of war," as Pitt once called him, had become a sad misanthrope. "I am tired of ruling over slaves!" he once said; and he interrupted a pedagogue, Sulzer, who was telling him didactically that man inclined rather to the good than to the bad, with: "Inclines more to the good? Ah, dear Sulzer, you don't know this damned race as I do!"

More and more he withdrew into himself, working the more feverishly the nearer he saw his end approaching. Though racked with pain he continued to receive his councillors at four o'clock in the morning. When, indeed, he appeared at parade, everything else was forgotten but the former military glory, and wave after wave of applause was wont to greet the old hero. It was a rare occasion like this that hastened his death; six hours in the saddle, with no protection from the rain, proved too much for the broken septuagenarian. On the 17th of August, 1786, he passed away in his arm-chair, at Sans Souci, and a new era broke over the Prussian state.

CHAPTER VI

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, THE DISRUPTION OF GERMANY, AND THE DOWNFALL OF PRUSSIA

LITERATURE: In addition to the general histories of Prussia we have Treitschke's *Deutsche Geschichte im XIX Jahrhundert*, the most brilliantly written history in the German language. It does not altogether supersede Häusser, *Deutsche Geschichte, 1786–1815*. Fyffe's *Modern Europe* is based largely on the latter work for this period. Boyen's *Erinnerungen* is a contemporary source of high value. We have also a number of splendid biographies which partly fall into this period: Seeley's *Stein*, Droysen's *York*, Delbrück's *Gneisenau*, Lehmann's *Scharnhorst*. The Countess Voss, mistress of ceremonies of Queen Louise, has left famous memoirs which, however, display a certain aridity of mind. Nettlebeck's *Lebensbeschreibung* is very interesting. Fournier's *Napoleon* is good.

Germany a conglomeration of small principalities.

AT the end of the eighteenth century there were in Germany no less than three hundred independent sovereignties, ecclesiastical states, or free cities; not to speak of fifteen hundred imperial knights with jurisdiction over their subjects. The territory of modern Würtemberg alone, was divided among seventy-eight different rulers, under the almost nominal headship of the emperor. Some of these principalities were infinitesimally small, even when compared with domains like those of a modern prince of Waldeck, which one can traverse in the course of a morning's stroll. The abbess of Gutenzell was down in the *Reichsmatrikel*, or military schedule of the empire, for one-third of a horseman and three and one-third foot soldiers; the barony of Sickingen for two-thirds of a horseman and five and one-third foot. The burgravate of Reineck could boast of one castle, twelve poor subjects, one Jew, and a couple of farms and millwheels.

The bishoprics and abbacies.

The rulers of these petty states wasted little thought on problems of good government. The bishoprics and abbacies, not being hereditary, were subject to a total change in the methods of administration with every change of incumbent; there was no temptation to introduce far-reaching reforms, to further industry, to secure colonists. If by chance, as occasionally happened, one of these principalities came into the hands of a really progressive man, his work was almost invariably undone by his successor. The great majority of the bishops settled down to the enjoyment of the moment, and their lands became the paradise of idlers; of the population of Mainz one-quarter were priests or beggars. The bishops themselves were as worldly as any secular princes, and spent, in drinking, most of their time, and a good part of their revenues. During a week that he spent at the court of Würzburg, Pöllnitz, the memoirist, declares that he never once left the table in a conscious condition; yet he innocently gives the palm in these matters, not to Würzburg, but to Fulda. A whole string of these bishoprics, — Mainz, Cologne, Treves, Worms, Spires, and others, — extended along the Rhine, forming the boundary against France: a weak bulwark they were now to form when the waves of the French Revolution came surging into Germany.

The free counts of the empire.

As to the free counts of the empire, who were also particularly numerous on the Rhine and in Westphalia, it would seem as if no effort of satire or caricature could approach the sober reality. Never in all history have pretensions so vast been coupled with territories so small. Dozens of states were able to boast of not more than seven or eight square miles apiece, yet their rulers invariably spoke of themselves as "we, so and so, by the grace of God"; and the number of "excellencies," of ministers, of marshals, of privy councillors, of *real* privy councillors,

and of chamberlains, would seem almost to outnumber the male population, did we not know that many of these pompous offices could be held by one and the same man. To hide the paucity of subjects heroic efforts were often made: in one principality we find a law reducing the salary of any chancery official who does not appear at the carnival with his wife and grown-up daughters; in another, we learn that the prince provided three uniforms for his guards, so that at different times of the day they might appear as cuirassiers, as grenadiers, or as Uhlans.

There is a darker side, too, to the goings-on of these proud but impecunious lords, whose finances were often in such condition that a chief source of revenue was the lottery. Their subjects were treated like abject slaves and money wrung from them under every possible pretext. The great jurist, Moser, who has left us the best contemporary picture of constitutional matters, speaks of the code of laws of one principality as a "text-book of Christian sultanism." Resort was had to the pettiest oppressions, as when, in Wittgenstein, each house-owner was obliged to catch twenty sparrows a year and to pay a forfeit for every one short of that number. The prince of Anhalt-Zerbst made it a penal offence for any of his subjects to annoy him with complaints. There seems to have been no depth, even of crime, to which these free counts would not descend. In extreme cases the emperor's court mustered up energy to interfere; and we hear, among others, of a Count of Leiningen who was arrested and deposed on a charge of "horrible sacrilege, attempted murder, poisoning, bigamy, high treason, oppression of his subjects, unpardonable mishandling of strangers and, also, of clerical personages." A Count of Wolfegg was banished for "deceptions practised against widows and orphans."

Free knights and free cities.

The free knights of the empire, — descendants of the Ulrich von Huttens, Franz von Sickingens, and Götz von Berlichingens of Reformation times, — differed from the free counts in not having a seat in the Diet, and in not being obliged to aid the empire save with their own good swords. The emperors were usually their friends, and Ferdinand III. had caused to be inserted in the Westphalian Peace an acknowledgment of their freedom from other jurisdiction than his own, besides other privileges that made them hated and envied by the counts. On the other hand, their voluntary subsidies were the largest single item of the emperor's scanty revenues. Their character, as a whole, was bad; and we have remarkable compacts, entered into by whole bodies of them, for the observance of the most elementary laws of good conduct, such, for instance, as the non-committing of forgery! By the more advanced estates of the empire they were hated for their unprogressiveness, being only outdone in that respect by the degenerate free imperial cities. These latter, of which there were still some fifty, had been on the downward path ever since the fifteenth century; at the end of the eighteenth they entered a protest against the broader postal system that the larger states were trying to introduce, on the ground that their local messengers would lose their employment! It may be said here, with regard to all these little anachronisms in the way of ecclesiastical and lay sovereignties, that, even before the French Revolution and the power of Napoleon gave the final impetus, the idea of secularization and annexation had long been in the air. When that time did come, there was very little sympathy for them in any part of Germany.

The imperial Diet.

The only institutions reflecting what still remained of the unity of the empire were the *Reichstag*, or Diet, the imperial *Kammergericht*, or Chamber Court, and the em-

peror's own Austrian court, the *Reichshofrath*, at Vienna. The first of these, the Diet, had its headquarters at Ratisbon and formed, since 1666, a permanent or perpetual body. Moser thinks it fortunate in having sat so long, as a new one could never have been brought together. Vastly it differed, indeed, from those famous old assemblies of Hohenstaufen or of Reformation times, when the emperor and his princes rode in with such retinues that the walls could not contain them. So low had the prestige of the empire now fallen that its chief business was in the hands of half-paid underlings; scarcely one of the states had an envoy entirely its own, but rather banded together with eight or nine others to save expense and trouble. There were years when all three colleges combined — the electors, the princes, and the free cities — could boast of but twenty-nine delegates among them. Even then the machinery of government was uncommonly slow and unwieldy; each imperial proposition had first to be agreed to in each of the three colleges, which then negotiated one with the other; while in default of unanimity no conclusion was arrived at at all. This frequently happened, for the interests represented were often European rather than German. The envoy from Hanover voted in the interests of England; Brandenburg signified Prussia; Saxony, Poland; Austria, Hungary and Flanders; Alsace, France; and Oldenburg, Russia.

Attention to etiquette.

But what most hindered the progress of affairs at Ratisbon and what made the assembly the laughing-stock of Europe was the extreme sensitiveness with regard to etiquette and precedence. Once or twice such matters almost led to war between small states, and an incident with regard to the taking in to dinner of the wife of the Austrian envoy was not settled until after ten formal writings had been drawn up and published. If this same Austrian commis-

sioner was to be visited by the envoy of an elector, it was immutably prescribed just what courtesies should be rendered, and just how far the legs of the electoral representative's chair should be placed on the red carpet where sat the emperor's agent. The envoys of the ordinary princes had advanced a claim that the front legs of their chairs should at least be allowed to rest upon the fringe. Once, when, after a dispute as to who should sit on green and who on the more august red chairs, it had been decided that all should sit alike on green, one of the electoral members brought in a red cloak and placed it so as to cover the whole seat, — considering that thus, as he wrote to his home government, he had vindicated the honor of his master! It was the same with regard to eating off gold or silver plate, and particularly with regard to the liveries of the servants.

The imperial Chamber Court.

With the imperial Chamber Court matters were worse if possible than with the Diet; from the beginning, in 1495, the emperors had looked upon this institution as a curtailment of their own prerogative and had drawn all the cases they could before their own Austrian court, the *Reichshofrath*, of which the members were imperial satellites. Long without a fixed abode, the Chamber Court had, in 1576, settled at Spires, whence, in 1689, it had fled from the armies of Louis XIV. It was four years more before it could find a town to harbor it; and, when insignificant Wetzlar at last opened its gates, it remained there contentedly to the end of its existence, although for more than fifty years there was no building large enough to hold its records, which were stored in other towns. If the members of the Diet quarrelled about precedence and etiquette, still more did this highest court in the land wrangle over form and procedure: a quarrel begun in 1704 hampered the transaction of business for seven

years, while another, fifty years later, caused a suspension of all activities. The want of a fixed income was so serious that, out of the fifty judges originally contemplated, but seventeen could be employed; and the proposal was made to raise revenues by lottery. The number of unsettled cases was very great: Goethe, who was employed in his youth at this court, speaks of twenty thousand and declares that they are yearly increasing at the ratio of two to one. No wonder, when we hear that a single suit had been going on for 188 years, and that, in another, 684 witnesses had been heard, whose testimony filled no less than 10,864 pages! The Emperor Joseph II. had tried to cope with these magnificent arrears of injustice and had established a revisory committee; but, after nine years of labor, the members had gone apart in despair, and, we are told, "with mutual bitterness."

No patriotism among the Germans.

The old empire of Charlemagne, of Otto the Great, and of Frederick Barbarossa was paralyzed to its very marrow, and the best minds of the age had no sympathy or loyalty left for it. "I have no conception," writes Lessing, "of the love of fatherland, and it seems to me at best a heroic weakness which I can very well do without." Goethe was made happier by an interview with Napoleon than by any victories of German arms. The most real patriot of the day was Baron Stein, the last and best of the imperial knights; but even his loyalty was not to a present but to a future Germany, that he himself was to help to build.

Decline of Prussia.

Over against all this disruption there might, at any time up to the death of Frederick the Great, have been placed the power of the Prussian state. Here at least it seemed as if a great integral part of the empire had been built up upon a rock of bronze. How else could a Prussian king have so long held at bay the rest of Germany and the whole of northern Europe? And when Frederick founded

his *Fürstenbund*, it seemed as though a bulwark had been set up that would withstand almost any possible shock.

Yet scarcely had this iron-sceptred rule come to an end when the state for which the watchful old king had done and suffered so much, began a surprisingly rapid downward career; within a period of ten years it had engaged to maintain a dishonorable inactivity, within twenty it had to face, not only financial bankruptcy, but moral and intellectual, political, and military ruin. How Frederick would have writhed in his coffin to see the Prussian government conducted on sentimental-mystic principles, and to find a grand commander of the Rosicrucian Order consulting images in magic mirrors as to future policy!

Frederick William II. and the Rosicrucians.

Even outside of Prussia, the end of the eighteenth century was a halcyon time for spiritualists, alchemists, and all sorts of secret and mysterious associations. Freemasonry flourished in various forms, and one outcome of it was this Order of the Rosicrucians, — in the ninth or highest degree of which, a brother became as wise as Moses or as Aaron, and could command implicit obedience from all underlings. The occupation of the brethren was the mystic interpretation of the Bible and of natural occurrences, and the communing with spirits. Attempts were also made to create men by chemical processes, to find the philosopher's stone that would turn everything to gold, and to provide an elixir of youth. A professed object of the Rosicrucians in Prussia was "to further the honor of the Almighty in a fallen world as a means to the happiness of the human race"; and all this was to be done "by means of the exalted knowledge and powers bestowed by divine mercy on the highest officers [of the order] and on them alone." A severe reprimand was bestowed on a sceptical brother who refused to believe that his superiors could hatch chickens from boiled eggs.

It was into such an order as this that the Prussian king caused himself to be initiated as Brother Ormesus Magnus; and one of the "highest officers," Wöllner, almost immediately recommended himself to him as "an unworthy instrument by which to save millions of souls from ruin, and bring back the whole land to faith in Jesus." Wöllner gradually made himself head of various departments, and declared war on the old system of enlightenment. When Ministers Herzberg and Hoym opposed a certain taxation project, Wöllner complained sadly that they "still had Satan in their hearts." In 1788, he succeeded in ousting the old minister, Zedlitz, and himself assumed the whole direction of Prussia's spiritual affairs. The king declared his intention of no longer permitting "that the religion of Christ be undermined, the Bible made a laughing-stock to the people, and the banners of infidelism, of deism, and of naturalism be openly set up." Candidates for the ministry were put through most rigid tests; a censorship was established forbidding all discussion of religious or dogmatic questions; and even the great philosopher Kant was taken to task for one of his writings, and warned either to make a better use of his talents or to suffer the consequences.

Immorality of the court.

Such measures were unwise enough in themselves; but when it was found that behind it all there existed in the royal household an almost unparalleled immorality, the result was disastrous alike to the prestige of the throne and to the good conduct of the people. Frederick William had not only divorced one wife, Elizabeth of Brunswick, and kept a second, Louise of Hesse-Darmstadt, in seclusion; but there was no secrecy about his connection with the wife of his chamberlain, Rietz, whom he raised to the rank of Countess Lichtenau, and who influenced him throughout his whole reign. Moreover, on the plea that

Martin Luther had excused such conduct in Philip of Hesse, he contracted bigamous marriages, sanctioned by unworthy priests, first with the charming Julie von Voss, niece of the old countess; then, on her death, with Sophie Dönhoff.

For a time, Frederick William had made a successful bid for popularity by reversing many of the more hated measures of his predecessor. The French tax-gatherers and coffee-smellers were packed off in disgrace without even the salaries they had well earned; life was made more easy for many citizens, and particularly for the widows and orphans of soldiers. The Miller-Arnold decision was reversed, and Blücher and York, officers who had been under Frederick's displeasure, were reinstated in the army.

Frederick William's lax rule.

Real wrongs may thus have been righted, real generosity exercised; there is no doubt but that Frederick William sought the happiness of his subjects, but his tender-heartedness did them more harm than good. The taxes abolished were not replaced by other revenues; aged officers were left in the army, when, for the sake of the service, they should have been placed on the retired list; land grants were recklessly made. Frederick the Great had left an accumulation in the treasury of more than fifty million thalers: it took but nine years to exhaust this, and a debt was begun which soon ran up to fifty millions more.

It is difficult to name a department in which there was not some break with the former policy. The minutiæ of drill wearied the king, so he handed over the direction of military matters to a newly constituted board. Frederick had allowed outsiders to have little influence either on his internal or his external policy; his successor was in the hands of Wöllner and of another Rosicrucian, Bischoffswerder, who had once cured him of a disease, and with

whom he spent much time in calling up the spirits of the dead.

A weak foreign policy.

Frederick had made it a principle not to thrust himself into European politics where the interests of Prussia were not directly concerned. "Were I to interfere in the case of every tiff in my family," he once said, "I should soon be at odds with half of Europe." His successor, on the contrary, almost immediately became involved in a struggle between the patriotic and the aristocratic parties in Holland, for no other reason than that the wife of the Prince of Orange was his own sister. Twenty thousand Prussians marched into the country, and, almost without bloodshed, restored order; but no effort was made to recover even the actual costs of the expedition, which amounted to six million thalers; while soldiers and officers alike, having to face but small opposition, gained an exaggerated idea of their own prowess.

Prussia, Austria, and Turkey.

The same inability to make capital out of a favorable situation showed itself in a more serious degree with regard to Austria. The past had proved conclusively that here for all time was Prussia's natural enemy and rival in Germany; even a tyro could have seen that the only proper policy was to strengthen and extend that *Fürstenbund* which had cried halt to the house of Hapsburg in the matter of the Bavarian succession. There were golden opportunities only waiting to be seized; for Joseph II.'s reign was ending in fiasco and revolt, and the *Fürstenbund* possessed a majority in the electoral college sufficient to altogether exclude the old imperial line. Moreover, Joseph's latest acts might well be regarded as a challenge to Prussia; for his friendship with Russia had culminated in a common attack upon Turkey which was intended as a preliminary to further aggressions in the empire itself. This threatening of the balance of power led to an alliance

between Prussia, England, and Holland, and to a demand that Austria should cease hostilities in Turkey. Frederick William was eager for war, and drew his troops together; but his minister, Hertzberg, thought to achieve his ends by a series of diplomatic moves, and by changes of territory that would have given Moldau and Wallachia to Austria, Galicia to Poland, and Danzig and Thorn to Prussia.

In the end Austria was compelled to cease hostilities in Turkey and to render back her conquests; but Prussia once more reaped nothing for herself but a harvest of debts. Leopold was allowed to succeed Joseph without any counter concessions being asked or offered; the new emperor was most adroit in appeasing the wrath of the truculent Prussian king; and, although the Treaty of Reichenbach, signed in 1790, was an apparent humiliation for Austria, it was in reality a brilliant victory. The Turkish conquests that were abandoned could never have been maintained without great difficulty; while Prussia's new, peaceful attitude allowed Austria to settle her own difficulties with the rebels in her Belgian provinces and in Hungary.

The Congress of Reichenbach.

Moreover, in the midst of the negotiations, Frederick William had shown his weakness of character to the whole world; at the congress that was held in the little Silesian town of Reichenbach one set of demands was on the point of being acceded to, after long deliberations, when others of a quite different nature were suddenly brought forward. These, too, Austria was obliged for the moment to accept, but she neither forgave the insult nor did she ultimately fulfill her agreements. Prussia had been wasting her forces; she had gained no material advantages, she had exacted no valid pledge for the future. Worst of all, a recognition of the *Fürstenbund* had not been made a con-

dition of the peace; and the one chance of forming a permanent counterpoise to Austrian aggressions had been weakly forfeited.

Theoretical enthusiasm for the French Revolution.

Meanwhile, to the Prussian state, the French Revolution had brought new dangers and difficulties, to its head, new opportunities of squandering treasure and prestige; while the stirring events that were going on in Poland caused Frederick William's attention to oscillate between his eastern and his western boundaries, with the result that little was accomplished in either direction.

The earlier events of the French Revolution had aroused a certain amount of enthusiasm in Germany, though not of the kind that leads to action. Philosophers like Kant and Fichte imagined they were witnessing a practical working out of their own teachings, the triumph of the sovereign ego. The former is reported to have cried out, "O Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation"; while the latter openly defended the right of a people to change its form of government, when necessary, by violence. The poet Klopstock wrote an ode to the Revolution and dressed himself in mourning when Mirabeau died. In Mainz, in Hamburg, and in a few other places, liberty poles were erected and celebrations held in honor of the storming of the Bastile; in Berlin women wore in the streets the tri-colored badge of liberty, equality, and fraternity. There were few actual disturbances, and it mattered little to Germany at large that an abbess of Frauenalp was driven from her tiny domains. Moreover, when blood began to flow so freely in Paris, all other feelings gave way to horror and disgust. "Cancers are not cured by rose-water," wrote one apologetic news-leaf of the day; but, fortunately, in Germany, the more radical remedy was not popular and was not employed.

Friction caused by the Revolution.

The Revolution could not be kept within the boundaries of France for several reasons; in the first place the rights of the empire had been infringed upon when, on August 4, 1789, all feudal, and, in June, 1790, all ecclesiastical, jurisdictions were sweepingly abolished. Much of the land in Alsace belonged to German bishops and princes; their rights had been acknowledged by the Peace of Westphalia, as well as by later treaties, although their status had never been clearly established. France was willing now to pay some indemnity, but not to restore the confiscated territory. The Diet of Ratisbon made recriminations, but, with characteristic dilatoriness, allowed the matter to drag on for two years. A further leaven of discontent lay in the fact that the dispossessed French nobles sought refuge on German territory, — notably at Coblenz, in the archbishopric of Treves, — where it soon became evident that they had forgotten none of their extravagances and follies. Upheld by the archbishop, they set up a gay, dissipated little court and commenced to muster and drill an army, — using the public buildings, and even the weapons from the arsenals, for their own purposes. Naturally, such doings aroused the wildest indignation in France and made matters ripe for war.

The declaration of Pillnitz.

But the chief cause of Germany being drawn into the maelstrom, was the sympathy of the Emperor Leopold and of Frederick William for the luckless king and queen of France. Leopold was the brother of Marie Antoinette, and, though long deaf to her prayers and entreaties, prepared for emergencies by forming an alliance with Prussia — an alliance for which Bischoffswerder was responsible and in which all the advantage was on Austria's side. This Treaty of Vienna was signed in July, 1791, contrary to instructions and contrary to the trend of opinion in Prussia; but the Rosicrucian knew his royal master and

easily procured his sanction. In an encyclic letter, dated at Padua, Leopold had already called upon the powers of Europe to prepare to avenge any insult that might be offered to Louis XVI., and to refuse to recognize any French constitution not voluntarily accepted by the crown. The emperor and the king of Prussia then met at Pillnitz, in Saxony, and issued the meaningless declaration that they considered the affair of Louis XVI. the common concern of all sovereigns — meaningless because all action was to be unanimous, and it was known beforehand that England would not act at all.

The Girondins bring about war.

The excitement was quelled for a time by the reinstatement of Louis XVI. in his dignities, and by his voluntary oath to observe the constitution. Leopold modified his demands with regard to the confiscated lands in Alsace, and joined with Prussia in ordering the Archbishop of Treves to desist from favoring the *emigrés*. But, by this time, the wilder Girondins had gained the upper hand in the French assembly; men like Brissot and Condorcet were convinced that war alone, by making the republic acceptable to a reluctant majority and by filling the empty coffers with booty, could save France. To this end they exerted all their eloquence: "A people that has conquered its freedom after ten years of servitude *must* have a war," cried Brissot in a Jacobin gathering. The designs of the foreign powers were painted in the blackest colors; and whereas, at Padua and Pillnitz, the *emigrés* had in reality been pushed aside, they were now declared to be at the bottom of a great conspiracy. A demand, in the form of an ultimatum, was put to Leopold; under penalty of immediate war he was to promise to renounce his plan of a European alliance and to show his readiness to support France. In answer to his dignified reply, war was declared on the 20th of April, 1792, —

the unfortunate Louis XVI., already more a corpse than a man, being forced to appear in the legislative assembly and read the fateful words. The terrible era of bloodshed began, that was not to end for twenty-two years.

The march of the allied armies under Brunswick.

In spite of occasional small victories like those which led to the composing of "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz" in 1793, and to the erection of the Brandenburg gate as an arch of triumph, the next three campaigns were in reality full of disasters for Germany. The reasons of this are to be found in the misconception of the strength and determination of the French, in the unfortunate choice of a commander-in-chief, and, finally, in the differences of aim and policy between Prussia and Austria. In this latter country Francis II., a man of the feeble stamp of Charles VI., had succeeded the capable Leopold.

At the beginning there had been real enthusiasm for the war: "To Paris, to Paris!" was the cry of the Prussian officers; "a mere hunting party! Rossbach! Rossbach!" "Don't buy too many horses," Bischoffswerder said to Colonel Massenbach, "the comedy won't last long!" But it soon became evident that the *emigrés* had told outrageous lies about the numbers, discipline, and spirit of the French army; as a matter of fact there were in 1793 nearly a million sturdy men voluntarily in arms, — among them dozens of the future generals and marshals of France — while, from the people at large, instead of the expected cries of *vive le roi*, the advancing army heard everywhere *liberté et égalité*, varied by the mocking *ça ira!*

Valmy and Jemappes.

The forces of the allies, numbering a hundred thousand men, were ridiculously insufficient for the invasion of a land like France. The Austrians had sent but a corps where they should have sent an army; the arrangements for provisioning were so poor that halts were made for no other purpose than to bake bread; while the commander, Duke

Charles Ferdinand of Brunswick, who was hampered besides by the presence of Frederick William II. in camp, displayed an unparalleled hesitancy and want of daring. One who was under his command at this time accords him "great talents, deep insight, but, at decisive moments, a total want of character." He inaugurated his first expedition by one of the most blatant and unwise manifestoes that ever was devised; in it the inhabitants of Paris were ordered to show due respect to the king and royal family, else the members of the assembly, of the municipality, and of the national guard would answer with their heads, without hope of pardon, while the city of Paris itself would be delivered over to military execution and total overthrow. This from a man who turned his back and withdrew from renewing the charge, when on the heights of Valmy there offered itself a first great chance of an almost certain victory! His own excuse for retreating was that he feared lest Frederick William, with insufficient forces, should insist upon marching on Paris! Almost contemporaneously with this shameful episode at Valmy, of which Goethe said that night, "to-day begins a new era in the world's history," came the defeat of the Netherland army of the Austrians, at Jemappes, and the rounding of the Prussian flank by Custine, who fell on the defenceless Rhine bishoprics. The elector of Mainz and his nobles instantly took to flight with all their treasure, — "for once," writes a contemporary, "our beautiful, venerable Rhine furnished a pleasing spectacle of busy traffic," — but to the lower classes there was issued an archiepiscopal edict ordering them to stay where they were under pain of the highest displeasure!

The year 1793 was marked by the death on the scaffold of Louis XVI., and by the formation of the first great coalition of the indignant powers. Prussia accomplished the

Frederick William hesitates between France and Poland.

reconquest of Mainz; but, in the midst of the campaign, events in Poland brought about a great division in Frederick William's interests, and fanned the jealousy of Austria to a white heat. From now on, neither on the eastern nor on the western frontier, were matters pushed with sufficient emphasis. At the end of his own resources, the successor of Frederick the Great begged in vain for subsidies from the other German states, and finally entered his whole army into the pay of the English; but, according to their notions at least, fulfilled his part of the contract so badly that the supplies suddenly ceased. He had thought to accept their money while yet retaining his position as head of a great power and choosing his own scene of war; whereas Pitt treated the Prussians as the Hessians had been treated in the American war, and ordered his new hirelings off to Belgium.

The "dumb session" of Grodno.

In Poland, in 1791, a liberal constitution had been set up that had the disadvantage, from a Russian and Prussian point of view, of promising to make the country strong and united; on the plea that the dangerous ideas of the French Revolution were here taking root, Catherine II., with the help of the confederation of Targowicz, overthrew this constitution and prepared for a second partition. Austria was not consulted at all, and Frederick William was forced to take what was offered, or see the whole absorbed in Russia. His thoughts had been busy in this direction far more than with France, and his army pressed in to complete the iron chain around Grodno, where the Diet was ordered to meet. Then followed the famous "dumb session," where absolute silence followed each demand to sign the Prussian title-deeds. After midnight had passed, the presiding officer, Count Ankwicz, declared that silence gave consent; and, when silence still followed a threefold putting of the question, Marshal Bielinski pronounced

the motion passed. We know now, in the light of new evidence, that the whole was a concerted comedy, designed to protect the members, who had all been bribed, from the wrath of their constituents, — Ankwicz and Bielinski both accepted rich rewards from Russia. But the falseness and levity of the Poles themselves does not alter the shamefulness of the entire proceeding. Prussia's share of the robbery consisted of Danzig and Thorn, besides Posen, Gnesen, Kalisch, and other districts, — containing in all some twenty-five thousand square miles and one million inhabitants. The whole was given the name of the province of South Prussia, and filled up a great gap between Silesia and West and East Prussia. To Poland there was still left about one-third of her territory ; but her tenure of that was none too secure.

The second and third partitions of Poland.

The second partition of Poland still further widened the breach between Frederick William and Francis of Austria ; all the more as the latter's counter demand of the right to exchange the Netherlands for Bavaria — a demand encouraged so long as it suited Prussia's interests — was now refused. As a result of all this hostility, the war on the Rhine was conducted with more laxness than ever ; the generals, Kalckreuth and Möllendorf, remained inactive at important moments ; and, in July and August, 1794, Jourdan, Michaud, and Moreau were able to conquer Aix-la-Chapelle, Coblenz, and indeed the whole left bank of the Rhine with the exception of Mainz.

Meanwhile the curtain had risen for the last act of the Polish tragedy. Russian oppression led to a final struggle for freedom, of which Kosciusko was the intrepid hero. Frederick William's troops had a chance to quell the revolt before the Russian troops could come up. At the head of his army he did conquer Cracow and turn against Warsaw; but his evil genius, Bischoffswerder, urged him

not to risk his forces in an attack; and it was reserved for the Russian Suvarov to defeat Kosciusko's army and carry off its leader. It was Russia and her new ally, Austria, that now dictated the terms of the final partition,—forming in January, 1795, a secret compact with regard to Prussia, which was to be given Warsaw and a strip adjoining East Prussia, but this, only in the event of her acquiescing in Russian and Austrian aggrandizement at the expense of Turkey. At the risk of losing the share that he already possessed, Frederick William was forced to submit and to sign the treaty.

Bad administration of the new provinces.

It may be thought that, having by these two partition treaties of 1793 and 1795, nearly doubled its territory, he had not done badly for the Prussian state; yet nowhere is the contrast to the policy of Frederick the Great more clearly to be seen. The province of West Prussia, all surrounded by Prussian territory, had been a great gain; and by Frederick's wise and liberal measures had been raised to the level of the rest of the kingdom. The two new provinces of South Prussia and new East Prussia, on the other hand, introduced a thoroughly discordant element and one that could not be assimilated. The masses continued priest-ridden and ignorant, and contributed nothing to the common store; nor was Frederick William the man to carry out the needed reforms. On the contrary, he regarded these lands merely as a means of enriching his faithful supporters; and he deeded away vast estates, right and left, without care or thought for the future. While other countries, in these troubled times, were doubling their military forces, he contented himself with a very slight increase of the army.

As a matter of fact his resources were at an end, his friendship with Austria broken, his zeal for the French campaign extinguished. He could not even say with

truth, "all is lost save honor," for that, too, was seriously compromised. Prussia had become the least respected of states, and it is scarcely to be considered a step downward when now, at Basel, she made a separate peace with France, one secret clause of which boldly faced the prospect of the left bank of the Rhine remaining in French hands. It is true, Frederick William hoped that the rest of Germany would follow his example; indeed, as it was, the Peace of Basel was to apply to all the states behind an imaginary line of demarkation, including Hanover and Saxony. But the fact remains that he left others to fight his battles, and that he was willing to sacrifice German lands, — merely stipulating that, if Prussia should lose her own outlying provinces, she should be indemnified at the expense of some power or powers on the right bank of the Rhine.

The separate Peace of Basel.

There is a great difference of opinion between the contemporary observer and the modern historian as to the merits of this treaty. Frederick William wrote to Catherine that he considered himself as merely following in the footsteps of Frederick the Great, by first securing his territory, and then preserving it in peace. Hardenberg, the future reformer, approved the step; and Kant was moved by the news to write his treatise on perpetual peace. A transient era of commercial prosperity beguiled the masses. But, seen in its right perspective, this peace unmasks itself as the beginning of the end, as an abdication on the part of Prussia of all her rights and privileges. Her most passionate lover and advocate of to-day, the late court historian, Von Treitschke, considers that no defeat in battle could have humbled this state as she now humbled herself, that an open alliance with an enemy would have been preferable to this pusillanimity, that here at Basel was committed the most serious political error of modern German history, an error that had to be atoned for through two decades of unparalleled misery.

The Treaty of Basel a grave error.

Napoleon Bonaparte in Italy.

Prussia stood aside, now, while Austria continued the war, — continued it, with little help from the empire, against five French armies, one of which was commanded by the rising genius of the age, Napoleon Bonaparte. The latter was sent to Italy in the spring of 1796, and soon began to display his marvellous abilities, — showing to the world a new and wonderful kind of strategy that required no base of supplies, and, indeed, that bade defiance to all the old rules of warfare. He attached his soldiers to his own interests by furnishing them with booty in plenty: "I will lead you into the most fruitful plains in the world," he had said to them; "flourishing provinces, great cities, will be at your disposal." In return, he demanded courage and steadfastness and a willingness to die by thousands in pursuit of great objects. His design was to master Mantua and control the passes of the Tyrol; then to join with the Rhine army under Moreau and Jourdan and completely crush the enemy. As far as the Italian scene of warfare was concerned, he was successful: making a separate peace with the emperor's Sardinian allies, taking and holding Mantua against four attempts to relieve it, gaining the battles of Arcola and Rivoli, and bringing Lombardy, Venice, and the papal states to terms. But Moreau and Jourdan, after achieving several victories, were forced back across the Rhine by the brave young Archduke Charles; and the principalities of Würtemberg and Baden, which had gone over to the French, thought best to renew their allegiance to the empire.

The Treaty of Campo Formio.

Napoleon, from political motives and from a desire to have the peace all his own, had made overtures to Austria even while preparing to deal further blows. Professing to be animated by the most humane of motives, he wrote that he would feel prouder of the humble crown to be earned by saving a single human life, than of all the

mournful glory that could come of success in war. He was willing that Austria should emerge from the long conflict no poorer in territory than she had entered it; but the map of Europe was to be cut according to his own pattern, and Austria was to definitely abandon the cause of the empire. Baron Stein, with whose grand character we shall soon become familiar, calls the treaty that was signed on October 17, 1797, "the black and complete treachery of Campo Formio"; yet it was scarcely more black than the Peace of Basel of 1795, or than a subsequent treaty of August, 1796, that gave Prussia definite compensation in case of the sequestration of Cleves and Guelders. In the new treaty of France with Austria, as well as in that with Prussia, the clauses regarding the left bank of the Rhine were secret; in both cases the leading powers in Germany promised to abandon to their fate provinces that contained the coronation place as well as the first archiepiscopal see of the old empire. Austria's reward was to be the dismembered republic of Venice, — for which she had long lusted, — the archbishopric of Salzburg, and, possibly, Bavaria as far as the river Inn. Belgium, on the other hand, was to fall to France; while Lombardy was to be allowed to join the Cisalpine Republic, one of Napoleon's new vassal states. The conqueror himself has said of this Treaty of Campo Formio, that he considered it one of the most advantageous that France had signed for centuries; while the emperor, too, had every reason to be satisfied, although, by secularizing Salzburg, he gave the signal for a descent upon the lands of the clergy in Germany.

The Congress of Rastadt.

As Austria had no possible right or authority to deed away territory of the empire, it was necessary to call a congress for that purpose. With characteristic duplicity the summons invited the different states to send repre-

sentatives to the town of Rastadt who should treat of constitutional affairs *on the basis of the integrity of Germany*. Matters pertaining to the public weal were to be settled so as to conduce for centuries to the lasting joy of peace-loving humanity. The withdrawal of the emperor's forces from Mainz, of which the French were allowed to take possession, and the simultaneous entry of the Austrian troops into Venice, gave the first official betrayal of the whole scheme. France's plenipotentiaries at the congress now came out with their unvarnished demand for the left bank of the Rhine, and the German princes whose lands were to be taken began to clamor for compensation and to throw themselves upon the generosity of the national enemy. It was the beginning of an ignoble race for gain, inasmuch as each power, Prussia included, thought by French influence to greatly better its previous condition. Even the Poles when robbed of their fatherland had acted with more dignity. It was during a hasty visit to this congress that Napoleon Bonaparte gained his first insight into German politics and German character, which may well account for the contemptuousness with which he always treated this people.

Weakness of the empire.

And, indeed, the empire of Charlemagne was nearing the last stages of paralysis. In January, 1798, the witty publicist, Görres, drew up its last will and testament, recommending that its latest committee or deputation, here at Rastadt, should become permanent and conclude a perpetual peace, each article of which should be discussed in at least fifty thousand sessions; that its army be handed over to the Landgrave of Hesse to be sold out to the highest bidder, and its archives turned into smelling-salts in case the heirs should be attacked with faintness. Although the Congress of Rastadt continued in session for more than a year, the last months were spent in fruit-

less controversy, and Austria was already treating with England and Russia for the formation of a second great coalition. The conduct of the French had become unbearable to Austria; instead of assisting the emperor to his promised portion of Bavaria, instead of excepting Prussia's provinces from the general annexation of the left bank of the Rhine so that she might have no claim to compensation, they were growing more and more friendly to this arch-enemy. And their demands at the congress kept increasing beyond rhyme or reason. Germany was to assume all debts of the annexed districts and pay them out of the revenues of ecclesiastical territory; the islands of the Rhine were to be included in the cession. What good, it was finally argued, would the left bank prove to France if controlled by forts across the river? Kehl and Castel must be handed over, and the impregnable Ehrenbreitstein completely demolished. Hostilities were precipitated by the action of Bernadotte, who was acting as envoy in Vienna. In scorn of a local military celebration, he threw out a great tricolored flag from his balcony, and when it was torn down demanded his passports and returned to Paris.

The second coalition war.

The time for a general attack by the other great powers of Europe on France and her daughter republics seemed well chosen: Napoleon Bonaparte was absent, having been sent to Egypt to strike a blow at England in the East; Hoche, the next commander in ability, had just died; the new Czar, Paul, was as much in earnest as his mother had been the contrary. It is true, Prussia held aloof entirely, but Prussia was now regarded, even by her own new ruler, as an unimportant factor.

Suvarov.

The hero of the first period of this second coalition war was undoubtedly the Russian, Suvarov; in a series of brilliant marches and actions he recovered nearly the

whole of Italy; while Archduke Charles, by the battle of Stockach, stopped Jourdan and drove him back across the Rhine. Meanwhile the French envoys at Rastadt, who, even after the coalition had begun its military operations, had continued to treat with the minor German powers, were ordered to withdraw, and then foully set upon, — by order, it is believed, of the Austrian prime minister Thugut, whose object was to procure certain valuable state papers of which they had possession. The outcome of the mêlée, fatal in the case of two of the envoys, increased the hatred felt by the French, who, however, as yet were powerless to requite such evil. It was the good fortune of France, however, that in not one of these great coalitions was any single power willing to subordinate its own interests to those of the common cause. Austria expected Suvarov to lay Italy at her feet; Russia desired to reëstablish the sovereignties that Napoleon had abolished, and her general, at last, thwarted at every point, downrightly refused to besiege Genoa, which was the last stronghold of the French. At England's suggestion, and hoping to be more free from restraint, he left the scene of his victories and started through Switzerland to meet additional Russian forces that were coming from the North, but — as he himself believed, through Austrian treachery — accomplished nothing beyond a series of phenomenal Alpine marches. Toward the end of the year 1799, in deep disgust, the Czar, who fully shared Suvarov's suspicions as to Austrian duplicity, called home his forces.

The peace of Lunéville.

At the same time Napoleon Bonaparte returned from Egypt, joined with Sieyès in a successful attempt to overthrow the existing constitution in France, and then, as First Consul, clothed with absolute power, prepared by a theatrical march across the St. Bernard to alter the complexion of affairs in Italy. The unrivalled victories of

Marengo and of Hohenlinden soon brought Austria back to the position she had occupied at the time of the Treaty of Campo Formio; and the Peace of Lunéville, signed in February, 1801, was a practical repetition of that earlier agreement, except that the last veil of secrecy was withdrawn from the cession of the Rhine provinces, and that France was conceded a voice in the matter of compensation. Moreover, in accordance with Napoleon's peremptory demand, the agreements were signed by the emperor not merely in the name of Austria but also of the whole empire; the cession of land which, including Belgium, aggregated some twenty-eight thousand square miles and contained three and a half million inhabitants, was thus finally consummated and the Rhine became the boundary between France and Germany. The new acquisitions were divided into departments after the manner of the rest of the territory of the French republic, while the question of the indemnities was reserved for further negotiations.

Death of Frederick William II. and enthusiasm for the new king.

Meanwhile, in Prussia, soon after the peace of Campo Formio, there had been a change of ruler; for Frederick William II., in spite of the *aurum potabile*, or liquid gold, administered by his Rosicrucian brethren, had died of dropsy. The hearts of the people had gone out to his virtuous young successor, and especially to the latter's beautiful and charming wife, — Queen Louise, a Mecklenburg princess, — who rewarded their adoration in this very year, 1797, by giving birth to that William who was one day to become the consummator of German unity. So good were Frederick William III.'s intentions, so free and liberal his promises, that nothing but plaudits were heard on all sides. "This prince spoils our revolution," a French Jacobin complained; while an eloquent German exclaimed joyfully, "Pure reason has descended from heaven and taken its seat upon our throne." An enthu-

siastic band of admirers founded a set of Prussian year books in which to chronicle the expected reforms.

Incapacity of Frederick William III.

But if Frederick William III. possessed all the piety, all the morality, and all the sense of duty that could be required from any Christian man, he was, nevertheless, absolutely incapable of guiding a state like Prussia through a period of storm and stress. Timid, ill-trained, and inexperienced, — a mere pygmy compared to Frederick the Great, — he was yet called upon to govern a greatly enlarged state and to face an enemy like Napoleon Bonaparte. With his full share of Hohenzollern obstinacy, he clung to his absolutism and refused to set up competent ministers; the consequence was that his cabinet secretaries, petty men like Lombard, Beyme, and Haugwitz, assumed undue influence, insinuated where they had no authority to advise, and finally landed the ship of state on the rocks of Tilsit.

Division of the spoils of Germany.

The worst of the political faults was the continued complaisance shown to France. The scheme of that power for compensating with ecclesiastical lands on the right bank of the Rhine those princes who had lost possessions on the left, was not only acquiesced in but warmly advocated; indeed, Prussia went so far as to accept for herself five times the amount of territory she had forfeited. Although nominally in the hands of a committee of the Diet known as the Imperial Deputation, the work of dividing the spoils was really carried on at Paris. Thither, as suppliants, went the dispossessed in person: — the Solms, Laubachs, the Leyns and Leiningens, the Isenburgs and Hechingens, and a number of others. Treitschke calls them a swarm of hungry flies feasting on the bloody wounds of their fatherland. Gagern, the envoy from Nassau, relates how unworthily they sued for the favor of Talleyrand and of his secretary, Mathieu; how they

caressed the minister's little poodle and played blind-man's-buff and drop-the-handkerchief with his favorite niece. It rained snuff-boxes, rising in value to 20,000 guldens, while Hesse-Darmstadt offered a bribe of a round million.

The Principal Decree of the Imperial Deputation.

When all had been happily arranged, the act which is known as the Principal Decree of the Imperial Deputation (February 25th, 1803) annihilated 112 German states, in addition to the 97 ceded to France, and divided up 50,000 square miles of territory with more than 3,000,000 inhabitants. When the decree was referred to the Diet for ratification, that body acted with characteristic regard to ceremonial: in order to make the vote valid, the dispossessed members were ordered to be present, but, as each answered to his name, he was formally entered as "absent" in the roll. By this extensive confiscation of church and civic property, the number of ecclesiastical princes was reduced to three, that of the free cities to six. Mainz retained the archchancellorship, but was forced to exchange its lands; in place of Cologne and Treves four other principalities were raised to the rank of electorates: Salzburg, Würtemberg, Baden, and Hesse. Upon the last-named three states, as well as upon Bavaria, it had been Napoleon's policy to heap all the benefits in his power, in order to have a "Third Germany" to make use of against Prussia and Austria. For that reason Baden was given in compensation for her lost territory ten times as much as was her due; Prussia's acquisitions, on the other hand, though not inconsiderable, were to be as far as possible away from France.

After the passing of the Principal Decree of the Imperial Deputation, the events that led to the ending of the Holy Roman Empire and to the extraordinary catas-

Napoleon's occupation of Hanover.

trophe of Prussia, followed each other in rapid succession. Frederick William had been in the enjoyment of his ill-gotten gains but a few months when he was awakened from his dream of being the protector of North Germany by the announcement that Napoleon meant to strike England "wherever he could reach her." Soon afterward, French forces under Mortier were entering Hanover. It cannot be said that there was much love lost between the Prussian and Hanoverian, or between the Prussian and English governments, but every instinct of self-preservation should have driven the king to an energetic protest, and, if necessary, to war. Even Haugwitz recommended the immediate despatch of an armed force. Here was the enemy whom Prussia had most reason to dread at her very throat; Hanover almost cut her domains in two, and the French army was encamped close to the walls of her chief fortress of Magdeburg. Yet Frederick William remained inactive while the whole Hanoverian army capitulated, while all the wealth of the land was appropriated, and even the forests were cut down and carried off to France to furnish masts for the conqueror's ships. Even when Napoleon proceeded to block the mouths of the rivers Elbe and Weser, and thus strike a deadly blow at Prussian commerce, this king could think of no other expedient than to send to Brussels the self-sufficient Lombard with a few sentimental reproaches. He was sure, Frederick William wrote, that in occupying Cuxhaven Napoleon's general had exceeded his commands. Lombard was delighted with the suavity of his reception by the powerful First Consul. "What I cannot reproduce," he wrote in his report, "is the tone of kindness and open frankness with which he expressed his regard for your rights." Dazzled, blinded, by Napoleon's greatness, he could not praise enough the truthfulness, the loyalty, the

friendship that rang out in every word, and he returned from his mission without having obtained the fulfilment of one single demand.

The murder of the Duke of Enghien.

And Frederick William had no wrath to vent upon this empty head. "The king is determined once for all," wrote Haugwitz, who himself was soon to emulate the conduct of Lombard, "to show to all Europe in the most open manner that he will positively have no war unless he is himself directly attacked." Yet the time was not unsuitable; the political constellation was favorable, while Napoleon was too full of his intended invasion of England, for which he was massing his troops on the Boulogne shore, to wish for a struggle with Prussia and Hanover combined.

Following quickly on the occupation of Hanover came the outrageous violation of German territory involved in the murder of the Duke of Enghien, — a member of the House of Bourbon, who was declared to have taken part in a royalist conspiracy against the life of the First Consul. Enghien was seized in his own house, at Ettenheim, in Baden, by bands of French soldiers, who had marched up in the silence of the night; he was dragged to Vincennes, and, within the shortest possible space of time, tried before a court-martial, sentenced, and shot by his own open grave. Scarcely an attempt was made to excuse such conduct, though Baden and the empire were at peace with France; and Germany had sunk so low that there was no remonstrance at the flagrant breach of international law. The servile elector of Baden, when driven to the wall, pretended that Napoleon had asked his consent. When Russia tried to stir the Diet to action, the elector wrote, at his master's dictation, that he thanked the Czar for his interest, but had full confidence in the friendship and good sentiments of the French court. And the Diet

itself escaped responsibility by flight, entering upon its holidays before it was time. In the popular mind, indeed, the incident engendered intense bitterness; Beethoven turned the slow movement of his new symphony into a funeral march, and dedicated it to the dead hero, rather than exalt, as he had intended, the great conqueror.

Servility of the South German states.

To Frederick William's tender heart the murder of the Duke of Enghien was such a blow that it put an end for the time being to the project of a Franco-Prussian alliance; although Napoleon of late had been overflowing with kindness, and had significantly hinted at a plan of forming a North German empire with the Hohenzollern at its head. The South German states, indeed, did not waver in their subserviency; and when, on May 18, 1804, their patron was proclaimed emperor, they outdid the French themselves in the warmth of their congratulations and in the fulsomeness of their flattery,—declaring that this new Cæsar was most like to their own first emperor, Charlemagne, and recommending themselves for further favors, should there be any more lands to divide. Nothing could have exceeded the jubilation with which Napoleon was greeted on the occasion of a journey through the Rhine provinces.

Austria becomes an empire.

Austria at this juncture considered it time to get to cover, as it were, well knowing that at the next election a Protestantized and secularized electoral college would not be likely to favor the Hapsburg dynasty. With the consent of Napoleon, and after having, in return, recognized the latter's new dignity, Francis II., in this same year 1804, adopted the title of hereditary emperor of Austria, without as yet formally divesting himself of that of emperor of the Romans. He grounded his action on the greatness of his house, which, as he declared,—although divine providence and the vote of the electors had

brought it to such a pitch of glory that its head personally needed neither added title nor prestige, — ought not to be behind any European power in outward rank.

The forming of the third coalition.

Meanwhile, Alexander of Russia, still indignant over the murder of the Duke of Enghien, for whom he ordered his court to wear mourning, and displeased with the result of his protests in Paris, — convinced, too, that Napoleon was cogitating a general European war, — had begun to treat in London and Vienna for the formation of a third coalition. In November, 1804, Austria closed with him a defensive alliance in the event of the French endeavoring to extend their sphere of influence in Italy. In April, 1805, England agreed to aid Russia in raising a European army of half a million of men with which to restore the threatened balance of power. Napoleon in the meantime had demeaned his greatness — so he wrote to the Czar — to the extent of accepting the Italian crown. The incorporation of Genoa in the French empire, and the excessive jubilations over former French victories in Italy, then forced Austria into open hostility.

Both France and the coalition worked hard to secure an alliance with Frederick William III., whose army of two hundred thousand men was likely to be an important factor in the struggle. William Pitt suggested as as inducement to Prussia the proffer of the left bank of the Rhine, and, if need be, of Belgium; while Napoleon held out the bait of Hanover, which, however, could only have been maintained at the cost of a war with England. Yet between these two possibilities, Frederick William wavered and pursued a zigzag policy; and finally, angered at the Russian threats of violating his territory, sought his usual refuge of feeble neutrality. Out of this he was roused by the news that France had actually committed the act that Russia had only threatened; full of righteous indig-

nation he mobilized his army, yet, even then, sent Haugwitz to carry on further negotiations with Napoleon, and allowed his commander-in-chief, the Duke of Brunswick, to fix the latest date possible for effecting his junction with the Austrians.

Napoleon and Mack.

To Napoleon the news of the arming of the coalition came very opportunely; for two years he had been perfecting and drilling his army for the ostensible purpose of crossing the channel and "avenging the disgrace of six centuries" against England. His admiral, Villeneuve, had succeeded in luring Nelson's fleet to the West Indies, but not in keeping it there; and the prospect for Napoleon of achieving his design of invasion, if he really ever seriously cherished it, must have seemed more distant than ever. Instead, that alternative which had always been present in his mind now presented itself with redoubled force. He knew the Austrians better than did Pitt, although the latter had complained of these "gentlemen in Vienna" that they were always one year, one army, and one idea behindhand. Napoleon had even had personal dealings with the general-in-chief, Mack, who in 1799 had been a prisoner in Paris. The opinion there formed had been extremely unfavorable; this was just the kind of enemy the French Emperor longed to have his generals meet. "He is certainly one of the most incapable men in existence," he declared; "and, moreover, he has bad luck."

The surrender at Ulm.

Mack had been chosen for his present position, to the detriment of the Archduke Charles, not because of any achievements in the field, but rather by reason of the fertility of his brain in making brilliant plans. Unfortunately there was wanting a basis of caution and foresight. While Napoleon was informed of every slight move of his enemies, while his spies circulated freely in the Austrian camp in the guise of wine-dealers, Mack did not have the

least conception that already, for three weeks, armies had been marching from all directions to surround him. He was, to use his own subsequent words, in a "complete dream"; he had expected to meet thirty thousand men, when, in reality, there were nearly seven times that number against him: all within the space of one short week, Marmont had crossed the Rhine at Frankfort; Bernadotte at Würzburg; Ney, Lannes, and Murat at Kehl; Soult and Davoust at Spires, and Napoleon himself at Strassburg. "Soldiers," cried the latter to his army, "your emperor is in your midst! You are now the vanguard of the grand nation."

How different was the spirit in the army of the coalition! When Mack drew his forces together at Ulm everybody but himself saw that he was recklessly perilling their safety; and the next in command, Archduke Ferdinand of Modena, withdrew with twelve battalions in disgust, and made his way through, though with heavy losses, to Bohemia. But Mack was blinded by the delusion that the rumored landing of the English in Boulogne, the expected joining of the coalition by Prussia, and an imaginary insurrection in Paris, would require the emperor's presence, and that Napoleon was even now beating a retreat. There were persistent reports at the Austrian court that the "star of the tyrant was waning"; that, after all, he was merely a stage-monarch; and that adulation and luxury had weakened his powers. The rude awakening from the "complete dream" came on the 20th of October, 1805, when Mack, almost immediately after having exhorted his troops to hold out to the last man, surrendered them all, to the number of twenty-three thousand, without striking a blow. "The shame that oppresses us," wrote an Austrian officer, "the filth that covers us, can never be wiped away!" It made no differ-

ence in the struggle on the continent that, four days later, Nelson, at Trafalgar, obliterated the sea power of France for a generation to come.

The Treaty of Potsdam.

As Napoleon swept on, accompanied by his German vassals, — and making, as was his wont, straight for the enemy's capital, — the Russians and the remnant of the Austrians withdrew to Moravia. All was not yet lost, for the French were moving farther and farther from their base of supplies; while, for the allies, reënforcements were on the way from the northeast, and there was every reason to hope that Prussia, whose armies had quickly been mobilized, would now definitely declare for the coalition. The news of Bernadotte's march through the Prussian territory of Ansbach, by which, as the allies claimed, Mack's surrender was effected, had roused Frederick William to unwonted energy, and he is said to have cried out, "I will have nothing more to do with the man!" — meaning Napoleon. He had at once notified the Czar that the Russians might cross Silesia; within ten days after Mack's capture Alexander had come to Berlin, and on November 3 had signed the Treaty of Potsdam, by which Prussia agreed to throw an army of 180,000 men into the field should Napoleon not agree, within four weeks, to relinquish all his conquests in Holland, Switzerland, and Naples. On the whole transaction the seal of sacredness had been set by a midnight visit of the Czar, the king, and the beautiful Queen Louise to the last resting-place of Frederick the Great, and a kiss imprinted on his coffin.

The battle of Austerlitz.

Napoleon, meanwhile, had taken Vienna and sent off her works of art to enrich his collection in Paris; as he advanced into Moravia, however, the position of affairs became less encouraging. Every day that passed meant a gain to the allies, a loss to himself, — a fact of which

Kutusoff, the Russian general, was well aware. But a rash decision of the Czar, impelled, it is said, by the sight of his own splendid regiments marching in review, gave to the French emperor the longed-for chance of gaining what proved to be his most splendid victory. He could not believe his ears when the report reached him that the enemy had left a strong position to try and cut him off from Vienna; one who was with him reports that, trembling with joy and clapping his hands, he cried out to those around him: "That is a wretched move! They are going into the trap! They are giving themselves up! Before to-morrow evening this army is mine!" And after the battle to his soldiers, "Soldiers, I am satisfied with you!" As well he might be, for the losses of the allies at Austerlitz were twenty-six thousand, not to speak of nearly all the guns, all the ammunition, and all the baggage.

The mission of Haugwitz.

A few days before this battle of the three emperors, Haugwitz had arrived in Napoleon's camp at Brünn with the demands of the Prussian king. He had travelled as slowly as possible, he allowed Napoleon to dally with him and send him from pillar to post, and finally, after Austerlitz, ended up a course of the most incomprehensible behavior by concluding a treaty of alliance instead of presenting an ultimatum. By the Treaty of Schönbrunn, Prussia was to receive Hanover, and, in return, to cede the remainder of Cleves, the fortress of Wesel and the principality of Neuchâtel to France, as well as Ansbach to Bavaria. On the surface, it seems incredible that any man on his own responsibility should have dared such action as that of Haugwitz; still more incredible, that Frederick William should have ratified these engagements and treated their sponsor with respect and consideration. But underneath it all, as a recently discovered letter has proved,

lay the bitter fact that the king's own courage had given out at the last moment, and that he had secretly instructed Haugwitz on no account to let it come to war!

The Peace of Pressburg.

Truly, with all sympathy for Prussia, with a knowledge of all the good forces that were even now slumbering within her, one can only say that she richly deserved her fate. Now that time has cleared the mists away and given us a larger point of view, it seems incomprehensible that this Hohenzollern should have failed so utterly to recognize where his true interests lay. Even after Austerlitz there were enough Russians at his disposal to bring the total of his army up to 300,000 men. But instead of fighting France, he deliberately agreed, in a supplementary treaty signed at Paris with Napoleon, to expose himself to a war with England for the sake of Hanover; and then, as a climax of folly, reduced his army to a peace footing! Austria, in consequence of Prussia's action, was driven to sign with France the Peace of Pressburg (December 26, 1805), by which she was divested of 28,000 square miles of territory, 3,500,000 inhabitants, and 14,000,000 guldens of yearly revenue. On the east, on the south, and on the west her provinces were cut from her; and the man who was still head of the Holy Roman Empire was forced to acknowledge the kingship and full sovereignty of Napoleon's satraps, Würtemberg and Bavaria. These parvenu kings now set the crown on a long succession of misdeeds, by forming, with fourteen other princes, the Rhine confederation and repudiating the jurisdiction of the empire. At the Diet, eight envoys handed in the declaration that their masters saw fit, "commensurably with their dignity and the purity of their goals," to renounce allegiance to an organization that had practically ceased to exist, and to place themselves under the protection of the great monarch "whose views had always shown

The Rhine confederation and the end of the Holy Roman Empire.

themselves in accord with the true interests of Germany." As for Francis II., one of the least sympathetic scions of an unlovely race, he took occasion to write to Count Metternich, whom he sent to Paris to bargain with Napoleon, "The moment for resigning the imperial dignity, is that when the advantages which accrue from it for my monarchy shall be outweighed by the disadvantages that might arise from its further retention." Metternich is to place the price of imperial dignities very high in the market, and to show "no disinclination to the resignation of the said dignity, but rather a readiness — but only in return for great benefits to be acquired by my monarchy." "With such sentiments," writes the scourging pen of Treitschke, "did the last Roman-German emperor bid farewell to the purple of the Salians and the Hohenstaufens!" The formal abdication was drawn up on the 6th of August, 1806, and the chief ground assigned was the defection of the Rhine princes.

Napoleon's perfidy with regard to Hanover.

Swiftly and heavily Prussia's retribution for all the faults and errors of the past now fell upon her. Through Napoleon's intrigues, she failed in her effort to found a North German confederation and thus collect the last Germans under her banner; while, as was to be expected, her dealings with regard to Hanover involved her in a war with England. Hundreds of her merchant vessels were captured in British harbors and her commerce ruined. For Hanover she had suffered all this, for Hanover she had violated every precept of consistency and of political probity. And now, casually, at a dinner, her envoy learned from the British envoy, Lord Yarmouth, that Napoleon, who was treating for peace with England, had offered, as a basis of negotiation, the retrocession of this same Hanover! The English negotiations failed and Pitt's dying prophecy, "Roll up the map of Europe, it will not be needed these

ten years!" eventually proved true. But the perfidy of the man whom he considered his ally, and the final conviction that Napoleon really intended Prussia's ruin, induced Frederick William to listen to the war party at Berlin, to which his courageous wife and even Haugwitz belonged. He mobilized his forces, entered into an agreement with Russia by which the Czar was to furnish him with 70,000 men, and, finally, sent an ultimatum to the effect that the French must retire entirely from Germany and place no hindrance in the way of the projected North German confederation. In a proclamation to his people he declared that he was taking up arms to free unhappy Germany from the yoke under which she was languishing, for: "over and above all treaties nations have their rights!"

Enthusiasm for the war.

The war was sure to be popular, for the weight of Napoleon's tyranny was beginning to be widely felt; shortly before, he had again shocked all Germans by the execution of Palm, a bookseller of Nuremberg, whose only crime was having sold a patriotic pamphlet called *Germany in the Depths of her Humiliation* — the most revolutionary advice in which seems to have been, "lift up your voices and weep!" It has been said of this murder of Palm, that its effect on the people at large was like that of the Enghien tragedy on the crowned heads. In Berlin there had already been demonstrations; young officers had sharpened their swords on the window-sill of the French ambassador, and had joined in the theatre in the chorus in Schiller's *Wallenstein*, "Up, comrades, up! to horse, to horse!"

Unpreparedness of Prussia.

But a campaign on which the very existence of a nation depended should have been inaugurated with more care and caution. Frederick William III. has justly been blamed for not entering the war before; now he entered it too soon. Thousands of his soldiers had been granted leave of absence; whole regiments had been sent back to

their distant garrisons; while, on the other hand, large French forces had remained stationed in South Germany. And the condition of the army was deplorable, its general spirit unwarlike to the last degree. The chief commands were in the hands of self-satisfied old graybeards, who had done good service in the time of Frederick the Great, but had since grown weak and pampered on account of the comforts that their sinecures offered. It would be hard to imagine a more baneful arrangement than that which allowed officers to reap advantage from issuing leave of absence to their men; the sums economized from food and maintenance flowed in such streams into the pockets of the captains, that their income in time of peace was double what it was in time of active service. The forms of the past had survived, but not the spirit; even on the march, the most promising young officers were held down to clerical work when they should have been scouring the country for information. The importance attributed to minor matters, to the length of the pigtail, to the manner of giving out the parole, bordered on the ridiculous if not on the insane. Just before the battle of Jena, Frederick William met Captain Boyen, who all the morning had been engaged in desperate efforts to clear an obstructed road for the troops, and sent word to him — that his hair was out of order.

Folly and weakness of the king.

It is doubtful if too much blame for the catastrophe of his country can be thrown on the shoulders of this weak king. His lovable personality, his perfect uprightness, his martyr-like attitude in misfortune, the final triumph of his cause, endeared him to his subjects and have blunted the pen of censorious historians; yet, as head of a nation rigidly trained for nearly a century to look to its king for everything, he had proved a most lamentable failure. At each critical moment he wavered like a broken reed.

His own last ultimatum to Napoleon is a marvel of feeble self-exculpation, full of allusions to France's glory and to his own good services on her behalf. "I was the first to recognize you," he wrote. "I have been insensible to threats as well as to promises when it was a question of making me false to our good relations." Sentimental reminiscences at a moment like this when the stake was nothing less than national existence, and when most positive proofs had been furnished of the enemy's perfidy! Others saw what Frederick William could not even yet be brought to see, that nothing whatever was to be hoped for from this man, that the wheel of destruction was relentlessly advancing, that the sins committed ten and five years before were to be bitterly atoned. Ernst Moritz Arndt, the inspired prophet of liberty, draws a frightful picture, at this time, of the ruin to come, of the terrible destroyer hurling his legions from the ocean to the Rhine, of the soil stamped by the feet of hundreds of thousands, of the plunder, the starvation, the shame: "Unhappy princes, could you suffer more than you now suffer? Certainly you could not suffer more unworthily." And Jena was not yet fought, Tilsit not yet signed! An incredible blindness prevailed among the officers of the army as to the shortcomings of that institution. General Rüchel on the public occasion of a parade declared that Prussia had "several commanders equal to General Bonaparte"; Blücher, even, expressed his perfect satisfaction with the present condition of the military forces. After the campaign had already begun, a certain Captain Liebhaber was heard to say at mess: "As yet the enemy has taken no step that we had not previously prescribed to him. . . . Napoleon is as certainly ours as though we had him in this hat," whereupon many officers rose on tiptoe and looked into the hat.

Blindness of the Prussian officers.

Of all Frederick William's faults and imperfections none proved more fatal than his inability to recognize and make use of great men. He clung to his Beymes, his Lombards, and his Haugwitzs to the very last moment; his chief military adviser, General Köckeritz, once confided to General Boyen that he did not like to have two opposing parties approach him on a matter at the same time, "for they always know enough to put the case in such a form that I cannot tell which is right!" With the Duke of Brunswick, commander-in-chief of all the forces that were to fight against Napoleon, matters were still worse. Brunswick in his youth had been a brave leader, fearless of danger. Frederick the Great had once likened him, in verse, to the Turennes, the Weimars, the Condés. His reputation had extended beyond Germany, and, at the outbreak of the French Revolution, the Jacobins had wished him for their own commander. His achievements, indeed, on the German side had, as we have seen, been far from glorious. He was still brave in battle, but weak as his master when it came to making a decision. When the army started out in September, 1806, to meet the French in the Weimar-Jena-Erfurt region, Frederick William accompanied it. "What shall we call headquarters, royal or ducal?" wrote Scharnhorst, the only thoroughly trained soldier of them all. No single step was taken without hours of polite discussion—Frederick William and Brunswick both shunning responsibility and at last taking refuge in frequent councils of war. Had it not been for one of these latter, that lasted for eight priceless hours, Prussia might still have escaped the catastrophe of Jena. There was no concealment of the dilemmas of those highest in authority. Boyen tells of a door left open, so that a room full of young officers could hear Brunswick and the king declare their total ignorance as

The king and the Duke of Brunswick.

to the enemy's position. All trust, all confidence, in such leadership was gone. A deputation of officers appeared before Kalckreuth and urged him to save what was still to be saved and himself take command.

Jena and Auerstadt.

As at Ulm, the French came upon their enemy utterly unawares and found them in a long, straggling line. On one and the same day, Hohenlohe was defeated at Jena, and Brunswick himself, twelve miles north, at Auerstadt. Hohenlohe succumbed to superior numbers and to his own folly in camping on a plain without attempting to seize the adjoining heights, — up which, torch in hand, Napoleon himself had led his troops under cover of the night. At Auerstadt, Brunswick's forces actually outnumbered the French by several thousands; but early in the fight he himself was blinded and mortally wounded, and could no longer direct the battle. The other generals were ignorant of what plan of operations he had intended. Frederick William, though present, could neither make up his mind to take command himself, nor did he appoint another general-in-chief. The different divisions of the army waited in vain for their orders, and Kalckreuth's sorely needed reserves were not called up. Scharnhorst led a forlorn hope, and almost succeeded in saving the day. Forced at last to retreat, he drew out his right wing in some order; but as fate would have it, the two simultaneously defeated armies pursued the same line of retreat; and unexpectedly, in the darkness of the night, came upon each other. All discipline was at an end. Baggage, artillery, horses, and men, all were involved in one horrible moving snarl. The king himself, with Blücher at his side, rode for fourteen hours in momentary danger of capture.

The worst result of the battles of Jena and Auerstadt was the sudden revulsion that they brought about, from

the most arrogant over-confidence to the most extreme despair and discouragement. After one single day of battle, all power of resistance was at an end. To use the language of Napoleon's own twenty-second bulletin, the great beautiful army of the Prussians had vanished like an autumn mist before the rising of the sun. But most astonishing of all, was the manner in which one fortress after the other, hitherto deemed impregnable, fell like a house of cards. Two days after the battle of Jena, Erfurt, with eleven hundred men and great stores of provisions, capitulated; nine days later, Spandau followed suit; then Stettin, then Küstrin. Great hopes had been placed on Magdeburg, in which was stored a million pounds of gunpowder, and which sheltered twenty generals, eight hundred officers, and twenty-two thousand soldiers; yet this great fortress, though besieged by a force less in numbers than its own garrison, surrendered after the twelfth shot. The blame for such occurrences falls almost directly upon the king, in whose hands had lain the appointment of the chief officers. The commandants of Magdeburg and of Küstrin were both men who had previously been punished for cowardice before the enemy; while the commandant of Stettin had frankly told Frederick William that he was too old and too feeble for the position, and had only accepted it as a sort of sinecure.

The fall of the fortresses.

Meanwhile, Hohenlohe, with some twelve thousand men, surrendered at Prenzlau, in the Ukermark, to a much smaller force. He was deceived by the false assertion of Murat that he was opposing him with sixty-four thousand men. Blücher, York, and Scharnhorst, who had intended to join Hohenlohe, cut their way through to Lübeck, where, after desperate fighting, and after food and ammunition had come to an end, they were taken captive. Boyen had been seri-

The resistance of Colberg.

ously wounded. Only in Silesia, and in one little Baltic fortress, was there any thoroughly successful resistance west of the Vistula; when the commandant of Colberg, Lucadou, spoke of surrender, the brave old sailor, Nettelbeck, defied him to his face, and organized a band of citizen defenders. The country around was flooded, the walls strengthened, and supplies ordered by sea from England and Sweden. An eloquent letter from Nettelbeck induced the king to recall Lucadou, whose place was given to Gneisenau. These two heroic men, Gneisenau and Nettelbeck, played well into each other's hands, and each has done full justice to the merits of the other; each was tireless in his activity, wonderful in his courage and patriotism. To both in common it is due that Colberg held out — though, after superhuman efforts, on the very point of falling — until peace was at last declared.

Napoleon in Berlin.

Napoleon had so well appreciated the meaning of the victory at Jena that, only a few hours later, he imposed a contribution of one hundred fifty-nine million francs on all the Prussian provinces west of the Vistula; within a week he had incorporated those to the left of the Elbe in the French empire. He himself had begun a triumphal progress toward Berlin; while Frederick William and his court fled to the extreme northeastern part of Prussia. Baron Stein, who for a short time had been minister of finance, managed to secure the money boxes of the state and convey them to a place of safety — a wise precaution if a new army was to be raised. In Berlin, Napoleon gave full swing to the dictates of his thoroughly vengeful nature. On the walls of her own palace he wrote insults against Queen Louise, whom he considered largely responsible for Frederick William's declaration of war; from the grave of Frederick the Great he carried off the scarf and sword and presented them to the *Invalides* in Paris; he

caused the obelisk on the battlefield of Rossbach to be broken in pieces and thrown in the dust; the figure of victory with her prancing steeds was lowered from the top of the Brandenburg gate and relegated for the next eight years to a shed on the banks of the Seine. Down the broad avenue *Unter den Linden* was driven like a herd of cattle the famous *gens d'armes* regiment, whose officers had been the gilded youth of the town, had engaged in wild notorious escapades like that summer sleighride over salted roads, or that chase of Catholic priests after one disguised as Luther, had graced the salons of those intellectual Jewesses, Rahel and Henriette Herz. It was to be many a long day now before a Prussian officer might dare even to show himself upon the streets in his uniform. The frivolous, self-conceited Berliners had a hard lesson to learn; the better-minded among them had to struggle not merely with misfortune, but also with shame, treason, and disgrace. Frenchmen themselves turned away in disgust from the cringing fear with which they were met. "Let it lie," said one of them, to whom had been officiously pointed out a goodly supply of timber; "let it lie, that your king may have something on which to hang you rogues!" Low-minded men were found who were willing to edit the newspapers in the interests of the French, and to cover with insults the Prussian royal house; a considerable number of Frederick William's old officials worked quietly on under the new régime. Even distinguished scholars like Johannes Müller and the philosopher Hegel were willing to bend their knee to the hero of the age.

Napoleon's demands.

For a while, even after the battle of Jena, Frederick William III. had retained his optimistic view of Napoleon's character. On the day following that event, he had sent to the emperor and asked for a truce and for

conditions of peace; he was sure, he wrote, that a man so loyal, with such nobility of soul, would demand nothing against his, Frederick William's, honor and the security of his territories. Napoleon refused the truce, and his conditions for peace kept growing more severe with each new capture and surrender. After the fall of Stettin he demanded, not merely the cession of all Prussian lands west of the Elbe, but also an abandonment of the alliance with Russia, and an agreement in certain contingencies to go to war against her; after the disgraceful capitulation of Magdeburg, nothing would satisfy him but the withdrawal of the last remnants of the Prussian troops beyond the Vistula, and the abandonment of the forts that still stood firm in Silesia, as well as Thorn, Danzig, Graudenz, and Colberg. A treaty to this effect had already been drawn up, and a majority of the council called to debate upon the matter at Osterode had voted to ratify it, when the king, supported by Stein and Voss, found the courage of desperation and determined to fight to the death. Particularly horrible to him had been the thought of abandoning this faithful Russian ally, this Czar to whom he felt bound by the most intimate ties of personal friendship.

Servility of Saxony.

Napoleon had experienced in this campaign the value of the Rhenish princes as allies; their soldiers had fought as bravely as the French themselves, and are said to have acted with even greater brutality. Their confederation was now joined by Saxony, which was forever estranged from Prussia by the promise of Prussian land and the gift of a royal crown. The new king, Frederick Augustus, who, shortly before, had been treating with Frederick William III. for entry into the proposed North German confederation, now outdid even Bavaria and Würtemberg in cheerful submissiveness. While Prussia was in the last agonies, a great festival was held in Leipzig, where

the sun, the emblem that Napoleon had borrowed from Louis XIV., was the most prominent decoration. An inscription over the anatomical room in the university proclaimed that "The dead, too, cry long life!" "Saved is the fatherland" was the favorite refrain. In Poland, too, Napoleon fostered a revolt, causing weapons to be distributed among the insurgents and expressing his deep interest in their aims.

The battle of Eylau.

Prussia's one friend, drawn closer by these very Polish troubles, was the handsome, blue-eyed young Czar Alexander; his forces under Benningsen joined the last remaining Prussian corps, that of Lestocq, in which Scharnhorst was the leading spirit; and together they prepared for Napoleon the first check that he had ever experienced in his victorious career. The battle of Eylau was bloody in the extreme, — some forty thousand men are said to have fallen in all, — and, though not entirely defeated, the French were forced to retire into winter quarters. The emperor made overtures of peace which Frederick William in turn refused. The prospects seemed brighter, though still far from encouraging. The Czar treated the Prussian king with the utmost friendliness, and once exclaimed fervently, "Is it not true, neither of us two shall fall alone?" In a treaty signed at Bartenstein, April 26, 1807, the two powers bound themselves not to lay down their arms until Germany should have been freed and the French driven back beyond the Rhine.

Friedland.

But the battle of Friedland — entered into reluctantly by Benningsen after months of delay, during which Napoleon was reënforcing his army — proved a second Austerlitz; without even notifying his ally, the frightened Alexander accepted his defeat as final, and promised to sign a truce. From an enemy of Napoleon, he became his warm and

affectionate friend, revelling in the thought of sharing with him the rule of the Western world.

The three monarchs at Tilsit.

The final doom of Prussia was spoken at Tilsit, where interviews between Napoleon and his two royal antagonists were held in the most romantic of trysting places, — a pavilion erected on a raft in the river Niemen. The whole scene was well calculated to work on the impressionable spirit of the young Czar; he was lured, not torn, from his loyalty to Frederick William. Napoleon made it appear, and indeed it was true, that only as a favor, and out of regard for the emperor of all the Russias, were any of his territories at all to be returned to the Prussian king; the latter was not called in until after two days, when he was treated with contempt and covered with reproaches. Frederick William had spared himself no personal humiliation that could better the terms for his country; he had even induced the beautiful queen to pay her humble respects to the man whom she regarded as the incarnation of the devil. She was treated politely, and returned under the impression that her visit had done some good; but, as Napoleon himself later wrote, her entreaties slid off him like water from oiled cloth.

The Treaty of Tilsit.

In the formal document of the Peace of Tilsit the clause regarding the favor to the Czar was inserted — a wanton insult such as is rarely to be found in a great treaty. But, worse still, Alexander did not scruple to accept part of the spoils, the Polish-Prussian district of Bialystok. An English cartoon that is said to have been much enjoyed in Leipzig, and that well characterizes the situation, shows "Bony" and the Czar embracing so violently that the raft takes to rocking and throws Frederick William into the water.

The poor Prussian king lost all the districts west of the Elbe, and almost all that had been acquired from the last

two Polish partitions, not to speak of isolated provinces like Baireuth and East Friesland. In actual square miles, as well as in population, there was taken away from him more than half of his possessions. These went to form the kingdom of Westphalia for Jerome Bonaparte, and the duchy of Warsaw for the faithful king of Saxony. What was left was spread out in the form of three clover leaves, at the mercy of every enemy; while for Frederick Augustus there was reserved in addition a right of way, a *via regis*, straight across Silesia.

The lost provinces.

Forced to accept this complete maiming and mutilation of his fatherland, Frederick William, in a formal proclamation, released his lost subjects from their allegiance. "That which centuries and worthy forefathers," he wrote, "that which treaties, love, and confidence once bound together, must now be sundered. Fate commands, the father parts from his children; no fate, no power, can tear your memory from the hearts of me and mine." The peasants of the county of Mark wrote back in their coarse dialect: "Our hearts almost broke when we read your message of farewell; so truly as we are alive it is not your fault!"

CHAPTER VII

THE REGENERATION OF PRUSSIA AND THE WAR OF LIBERATION

LITERATURE: Same as for previous chapter.

The realization of the truth in Prussia.

THE unparalleled misfortunes which had fallen upon Prussia, paired as they were with shame, cowardice, and dishonor, had worked at least one salutary result: the eyes of the king and of those around him were opened, the era of complacency and self-satisfaction was at an end. Soon after the events at Tilsit, Queen Louise wrote to her father that what had happened had been inevitable, that the old order of things had outlived itself and crumbled of its own weight. "We have gone to sleep," she declared, "on the laurels of Frederick the Great, the lord of his age, the creator of a new era. With that era we have not progressed, therefore it has outdistanced us. From Napoleon we can learn much, and what he has accomplished will not be lost. It would be blasphemy to say, 'God be with him,' but evidently he is a tool in the hand of the Almighty with which to bury what is old and lifeless, closely as it may be welded with the things around us."

So firmly was reverence for monarchical rule still grafted on the Prussian people that reform without the king's assistance would have been impossible; of the greatest importance it was, therefore, that Frederick William took up the work bravely and conscientiously. He could not, indeed, entirely conquer his ingrained faults of character; his indecision, his bluntness of perception, were still to

drive the best of his advisers almost to despair; the state, before it could rise, was to sink to even lower depths. But, all the same, the king dimly saw the right path; and he held to it until his good fortune, finally, led him into the open.

Prussia still the natural leader.

The fate of all Germany hung on this regeneration of Prussia: low as that power had sunk, there was no other to assume the leadership. Austria, indeed, under the guidance of Stadion, was to make the attempt; and the year 1809 was in many ways to prove the most brilliant in her whole history. But she was to fail after staking her all, and her collapse was to be final. The kingdoms of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony, and the grand duchy of Baden, were utterly lacking in national patriotism; they continued to bask in the sunshine of Napoleon's favor until the storm-clouds rolled up and forced them to ignominiously run elsewhere for shelter.

Baron Stein.

One of Frederick William's most praiseworthy acts was to send for a man whom, just before Tilsit, he had loaded with reproaches and dismissed from office for having refused to compromise in any way with the old evils of cabinet government. Baron Stein — one of the last remaining free knights of the empire, with estates and a ruined castle on the Rhine — had been a trusted servant of Frederick the Great, and, in 1804, at the age of forty-seven, had become minister of trade and commerce. A stern, terrible, yet very just official, he had never learned to cringe to royalty, and felt himself fully the equal of any of the petty princes. Better than most men he knew the evils of divided rule; from the bridge over the Lahn, near his own home, he could look into the territories of eight different potentates. His own political views had become broad, liberal, and essentially national. "I have but one fatherland," he once wrote, "which is called Germany. . . . With my

whole heart I am devoted to it, and not to any of its parts."

Ruthlessly outspoken where he scented evil, Stein had doubtless gone too far in his denunciation of the king's favored councillors. Immediately after Jena, he had drawn up a memoir which was laid before the queen, and in which those in power were savagely and relentlessly criticised. Beyme was treated more leniently than the others, but was spoken of as totally lacking in the knowledge requisite for his position. Lombard was called a French poetaster, who idled away his time in play and debauchery with empty-headed people. Haugwitz's life was declared to have been an unbroken series of disorders and corruptions, that of a shameless liar and enfeebled *roué*. Soon afterward, Stein had joined with the king's own brothers in a new remonstrance, which accused the cabinet of playing into Napoleon's hands; but, when Frederick William had tried to compromise and to retain both Stein and Beyme, a misunderstanding had arisen which caused the king's wrath to completely boil over, and led him to write his opinion, as he expressed it, in plain German. He drew the pen, indeed, through certain passages of the letter relating to possible imprisonment; but he had used the words insolent, obstinate, refractory, and disobedient, and when Stein wrote back that a man with all those blemishes was not likely to be of much service to the state, he had received answer, "Baron Stein has passed judgment on himself."

The matter of the Prussian indemnity.

Now, at the king's call, acknowledged as the only man who could save the state, Stein came without hesitation — disdaining to make conditions like Wallenstein of old or even like Hardenberg to come. He had a most thankless task to perform, and he himself did not as yet know the worst. Never was a state to be so badgered and tortured

as Prussia during the next two years. The amount of the indemnity had not been fixed at Tilsit; Daru, Napoleon's representative in Berlin, had mentioned one hundred million francs, which Frederick William had declared it a physical impossibility to pay. A month later, Napoleon demanded, not merely the original hundred million, but also a sum equivalent to all the state revenues for the eight months preceding the peace. The negotiations on this matter, as well as on the manner of payment, went on until September 8, 1808, when a supplementary treaty was signed at Paris. The exhausted land in the meantime — the revenues of which for 1808 were 386,000 thalers, the necessary expenditures 2,200,000 — had been forced to submit to the presence of 160,000 Frenchmen, and had been torn by doubts whether it would not have to sacrifice Silesia, or cede to France the royal domains. Extortionate charges of every kind had been trumped up and sources of revenue sequestered; Napoleon had even seized a fund set aside for the support of widows and orphans — which act greatly incensed against him the women of the land. More than a billion francs in all flowed into the French treasury, and many a bitter experience was thrown into the scale. Prince William, the brother of the king, felt obliged to appear in Paris to haggle for better terms. He offered himself as hostage if only the troops might be removed: "Very noble, but impossible," was Napoleon's reply. A proffered alliance was scorned until full payment should have been made. To all complaints the emperor invariably answered, "The king has money enough, why does he need an army when no one is at war with him?"

The Treaty of Paris.

The Paris Treaty was even more galling than the forced agreement at Tilsit. The amount of the indemnity had again been increased; the fortresses of Glogau, Küstrin,

and Stettin were still to be held by French garrisons; rights of way were to be granted in all directions; for the next ten years the Prussian army was not to number more than forty-two thousand men, and, in case of a war with Austria, sixteen thousand men were to fight on the side of the French. Frederick William would never have ratified such engagements had there been the least hope of support from the Czar, who might well have protested against this aggravation of the Peace of Tilsit. But Alexander, although at this time he visited the royal pair in Königsberg, on his way to the brilliant congress at Erfurt, was fast in the toils of Napoleon, whose favor he needed in his designs on the Danubian principalities. He promised to do what he could for his luckless friends, but his only sincere advice was submission. In Erfurt, Napoleon received the Czar with the utmost magnificence; though he did not grant his desires, and more than once offended him by a total want of tact — as when, for instance, he invited Prince William of Prussia to join in a hare-hunt on the battlefield of Jena, or again, when he decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor soldiers who had especially distinguished themselves against the Russians. Doubtless Napoleon's real motive at Erfurt was to show himself in all his magnificence as the equal of the Czar; and for that reason he summoned his German satellites, without, however, granting them a voice in the serious deliberations. The actor Talma could boast that he had played to a parterre of kings, though very new and very timid and very badly treated kings: "*Taisez-vous ce n'est qu'un roi*," said the master of ceremonies to the chief trumpeter, when the latter was about to strike up in honor of one of them. The princes of the realm of literature fared better. "You are a man," Napoleon said to Goethe, with whom he talked about the sorrows of

Napoleon at Erfurt.

Werther, and whom he requested to write a tragedy on the theme of how happy Cæsar would have made his people if they had only given him time. Wieland, too, was urged to implant in the public mind a more favorable opinion of the Roman emperors. As for the Czar Alexander, all that he accomplished for the Prussian king was to gain a rebate of twenty million thalers from the total of the indemnity, half of which Napoleon made up by charging four per cent interest on what remained.

Stein and his fellow-reformers.

Meanwhile the great reforms in Prussia were well under way; they were to fall into four great categories: social reforms, administrative reforms, reforms in the army, and reforms in public sentiment. What the French Revolution had done by force and by shedding rivers of blood, was now to be accomplished by the magic of strong men's names and the issuing of a few edicts. Feudal tyranny was to be done away with, the spirit of caste exorcised, local self-government introduced, the army to be cleansed and rejuvenated; a wave of patriotism, finally, was to be aroused, that would sweep away all the sins and errors of the past.

Immediately on receiving his summons, Baron Stein had hastened to Memel, where, to quote his own words, he had found the king "deeply depressed, believing himself pursued by an inexorable fate, and thinking of abdication." The queen was "gentle and melancholy, full of anxiety but also of hope." Stein soon discovered that his own position was as nearly that of a dictator as was possible under a monarchical form of government. Yet he did not stand alone, for ready to help him was a devoted band of earnest, talented, and progressive men, who had come to the front in this time of dire need. Strangely enough, almost all of them, like himself, had been born and brought up outside of Prussian territory: Scharnhorst and Har-

denberg were Hanoverians, Blücher a Mecklenburger, Arndt from the island of Rügen, Gneisenau and Fichte from Saxony, the gentle, scholarly Niebuhr a Dane. The latter, together with Schön, Stägemann, and Altenstein, was a member of what is known as the Immediate Commission, in which, with Hardenberg's aid, there had already been worked out a scheme for an entire change in social relationships and in the manner of landholding in East Prussia. Within a week after his arrival, Stein applied this to all Prussian territory, and published his famous emancipating edict.

The emancipation of the Prussian serfs.

Difficult as it is to realize, up to this moment two-thirds of the population of Prussia had consisted of unfree persons, — not slaves in the full sense because protected by law from many acts of oppression, yet unable to leave their homes of their own free will, and bound to personal, often menial, services. The evils of the system had long been apparent, but Frederick the Great, as well as his successors, for fear of disorganizing the army, had shrunk from violent interference. Now, by the edict of October 9, 1807, which was recognized at the time as comparing in importance with Magna Charta and the Habeas Corpus Act, all this was changed: "From Martinmas, 1810, ceases all villainage in our entire states. From Martinmas, 1810, there shall be only free persons, as this is already the case upon the domains in all our provinces; free persons, however, still subject, as a matter of course, to all the obligations which bind them as free persons by virtue of the possession of an estate or by virtue of a special contract."

Other paragraphs of the edict, those relating to freedom of exchange in land, and to free choice of occupation, are almost equally important, and aided equally in transforming a ground-down nation into one of joyous patriots.

Every pressure had hitherto been brought to bear that could keep a man in the station of life to which he had been born. It was against the law for a noble to become a citizen, or to hold citizen or peasant lands; equally against the law for a peasant or citizen to purchase or assume mortgages on the estates of nobles. As a consequence, bankrupt nobles had almost no market for their lands, and could raise no capital with which to cultivate them. Forbidden to engage in trade, their only alternative, their only hope, was in the capricious bounty of their sovereign.

Removal of class and property distinctions.

It betokened indeed a great social revolution when now, in the king's name, Stein declared, "Every inhabitant of our states is competent, without any limitation on the part of the state, to possess, either as property or pledge, landed estates of every kind"; and again, "Every noble is henceforth permitted, without any derogation from his position, to exercise citizen occupations; and every citizen or peasant is allowed to pass from the peasant into the citizen class, or from the citizen into the peasant class." An ordinance concerning the cities, a few months later, bestowed practical self-government, with merely a right of oversight reserved for the crown.

Such radical changes as these presupposed and rendered absolutely necessary corresponding changes in the whole military system; and here Scharnhorst, as head of a reorganization committee, played, and with equal success, the part of Stein. The same object was kept constantly in view: the army was to consist no longer of slaves kept in order by fear, but of devoted, enthusiastic patriots; it was to be the "uniting point of all the moral and physical powers of all the citizens of the state." First, a signal example was to be made of all who had been to blame for the recent disasters, then a thorough inquiry

The character of Scharnhorst.

instituted into the causes of weakness and inefficiency, — and the proper remedies applied.

Both Stein and Scharnhorst were fortunate in having a definite end for their reforms in view. The land was to be liberated as soon as possible from under the heel of the oppressor. In everything else indeed, save in their devotion to a common cause, the men were as different as possible: Stein, of commanding presence and aristocratic ways, sudden, impulsive, fearless of consequences; Scharnhorst, unmilitary, almost slovenly in appearance, with no objection to munching his evening meal in the streets or parks of Hanover, yet, by virtue of necessity an ideal conspirator, with as many folds in his conscience, Treitschke has said, as wrinkles on his simple face. He became, eventually, a master in the art of throwing people off the scent, and reminded his contemporaries of that William of Orange who earned the name of the Silent by dissimulating his knowledge of the devilish plots of the Spanish king. So simple was his manner that even the king was at ease with him, a distinction of which no other really great man could ever boast.

Gneisenau. Associated with Scharnhorst in the work of reforming the army were Gneisenau, Boyen, Grolman, and Clausewitz, — the first-named of whom had offered the only heroic and successful resistance of the campaign. His defence of Colberg had been of far more than momentary importance; he had kept open to the last the only means of communication by sea with England and with Sweden; he was the first to make systematic use of the weapon that was to overthrow Napoleon — a citizen army with courage to fight to the death. His methods in Colberg had been counter to all military precedent; he, the head of a besieged garrison, had been the constant aggressor, not confining himself to protecting his own walls, but throwing up

in the open field earthworks that took the enemy many weeks to storm. These doings had been watched with breathless interest throughout Prussia; and Gneisenau was already the hero of the hour when he was called to act on the new committee. Boyen, too, was a man of great ability, and was later to become famous as the founder of the modern Prussian army organization.

Punishment of the cowardly commanders.

These men went about their task with an inspired zeal that was to recoil before no personal considerations whatever. An investigation was begun into all the surrenders that had taken place, either in the field or behind the walls of fortresses. In order to find a severe enough punishment recourse was had to the statute of the Great Elector: "When a fortress is given up to the enemy without extreme necessity, its governors and commandants shall be punished with death;" and seven officers were condemned to the severest penalty of the law. The king pardoned them, indeed, doubtless realizing how much of the unreadiness of the fortresses was his own work, and how often he had implied to the old generals that their positions would be sinecures. In general, for the future, the burden of proof was to rest with the officers; they might receive no position, enjoy no pension, without bringing testimony as to past good conduct. Age and incapacity were not spared. Here the gentle Scharnhorst was stern and implacable: of the 143 generals belonging to the army in 1806, but two served seven years later in the war of liberation.

Curtailment of luxuries.

The old life of ease for the officer had become a thing of the past. He might no longer take with him from one to five pack-horses to carry his tent, his bed, his table, his chair, and a hundred other luxuries; of the thirty-two thousand extra horses five-sixths were now discarded and the number of servants reduced by one-half. Nor were the nobles, for the future, to have the exclusive right to

all the commands; in time of peace technical knowledge, in time of war bravery, activity, and circumspection were to be the criterions of advancement. As a matter of fact the nobles continued and still continue to hold the chief positions, but their training has become rigid and thorough.

The treatment of the common soldier.

Above all, there was need that the calling of a soldier should be made respected and desirable; that the old system of recruiting, which had gathered in thieves and cut-throats by the hundreds, should be abandoned; that respectable parents should be proud to have their sons in the ranks. Infamous indeed, and suitable only for an army of convicts, had been the old manner of cursing and whipping the troops into shape. It had been in the power of each insolent young ensign of sixteen to flog old soldiers half to death for the slightest involuntary breach of discipline; the common punishment for more serious offences had been the horrible running the gauntlet, which brutalized alike those who received, those who inflicted, and those who witnessed it. With his hands bound so that he could do no harm, with his feet ironed so that he should proceed but slowly, with a ball of lead in his mouth that he might not bite off his tongue for agony, the culprit was driven again and again down the line of two hundred men, who beat him with rods of birch or hazel that had been steeped in salt! When too weak to proceed he was bound to a stake and the whipping continued, and not rarely, but frequently, the punishment proved fatal. The chief innovation of the committee of reorganization was to form what we may call a moral awkward squad for the incorrigibles, who might still on occasion be flogged. The rest were to be treated as self-respecting men, and minor breaches of discipline were to be punished with detention in barracks under word of honor.

This new army was to be essentially for use and not for

display. The tricks of the parade ground were now abandoned, and serious work and target shooting took their place. Wigs and pigtails were discarded, the uniforms made more comfortable, the amount of baggage decreased. Every regiment that had been concerned in a surrender had been permanently disbanded, so that no old prejudices or traditions stood in the way. The Treaty of Paris, of September, 1808, had required that the numbers of the army should never exceed forty-two thousand; — a poor showing if we think of the six hundred and fifty thousand men that Napoleon was able to lead against Russia. But the fertile brain of Scharnhorst had evolved a plan by which the letter of the law might be kept, but the spirit evaded. By his famous crimper system, so called from the spare horse that was kept in reserve, recruits were given leave of absence after a month of rigid drilling in the most essential points. While the army at any given time might not exceed in numbers the allotted figure, there were thus trained in all some one hundred and fifty thousand men; when the troops marched out to parade, a number of them invariably remained behind in the barracks, so that there might be the less ground for suspicion and inquiry.

The "crimper" system.

In other fields besides the administration and the army, men were busily working for the regeneration of Prussia. The so-called *Tugendbund* was a widespread secret society with the object of inculcating patriotism. Some of the great men of the time belonged to it; others made use of it without joining; others, still, held entirely aloof. Stein condemned it as a sort of modern *Vehmgericht*. There was, all in all, a considerable amount of conspiracy in progress — secret buying and transporting of weapons, meetings of patriots in the woods at night, travelling under false names and in disguise, writing of letters with

The rousing of public sentiment.

sympathetic ink. The idea of murdering Napoleon was in many minds; the poet Kleist carried it around in his disordered brain. The Countess Voss, court mistress of ceremonies, was reported to have formed a definite plot; and actual attempts at assassination were made. Poets, preachers, and philosophers kept urging the inner revolution that alone could save the state. Old Father Jahn invented modern gymnastics; apparatus was put up in parks and public places; moral and political teaching accompanied the exercises, and a most wholesome change was immediately apparent in the youth of the land. Ernst Moritz Arndt, the most stirring poet of the time, threw all his talents into furthering the cause; while John Gottlieb Fichte held discourses in the Academy, in the same building as the French garrison, and dwelt upon the oppression of the foreign yoke and the shame of the present situation. So lofty were his ideas, indeed, and clothed in such philosophical language, that the French censor saw in them no harm, and allowed the lectures to be published. The stupid man never dreamt what a bugle call they were to prove to national revolution, nor to what depths they were to stir the German nation. It was a campaign of education that Fichte advocated; and he looked for results at the end of twenty-five years. "No man, and no God, and no possible event can help us," he declared; "we must help our own selves if we are to be helped at all." And in similar strains Schleiermacher talked to the crowded congregations in his little church in Berlin.

The effect of the Spanish uprising.

Both Stein and Scharnhorst were eager to start an uprising of the whole people at the first favorable opportunity; that opportunity seemed to them to have arrived when, in 1808, the Spaniards began to show what a purely national, as opposed to a royal, army could accomplish.

The effect of this Spanish rebellion was incalculable; here was a people weaker, more demoralized, than the Prussians themselves, holding their own against the world-conqueror and requiring his presence with three hundred thousand men. It is no exaggeration when Seeley calls this, "the greatest European event which had happened since the French Revolution, the beginning of a new and grand chapter in European history." On England, which was already helping Spain, Prussia could have relied for aid; also on Austria, which was on the verge of her own desperate revolt, and which could now boast of a general second only to Napoleon himself. But Frederick William would call no *levée en masse* so long as Russia would not help him; and Alexander, though beginning to detest Napoleon, still hoped to make use of him against Turkey, having already, by his countenance, acquired Finland. The question has often been raised whether the Prussian king was right or wrong in his firm, not to say obstinate, attitude. As events turned out, he gained more by waiting; but only because a miracle happened. What human intelligence could have foreseen the ruin of Napoleon's army in the Russian campaign? What statesman in his senses should have counted upon it? Stein was perfectly right when he argued that Prussia had little to lose and everything to gain by acting at once.

Stein's intercepted letter.

But Stein's own days in office were now numbered. By an incomprehensible lack of caution on the part of a conspirator who stood so high, and on whom so much depended, in September, 1808, a most compromising letter had been intercepted and forwarded to Napoleon, who published it in the Paris *Moniteur*. The missive, not even written in cipher, was addressed to Count Wittgenstein at the court of the elector of Hesse; Wittgenstein himself was none too reliable, and Stein's messenger, Koppe, seems not to

have used even ordinary care. Yet the prime minister of Prussia spoke openly of fanning the spark of revolt, of spreading the news of the Spanish successes, of forming connections in Hesse and Westphalia.

Timid counsels.

Napoleon had referred directly to this letter when increasing the severity of his terms in the Treaty of Paris : could Frederick William have taken a firm attitude, acknowledged the discontent that was rife among his subjects, and made the most of it, all the advantage would have been on his own side. Napoleon was in no condition to cope with two popular insurrections at the same time ; he was even now withdrawing his troops from Prussia. But the king, as usual, pursued a half-hearted policy, neither boldly resisting nor frankly conciliating the French emperor. Stein's position became untenable, not so much because of the threats from France, as of the bitter opposition of the anti-reform party at Berlin, a party to which not only the contemptible Kalckreuths and Köckeritzs belonged, but even a man like General York, who was in the end to prove himself capable of a grand and patriotic act. York's present attitude was supremely pessimistic. "The French have Argus eyes," he wrote. "For a Sicilian Vesper or for war in the Vendée fashion the German is not at all suited. Besides, in our flat land how could anything of the kind be possible? In our present circumstances, the wisest and safest course is quietly to watch the progress of political relations, and it is real folly to provoke the enemy at our own risk." Such language was in keeping with Commandant Schulenburg's famous remark when the French entered Berlin: "To be quiet is the citizen's first duty!"

Stein goes into exile.

When, by ratifying the Treaty of Paris, the king sided with this more timid party, Stein's retirement was inevitable. Men of good judgment believe that he would have been forced to go even if the famous letter had not been

intercepted. It was three months after that event before Napoleon proscribed him and confiscated his property; but the estrangement with the king had been increasing from day to day. The poor queen, too, was bitterly disappointed at Stein's opposition — partly on political, partly on financial grounds — to a projected journey to St. Petersburg, whither the royal pair had been invited by the Czar. In short, by the end of November, Frederick William had decided to part with his minister, — first declaring himself, indeed, in full sympathy with his scheme of administrative reform. On the day of his dismissal, November 24, Stein drew up a programme for still further changes, many of which did not go into operation until years had rolled by — among them the recommendation of a universal national representation. A few weeks later, he was fleeing through the winter night, with a price set on his head, for the Austrian frontier — still to work for his adopted country and to witness its redemption after four more years of enslavement. But the interval was very bitter; during his three years' stay in Austria he was allowed to play no part in public affairs, and he thought seriously of emigrating to America — Kentucky and Tennessee attracted him most; there, he considered, were to be found the finest climate and the finest soil, as well as glorious rivers like his own Rhine. There he would find rest and pleasant intercourse. Stein's successor in office was Altenstein, a man of feeble powers and not likely to oppose the king. The journey of the royal pair to St. Petersburg took place; the Czar's hospitality was lavish, his personal attentions sincere and well meant, and, moving about in his splendid drawing-rooms, the poor crushed Louise felt herself once more a beauty and a queen. It was the last gleam of sunlight that was to fall into her life; she died in the

following year of a broken heart, if ever such a thing is possible.

Napoleon invades Austria.

Without Prussia's aid, Austria entered upon her momentous struggle, — driven to it, not so much by any one act of Napoleon against herself, as by indignation at the French emperor's doings in Spain, and by fears for the future. She was better equipped than four years previously, having found in Stadion and Archduke Charles her Stein and Scharnhorst, and having already organized a *Landwehr*, or professionally trained reserve. For once, too, the emperor assumed a really patriotic tone, — pointing out, in his war manifesto, the difference between the Spaniards dying for their country and the Germans acting as vassals to the French oppressor.

Had the Danube become a river Lethe, Napoleon asked, that the people of Vienna should so soon have forgotten their former disasters? He now sent one large army from the direction of France, while another, under Davoust, descended from Prussia. He himself waited at Paris until the sun-telegraph brought him word that the Austrians had crossed the Inn; and then, travelling night and day, made his way to Bavaria. In a week of skirmishing, he inflicted such injury on the army of Archduke Charles that the latter abandoned the offensive, beat a retreat toward Vienna by the roundabout way of Bohemia, and counselled the Austrian emperor to begin negotiations for peace. These operations at Abensberg, Landshut, Eggmühl, and Ratisbon are among Napoleon's supreme achievements. On arriving at Donauwörth he had found the position of his own troops very unfavorable, the enemy well concentrated; in a few days he had not only changed all that, but was able, unmolested, to march on Vienna. There is no doubt but that the troops of the Rhine Confederation had been of the greatest assistance

to him in gaining this series of victories; it was their doing that he won this campaign, the last in which he was ever to enjoy continuous success.

Dörnberg and Schill.

It may be said, on the whole, that the Austrian *people* fought with the utmost bravery and that the entire fault lay with their leaders. The Archduke Charles, especially, disappointed all hopes. He had had a chance to cut off Davoust's army, but had failed to make use of it; he had taken six days to perform a march which the French afterward accomplished in two; he had given Napoleon all the time he needed to reconcentrate his forces. One of the worst results of his defeats, worse even than his loss of fifty or sixty thousand men, was the discouragement that spread through Europe. There were parts of Prussia where, with or without the king's sanction, a little success would have provoked a general uprising of the people. As it was, there took place in these days two notable attempts, foredoomed, however, to utter failure: that of Dörnberg, who tried to raise an insurrection in Westphalia; and that of Major Schill, one of the heroes of Colberg, who induced some five hundred peasants to follow him, and set forth from Berlin to "win back for his beloved king his last village." He had meant to join with Dörnberg, but arrived too late, and expiated his act of madness by a brave death in the streets of Stralsund. His head was severed from his body and was made to grace an anatomical museum; his officers were shot, his men sent to the galleys to labor in chains, in common with French robbers and murderers.

The uprising of the Tyrolese.

In the valleys of the Tyrol, meanwhile, there had actually taken place just such a popular uprising as Stein and Scharnhorst had desired for Prussia. This strong and sturdy, but narrow and superstitious, people had been forced, by the Treaty of Pressburg of 1805, to transfer

their allegiance from Austria to Bavaria; their revolt now had nothing of a German national character, but was directed against these new masters, and especially against a number of innovations that in themselves were not at all unsalutary. Such were the conscription, the restriction of the number of church holidays and the secularization of church property. It was the clergy whose liberties were most attacked, and it was the clergy who poured the flame of sedition into the hearts of these, their blind followers.

From the first, Austria had fostered and stirred up this revolt; Archduke John, — particularly beloved by the Tyrolese, — kept closely in touch with the patriot leaders; Austrian troops moved to join them, and Andreas Hofer, the brave innkeeper of Innsbruck, was honored with a golden chain from the emperor. The fighting was carried on with unexampled bitterness. Hofer, Peter Mayr, Speckbacher, and Haspinger showed themselves heroic leaders; and the town of Innsbruck was three times captured and three times lost. In this part of the world men were doing their duty, no matter what might be happening on the larger field of war.

The battle of Aspern.

Meanwhile, at Aspern, on the northern bank of the Danube, four miles below Vienna, Napoleon suffered a defeat such as had never yet been inflicted upon him. With a loss of fifteen thousand men he was forced to retreat to the little island of Lobau, where his troops passed two days in abject misery, with no food and only the polluted waters of the river for drink. Such was the real course of events; officially it was different. "The enemy withdrew within its lines," ran Napoleon's bulletin, "and we remained masters of the battlefield."

It was a golden opportunity to trap the whole French force; but the Austrians, too, had suffered heavily and

did not return to the attack with sufficient energy; indeed, Archduke Charles hoped now that diplomacy would take the place of further battle. The victory of Aspern undoubtedly made a deep impression on Europe, as did also the bravery of the exiled Duke of Brunswick, who of his own accord raised a little band, fought at the side of the Austrians, and eventually cut his way to the sea, and took ship with his men for Helgoland. It is thought that even Frederick William would have allowed himself to be carried away by the current of enthusiasm if only Austria had been willing to grant his reasonable terms, — to promise to make no separate peace, and to engage to help Prussia to secure her former boundaries. But with the blindness of the Hapsburg court there was no reckoning.

The collapse of Austria.

The battle of Wagram, — which proved a defeat, though not an overwhelming one, for Austria, — was like Austerlitz before the Treaty of Pressburg or Friedland before Tilsit. The emperor was tired of the war, the more so as an intended English expedition to the Baltic coast proved a miserable failure. The armistice of Znaim was followed by the Treaty of Vienna which brought Austria, comparatively speaking, almost as low as Prussia; she lost territory containing nearly four million souls and was thrust far back from the Adriatic. In some ways, her position was even worse than that of her rival, for, as has been well said, she had played her last card and failed. She had had her Stein and Scharnhorst, had tried regeneration, reorganized her army, and passed liberal measures. Now, all was changed; she had fallen forever from her high pedestal, and there followed the most complete reaction. Stadion resigned, and Metternich, the incarnation of conservatism, took his place. One of his first acts was to bring about the union of Napoleon with Marie Louise, the

daughter of the Emperor Francis. The emperor's admirers compared him to the Deity who had given His only begotten Son for the good of His people; but there was in reality little that was divine about this cold-blooded Hapsburg. It was once said of him that he had perfectly political bowels. If there was one man who had deserved well of him it was Andreas Hofer, the brave leader of the Tyrolese; yet Francis abandoned him to his fate. Between the time of the betrothal and the wedding-day Andreas was court-martialled and shot. As for Marie Louise herself, she needs little sympathy; there was nothing in the conduct of this frivolous woman to remind one of a sacrificial victim.

Napoleon's breach with Russia.

One great result of the new policy of Napoleon toward Austria, was to drive into the camp of his enemies the power that was destined at last to bring him to his knees. Napoleon had negotiated for the hand of a Russian princess, and, when Alexander temporized on account of the youth of the lady in question, had abruptly let the matter drop. Indeed the French emperor's only intention seems to have been to frighten Austria into the more desired match. But, apart from this blow to the Czar's *amour propre*, there were causes enough to foment discussion. Alexander was not sufficiently pliant in the matter of the continental blockade by which Napoleon was endeavoring to destroy the commerce of England; he would not agree to seize neutral ships that came near his coasts, and thus defeated the whole of Napoleon's gigantic scheme. Negotiations on the subject only led to more friction. Then, too, the French were encroaching more and more along the Baltic, and had driven out the Duke of Oldenburg, who was a relative of the Czar. But what touched the latter most nearly, was the fact that Napoleon, by his treaty with Austria, was bestowing more territory on the duchy of Warsaw, with the intent of mak-

ing it fully subservient to himself. The French emperor refused to ratify an agreement drawn up by his own envoy, Caulaincourt, to the effect that the dead Polish kingdom was never to be resuscitated, and that even the word Poland was to be carefully avoided in public documents. The idea of a Russian invasion had now taken shape in Napoleon's mind, and to Alexander's accusation, that he was plotting to restore Poland, he simply answered, "I do not intrigue, I carry on war with four hundred thousand men." By 1811, the Czar had expressed his fear to the French envoy that the world would not be large enough for himself and the emperor; and in that same year Napoleon declared the alliance at an end, writing with unusual frankness, "Your Majesty has no more friendship for me." His last step, his usual method in prefacing a war, was to publicly insult the Russian ambassador.

Napoleon intimidates the Germans.

There was no question but that, in the pending struggle, all the newly made kings, indeed all the members of the Rhine Confederation, would remain on Napoleon's side. The latter wrote, in April, 1811, to Frederick of Würtemberg: "If the allied princes shall inspire me with even the slightest doubt of their inclination for a joint defence, I freely declare that they are lost. For I prefer enemies to uncertain friends." Austria, too, so recently allied by marriage with the great emperor, and at odds with the Czar on various grounds, agreed to furnish the grand army with thirty thousand men. As for Prussia, wedged in between the hostile powers, her position was fairly pitiable. At best her land was to be trampled over by immense armies, and requisitions to be imposed upon an almost starving people. Her sympathies, naturally, were all with the Czar, but her momentary interests drove her to the side of the French. And Napoleon, although he adopted a friendly tone, would stand no trifling; when

the Prussians, not yet certain of the future, commenced to mobilize their forces, and to double the permitted numbers, he sternly bade them halt and keep within bounds.

Hardenberg's administration.

After the fall of the feeble Altenstein, there came to the head of affairs the second of the two men whose names are chiefly connected with great legislative reforms. Hardenberg differed from Stein in almost every particular, and his character as a whole is less admirable. In curious contrast to his devotion to the state, and his willingness to accept responsibility, was a youthful frivolity that caused him to chase forbidden pleasures and adventures, even in old age. His knowledge of the world stood him in good stead; he was more affable, more diplomatic, than Stein, and he won, occasionally, where the latter would assuredly have failed. The great problem of his administration was to stave off the bankruptcy that so constantly threatened the state; and, though many of his separate measures failed through inherent weakness, in the main he fulfilled his task. In the spring of 1812, there were, indeed, some thirty-seven million thalers still due to France, but no province had been forfeited, nor had the royal domains fallen into French hands.

While taxing them very heavily, Hardenberg had, in other respects, done what he could to improve the condition of the people. At the cost of the nobles, the liberated serfs were fitted out with small farms of their own. The Jews, for the first time in centuries, were given equal legal rights with Christians. They were no longer to be known as the Jew Isaac or the Jew Abraham, but were ordered to provide themselves with second names. Those that they chose reflect the romantic spirit of the early nineteenth century; the mountain, the valley, the rose, the lily, the lion, the wolf, the golden stars, were all called into requisition in countless combinations.

Prussia forced into an alliance with France.

But all the struggles with adversity, all the reforms since Jena, seemed now to have been made in vain. Though Napoleon might spare Prussia in his hurry to strike Russia, there was every chance that, on his victorious return, he would obliterate her territory from the map of Europe. Many considered it the duty of the nation to fight to the death and fall with honor. Even Frederick William turned longingly to Russia and prayed for a close alliance. The Czar, however, announced his intention of fighting as Wellington was fighting in Spain, and avoiding close contact. Space, illimitable space, was the chief weapon at his command, and he meant to use it to the utmost. He agreed that Prussia would necessarily be submerged for a time, but declared his hope that, in the end, all would turn out for the best.

Thus, driven by force of circumstances, Frederick William began to negotiate with France. He hoped, since he had been so near joining Napoleon's enemies, that he would be able to obtain favorable conditions; he even found courage to utter a few threats. But the emperor, in his blunt, characteristic manner, made no concessions at all; but laid down a hard and fast ultimatum, and gave but twenty-four hours for its acceptance or rejection. The Prussians were to owe military service to Napoleon everywhere save in Turkey, Spain, and Italy; twenty thousand of them were at once to join with him in fighting their former best friend; twenty thousand more were to garrison Prussian fortresses in the interests of France; requisitions of forage, bread, etc., were to be made at once, but payment was to be a matter of future agreement, — such were the galling terms by which this thoroughly isolated government was forced to bind itself over. The work of the patriots was undone, and nearly all of them, with sorrowing hearts, asked for and received their dismissal. Gneisenau, Scharn-

horst, and Boyen all resigned, but still labored in secret for the cause; some twenty-one officers entered the Russian service.

Stein in St. Petersburg.

Stein himself, at this time, received a summons to St. Petersburg. Alexander's first act was to apologize for the shameful Treaty of Tilsit; already, in his summons, he had invited the great political reformer to aid him in the struggle against the enslavement of Europe. Stein's definite task was to win over Germans for the Russian alliance. Aided by Ernst Moritz Arndt he inaugurated a regular campaign of enlightenment; a German commission and a German legion were established in Russia; bands of men were detailed off to intercept Napoleon's couriers; journals were established and pamphlets struck off from secret presses.

Once more, as at Erfurt, the French emperor held brilliant court on German soil, and the Austrian emperor and the Prussian king came to Dresden to do him honor. The customary salute of cannon was omitted in Frederick William's case, and Hardenberg tells in his diary how Napoleon's first words were a gruff "You are a widower?" Francis was invited every day, Frederick William, as a person of less distinction, only every other day, to the imperial table.

Napoleon's Russian campaign.

Meanwhile the grand army, the largest that had ever been mustered since the days of Xerxes — it is computed to have numbered six hundred and fifty thousand men — came rolling on, and a large part of it soon crossed the Russian frontier. The colossal failure of this campaign was due to two causes: first, to a slackness of discipline arising from the youthfulness of the recruits, and to their having been allowed to plunder on the way; and second, to the difficulty of procuring supplies in these new and strange surroundings. A sufficiency of stores had been gathered together,

but the arrangements for carrying them were inadequate; through the death of horses and the breaking down of wagons immense quantities were lost, and hunger and thirst began their fatal work. Long before the winter set in, thousands were dying every day. Then came the usual dash for the enemy's capital, the bloody battle of Borodino, the entry into silent Moscow. Napoleon carried off the great cross on the Kremlin because he thought it was gold; just so the brilliancy of this easy victory was to turn to dross. Flames broke out, and, when engines were sought with which to quench them, none could be found. So far as is known, it was the Russian commandant himself who set fire to the houses in Moscow, liberating prisoners for the special purpose. On the dreadful retreat, the ghastliest in all recorded history, there is no need to dwell; but seven thousand of the original advance army ever returned to the frontier, to be joined by twelve or fifteen thousand more who had been stationed nearer home. Napoleon had the courage to instruct General York, in command of a Prussian force near Riga, to protect the retreat of the French; and to write to Frederick William from Riga to increase his stipulated contingent. He himself hastened to Paris to raise fresh troops. Inexhaustible were the resources of this man, who could almost immediately replace an annihilated army of half a million men; it is true the majority of the new soldiers were half-fledged boys whose natural term of service would not have begun until two years later.

The return of the remnants of Napoleon's army.

While hurrying homeward from Moscow, Napoleon had given out that the grand army was returning at his heels in vast numbers; but the whole extent of the terrible catastrophe became apparent to the Germans when the fugitives began to pass through their cities without the least vestige

of organization. It was hard to believe that these were the allies that had marched out with drum and trumpet but a few months before, haughty and insolent in all their ways; it seemed rather a procession of penitents, silent, in sackcloth and ashes. They were hollow-eyed with suffering, disfigured with frostbites, and they wore, for the most part, only such garments as the peasants, and even the women, could furnish them. Around their shoulders hung pieces of carpet, old shawls, even skins of cats and dogs; on their feet were every kind of substitute for shoes. The vastly greater number of those who had fallen in battle or by the wayside seemed more to be envied than such survivors; yet these poor remnants of humanity were soon to be driven into new wars, being almost the only veterans capable of drilling and commanding the young recruits. Frederick William had been advised not to harbor them in Prussia, but to such severity he could not bring himself; the French were nursed in Prussian houses, and suffered nothing worse than that an occasional schoolboy tried to frighten them with shouts of "The Cossacks are coming!" Besides they were Prussia's allies, and Frederick William could not make up his mind to renounce them; if he hated Napoleon, he also distrusted the Russians and Austrians. It is also to be feared that he distrusted himself and his own people.

The treason of General York.

There was one man whose dilemma was even worse than that of the king, because immediate action was needed. General York, in command of the only Prussian army in the field, — not yet knowing the extent of the disaster, but ordered by Napoleon to protect his fleeing forces, — was at the same time approached by the Russians, who had never really looked upon him as their enemy. The Czar himself sent a promise not to desert Prussia till her old

boundaries should have been fully restored. York, a rough character who said that he never could feel at home with the "damned *michs* and *mirs*" of his own language, was personally one of the most upright of men, with the strictest ideas of military duty; he was the officer of a king who was bound by a solemn treaty and who seemed inclined to keep it. Yet the trained eye of the observant general saw that now, if ever, was the time for breaking loose from an unbearable yoke. He fought and wrestled with himself, entered into negotiations with the enemy, and at last said to Clausewitz, who came to meet him at Tauroggen in the name of the Russian general Diebitsch, "You have me! Tell General Diebitsch that to-morrow morning early I will come within the Russian lines. Time and place I leave to him." Assembling the officers of his corps, he asked those to join him who were willing to risk their lives for freedom and for fatherland; and, when the shouts of joy and acquiescence had died away, he said solemnly, "Then with the help of God may the work of our liberation begin and be carried to a finish." To the king he had already written, "If I am doing wrong, I will lay my old head without a murmur at your Majesty's feet." On the 30th of December, 1812, he signed the famous Convention of Tauroggen, according to which his whole force was to remain neutral until further commands should arrive from the king, and in no case to fight against Russia during the next two months.

Frederick William and General York.

Exactly what view Frederick William took of York's action is impossible to determine; there is reason to believe that his feelings and his actions were at variance. He repudiated the Convention of Tauroggen and dismissed York from his service, but the messenger who bore the order was apparently instructed to fall into the hands of the Russians, and even to encourage the latter. If such

was the case, York himself was not in the secret; deeply depressed, he wrote to General Bülow to know if those in power in Berlin had sunk so low as not to dare to burst the chains of slavery they had worn so long. "With bleeding heart," he continues, "I tear away the bonds of obedience and wage war on my own account. The army wishes war with France, the people wish it, the king wishes it; but the king's will is not free." Frederick William's upholders maintain that he was absolutely forced into double dealing from the fact that the French troops on German soil still outnumbered the Prussians by five to one, and that in Berlin itself he was helpless in the midst of a large French garrison. The king certainly desired the alliance with Russia, but, as Hardenberg wrote to Stein *à propos* of "dear Amalia's marriage": "Father wishes everything to remain secret until uncle has settled matters properly," wherein, of course, "Amalia" stands for Prussia, "father" for the king, "uncle" for the Czar.

Frederick William at last gives way.

Frederick William, in short, was going through another of his terrible crises of indecision. On the one hand, he seems to have hoped that by remaining friendly to Napoleon he could procure a remission of the remainder of his debt and the removal of all French troops; on the other, Russia threatened, in case of the refusal of an alliance, to practically annihilate Prussia and merge it in a new kingdom of Poland. England, too, alternately urged and warned. At home, petitions from the people poured in from all sides; and conservatives and liberals alike joined in the cry. Once, Hardenberg, after a long conference at Potsdam, in which he urged Frederick William to strike, went down on his knees and wetted the king's hand with his tears. Stein, in East Prussia, as agent of the Czar, was moving heaven and earth to provoke a rupture. Calling together the provincial estates, he induced

York to appear and propose a scheme, which was adopted, for calling out the *Landwehr*. Frederick William began to cower before this new Simon de Montfort, who summoned parliaments without his leave. Almost worse than the French he hated these strong men who seemed to be shaking at the prerogatives of his throne. At Scharnhorst he scolded behind his back; Boyen he caused to be watched by the secret police; once, when Stein lay at the point of death, he failed to visit him. So much the war party at last accomplished — partly, indeed, by spreading a report that the French intended to seize the king's person — that Frederick William consented to leave Berlin, where he was surrounded by hostile influences, and take up his residence in Breslau, where he would be nearer to the Czar. Here, at Breslau, he at once began to show more spirit and determination; all exemptions from military service were declared removed, and for the first time in Prussia's history men of gentle birth served in the ranks, — regiments of chasseurs being formed for them, in which, indeed, they were treated with leniency and consideration. Soon, by Stein's mediation, the Treaty of Kalisch was arranged with Russia; and the Czar agreed to continue in arms until Prussia should have regained her former possessions or their equivalent.

Wild enthusiasm for the war with France.

Finally, on March 16, 1813, war was declared against the French. On the following day the king issued a stirring call to his people. Article 8, of a convention signed on March 19, decreed that there should at once be established an army of the line (*armée de ligne*), a *Landwehr* (*une milice*), and a *Landsturm* (*levée en masse*). Now at last people and king were united; the long period of mutual doubt and suspicion was past, and the Titanic struggle for liberation had begun. A wave of enthusiasm like to that at the time of the crusades swept over north-

ern Germany; honest peace or glorious death was the watchword, and more answered the call than could be accepted. Nothing could exceed the spirit of self-sacrifice shown by the masses; even a Frenchman wrote that the Prussians had restored the human countenance to honor. Women were busy night and day turning their husbands' blue Sunday coats into the simple uniform required for the *Landwehr;* mothers allowed their young boys to leave school and enlist; and nine of the scholars of the "gray cloister" in Berlin found death on the field of battle. Young men who sought excuses for not serving were flouted by their girl friends. Whole classes from the universities, professors at their heads, adjourned in a body to the recruiting ground; Fichte and Schleiermacher drilled in the same company of the *Landsturm*, and the author of the *Vocation of Man*, when they would have made him an officer, refused with a simple, "Here, I am only fit for a private." To supply the exhausted state with funds for its military needs, voluntary gifts of every kind were made; it was a disgrace after this war to be found in possession of jewelry or of silver plate. One hundred and fifty thousand persons exchanged their wedding rings for rings of iron with the inscription, "Gold I gave for iron"; there were maidens who sold the very hair from their heads, others who marched off to battle in male attire.

The *Landwehr.*

The *Landwehr* especially — consisting of some one hundred and fifty thousand men, between the ages of seventeen and forty, each of whom wore the device, "With God for king and country" — did excellent service, the worst result of their want of proper training being shown in the terrible death-rate, in hard-fought battles, compared with the regiments of the line. General York, at first an opponent of the whole institution, lived to take off his hat to a battalion of the Silesian *Landwehr*, declaring that it had fought like

a battalion of old grenadiers. Many of its members, from generals down to privates, won the iron cross, — that special mark of distinction, bestowed for the first time in this war, and intended to symbolize the bitter hardships of the time as well as the holiness of the uprising. Stein's suggestion for furnishing an incentive to great deeds, had been to abolish altogether the old nobility of birth and establish a new one founded on military achievement.

The *Landsturm*

The *Landsturm*, as originally planned, was to offer a last desperate resistance, on the part of all who could brandish a weapon, against an invading enemy. Its members were to wear no uniform, but to arm themselves as they could, even with pikes, axes, scythes, and pitchforks. Should the enemy fall upon their towns, they were to destroy their flour, pour out their wine, burn their mills, choke their wells with rubbish, and shake the fruit from their trees. The unfortunate district that should fall into the hands of the enemy was to be under an interdict, as it were, — with deep mourning, no festivities, not even a marriage ceremony, without express permission. In the first enthusiasm, more was expected of the *Landsturm* than old age and unwarlike habits could possibly accomplish; its real province was eventually found to lie in police and guard duty that set free the *Landwehr*, and in furnishing reserves to the latter body. One indisputable benefit of the whole institution was the spreading broadcast of the sentiment, that this war was directly the affair of every person in the land. In Berlin, not only men, but even women of position, aided in building intrenchments. Never had Napoleon been more mistaken than when he spoke with scorn of this people, calling them the Gascons of Germany, and declaring that they would never fight. He had a plan all in readiness for dividing up the weak state; he was scathing in his denun-

ciations of its ungratefulness, and spoke of "the Tilsit Treaty which had *restored* the king to his throne," and the Paris Treaty which "*permitted* it [Prussia] to become a French ally."

Blücher.

Commander-in-chief of the allied forces was the old hero, Kutusoff; while the divisional commanders were the Russian Wittgenstein and the Prussian Blücher. The former, to whom Blücher voluntarily subordinated himself, was in no way a remarkable general; nor were the Russian contingents kept to their work by rigid discipline. Gneisenau writes, that he visited the Russian camp at Borna three separate times, once in the morning, once at noon, and once at night, and that each time he found the commanding generals in bed. As for Blücher, he was seventy years old and for decades at a time had lived the life of a private citizen; of late he had been very ill, even out of his mind. During the winter of 1810 and 1811 he had had all sorts of strange fancies, among them that he had a live beast in his body. But Scharnhorst had once said that he would prefer Blücher in a litter to any other able-bodied man; Blücher must command, Scharnhorst now declared, "even though he have inside of him a hundred elephants." Certain it is, that Blücher's soldiers idolized him, although on occasion he could be severe enough. Napoleon spoke of him as the *vieux renard*, and respected him more than any other of his antagonists.

Saxony the centre of operations.

The object of the French emperor was to unite all his forces, and, hurrying through Germany, to begin his campaign on the Vistula; that of the allies was to strike him as swiftly as possible, and, at the same time, to make the states of the Rhine confederation throw out their true colors to the wind. The natural meeting-point for the two hostile armies was Saxony, whose frightened king, accordingly, fled with the contents of his green vault, and

GERMANY
FROM
1815 TO 1866
SCALE OF MILES
0 25 50 75 100
NORTH SEA
BALTIC SEA
JUTLAND
DENMARK
SWEDEN
Gottland
Helsingor
Copenhagen
Seeland
Malmö
Bornholm
Memel
Tilsit
Königsberg
Danzig
Marienburg
Sylt
Veile
Friedericia
Kolding
Tunen
Aalsen
Sonderburg
Flensburg
Apenrade
Tondern
Ribe
Husum
Tönning
Eiderstedt
Friedrichstadt
Helgoland
(Br.)
Kiel
Rendsburg
Eckernförde
Schleswig
Laaland
Falster
Jasmund
Rugen
Lehmarn
DUCHY OF
HOLSTEIN
Itzehoe
Lübeck
Rostock
Stralsund
Colberg
Stade
Bremerlehe
Altona
Ratzeburg
MECKLENB'G-
Schwerin
SCHWERIN
N. Strelitz
STRELITZ
Stettin
Hamburg
Bremen
Lüneburg
KINGDOM
OF
HANOVER
Leeuwarden
Zuyder
Zee
Amsterdam
Utrecht
Osnabrück
Minden
Hanover
Brunswick
Detmold
Munster
WESTPHALIA
Gottingen
Cassel
Berlin
Potsdam
Brandenburg
Magdeburg
Dessau
Torgau
Frankfort
Posen
POLAND
Rogalin
Schrimm
Gnesen
Bromberg
Thorn
Warsaw
Minsk
Koschmin
Kalisch
Oder
Warta
Vistula
Narew
Bug
Elbe
Weser
Ems
Rhine
Meuse
Yssel
Lippe
Ruhr
Havel
Spree
Neisse
Netze

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had the rarest pictures of the Dresden gallery transferred to the impregnable Königstein. With characteristic duplicity, his minister, Count Sennft, expressed friendship for Prussia, but at the same time negotiated secretly with Napoleon. It was, in fact, here in Saxony that the main battles of the campaign took place, — Lützen and Bautzen, Dresden and Leipzig, — while four separate attempts on the part of Napoleon to take the Prussian capital resulted in as many minor battles in that direction.

Lützen and Bautzen.

Lützen, or Gross Görschen, and Bautzen, were French victories, valuable in so far as they kept alive the traditions of Napoleon's invincibility. He made the most of them in his bulletins to Paris, comparing them to Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Moscow. It was now that Saxony threw aside the veil, and declared openly for her old protector, her king severely punishing those who had been friendly to the Prussians. Yet never were victories bought more dearly. "What!" cried Napoleon himself, "no result, no trophies, no prisoners, and such a butchery!" Forty thousand men had fallen in the two engagements; and where were more to come from now that France was using up the last of her three million recruits called out since 1793? The issue of Lützen had long been exceedingly doubtful. "Do you think my star is sinking?" Napoleon had seriously asked General Berthier; and once he called out angrily, "These beasts have learnt something!"

The two months' truce.

After Bautzen, Napoleon made what he himself later designated as the greatest mistake of his life, by entering into the armistice known as the truce of Poischwitz. He desired to strengthen his cavalry, which was relatively very small; but he thought, also, to break down the coalition by tempting offers to the Czar. He would give up Poland; he would renounce his European blockades. And against Austria, which was now demanding back the

provinces wrested from her in 1809, and threatening to join the coalition, he would have time to call up an army from Italy. He despised this power that he had twice so thoroughly humbled. "If you want war you shall have it," he said to Metternich; "*au revoir* in Vienna!" By the Treaty of Reichenbach, Austria had agreed, should Napoleon refuse her terms, to join the allies with 150,000 men. England now promised to send subsidies; while Sweden, in return for freedom of action as regarded Norway, also joined in the war. Reënforcements arrived from Russia; while Prussia, in the course of these two precious months, was able to complete the training of her *Landwehr* and send them to the front. The grand total of the allied forces now amounted to 800,000 men, that of Napoleon's army to 500,000; but, owing to the necessity of defending many vulnerable points, the superiority of the coalition on the actual scene of war was not more than 52,000. Prussia, in this matter of raising troops, had made a splendid, almost unequalled, showing; with a population of but 4,500,000, and with resources wretchedly crippled since Tilsit, she furnished in all nearly 300,000 men.

Scharnhorst's death.

Scharnhorst, indeed, the indefatigable organizer, the only man of his time who can worthily be compared to the American Washington, did not live to see the fruits of his silent and self-sacrificing labors. Wounded at Lützen, he still continued to spare himself no fatigues; and a journey to Vienna and Prague, undertaken in order to hasten the new alliance, proved fatal to his shattered constitution. Not altogether appreciated even in his own day, those best able to judge regarded him almost as a deity. Ten years later Gneisenau wrote to Clausewitz, "You were his John, I only his Peter; yet I never played him false as the latter did his Master!"

At the end of the truce Napoleon's forces stood in the centre of a half-circle, on the circumference of which were Bernadotte's army near Berlin, Blücher's in Silesia, and that of the commander-in-chief, the Austrian Schwarzenberg, in Bohemia. In the latter camp were the three crowned heads, — the Czar, the emperor, and the Prussian king. Blücher, with the smallest of the three armies against the largest force of the enemy, had been told to avoid battle unless the chances should be all in his favor. Napoleon's plan was to burst through the barrier on the north and come in touch with the fortresses on the Vistula and the Oder, which still held French garrisons; that is why, apart from his natural predilection for taking the capitals of his enemies, he made such repeated attempts to occupy Berlin. He was thwarted by the necessity of remaining on the defensive against the Silesian and Bohemian armies, and of keeping them from uniting with Bernadotte's forces. That the allies from the first had followed the consistent plan of drawing the enemy into their net by concentrating around Leipzig, is a mistaken supposition; some such idea had influenced them in the beginning, but circumstances had greatly modified their proceedings.

The distribution of forces.

By the terms of the armistice, a strip of neutral territory had been left between Blücher's army and the French; this the latter had been the first to violate, and Blücher, in turn, pressed forward, the enemy retreating before him. Napoleon himself marched up with his guard to deal a decisive blow at this audacious pursuer, but hastily returned to Dresden on learning that Schwarzenberg was threatening that city. Blücher, with his hundred thousand men, unfolded an unheard-of activity, — now pursuing, now withdrawing, turning day into night and night into day, but always keeping close to the enemy. Each march and

The battle on the Katzbach.

each countermarch cost him many lives; the *Landwehr* suffered terribly in the rain-sodden, shelterless camps; and, worst of all, some of those in the lesser commands lost faith in their superiors. General York, the hero of Tauroggen, burst into the room at Jauer, where Blücher and Gneisenau were dining with their officers, and cried out, "You are ruining the troops; you are marching them to no purpose!" In scathing terms York wrote and denounced to the king the whole plan of operations. But on the very day after this scene the French marshal, Macdonald, walked into the trap, and gave the longed-for opportunity for the great battle on the Katzbach, which, though fought in pouring rain and mainly with bayonets and the ends of muskets, inflicted on the French such a defeat as they had never yet suffered in any one engagement: — as Macdonald reported to his emperor, a whole army had ceased to exist. A noble woman wrote to Gneisenau that this one achievement had wiped out years of shame and sorrow, and, indeed, a very long time it was since the Prussians had come out of a battle with fifteen thousand prisoners.

Bernadotte's dishonesty.

In seven minor skirmishes, fought in the space of one week, Silesia was then cleared of the French; while an onslaught of the latter, in the direction of Berlin, had brought down upon them the defeat of Gross Beeren at the hands of General Bülow — a defeat which would have been still more severe but for the indecision and timidity, if not the masked treason, of the Swedish crown prince. Bernadotte had wished Bülow to evade the corps of the French marshal, Oudinot, by retreat; but the Prussian general had cried out to his soldiers, "Our bones shall bleach in front of, not behind, Berlin!" and, at the decisive moment, had directly disobeyed the orders of his superior commander. Yet Bernadotte, in his report of the battle,

claimed the full credit for himself, and accepted the ovation of the Berlin magistrates! This former marshal of France, who had been elected successor to the Swedish throne, had strange and wonderful projects in his head; and his reason in sparing the French is said to have been a desire to one day occupy their throne! A fortnight later, at Dennewitz, in spite of continued friction, Bülow and Tauentzien routed the forces of Ney with vastly inferior numbers, the total loss of the enemy being little less than twenty-four thousand men. Bernadotte, as before, claimed the honors of this most important victory, gained in spite of his express commands.

The battle of Dresden.

For the last time in this campaign of 1813, fortune smiled upon the French emperor when, at Dresden, with one hundred thousand men, he put to flight the army of Schwarzenberg, with half again that number. The allies lost the battle through the incredible slowness and incompetency of their leaders, — Schwarzenberg having delayed his attack until Napoleon himself, who was miles away, could comfortably reach him. The disheartening news from Gross Beeren and from Silesia had alone prevented Napoleon from following up his advantage; indeed, the allies had looked for the worst, and Gneisenau had taken the precaution of establishing a camp of possible refuge, far back in Silesia. The Austrians considered the campaign at a close, and began to talk of the invincibility of this enemy, who had until so recently been their own ally.

Kulm and Nollendorf.

But the moral effect of the victory was soon effaced by a brilliant achievement of the Prussian Kleist, who, while the Prussians engaged the enemy in the valley near Kulm, mounted the heights of Nollendorf, in the rear of Vandamme's corps, and descended upon it to such purpose that nine thousand French were made prisoner. Within the space of one single week Napoleon had lost

nearly eighty thousand men; while, in addition, his ally, Bavaria, trimming her sails to the wind, had gone over to the enemy. The Treaty of Ried, concluded with the allies, was all to the advantage of Bavaria, guaranteeing her practically all that she had gained by the grace of Napoleon, and, unfortunately, rendering impossible such a reconstruction of Germany as Stein, for instance, deemed indispensable.

The closing in on Leipzig.

These were ponderous blows that were falling upon the French emperor; this time his star was indeed sinking. And now, most fatal of all, Blücher had revived the old plan of closing in upon Leipzig, and had set to work with an energy that carried along even such dead weights as Schwarzenberg and Bernadotte,—neither of whom, for political reasons, particularly desired a decisive battle. Almost simultaneously, in the early days of October, Blücher crossed the Elbe at Wartenburg, and Bernadotte near Wittenberg; while Schwarzenberg, with the main army, descended from the Metal Mountains. At Wartenberg the resistance was very stubborn, and had it not been for the wonderful courage and perseverance of General York's corps, the attempt would have failed. This general, as usual, had demurred at his orders. "It is hard to bring the old grumbler York into action," Blücher said of him; "but once there, he is surpassed by no one." As for Napoleon, his first feeling on seeing the enemy assume the offensive was one of satisfaction; so little did he realize the desperateness of his position that he determined to prevent the capture of Dresden, and, for that purpose, left behind him thirty thousand men, which, as the event proved, he could ill afford to spare.

Between Blücher and Bernadotte the friction continued to the end; but old Marshal Forwards, as he had been called since the battle on the Katzbach,—whatever violent

expressions he might have used in private, — showed the utmost self-restraint. When the Swedish crown prince objected to the danger of the position near Halle that Blücher would have had him take, the latter changed places with him; later, when still greater danger threatened him in his new position, Bernadotte had the assurance to demand to be put back in his original place. His evident desire to keep his precious Swedes out of action gave rise to one of the most remarkable protests that has ever been penned: on October 15, the headquarters of the Silesian army joined with the headquarters of Bernadotte's own army, and with the ministers or military representatives of England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia in a peremptory demand "to take part in an event which must decide the fate of Europe." It was, even then, too late to join in the first great day of the battle of the nations, though by doing so York's devoted corps might have been saved from terrible slaughter at Möckern. It must be said that when, on October 18, Bernadotte did at last fall into line, his army was of great service, completing the iron chain that was drawn so closely around Napoleon.

Blücher and Bernadotte.

All in all, the fighting on that first day of Leipzig, October 16, was far from decisive; there were skirmishes at Möckern, to the northwest, and at Connewitz and Wachau to the southeast. Neither in the totals of the forces engaged, nor in the separate skirmishes, was there a great numerical difference. At Wachau, Napoleon considered that he had won the day, and ordered that the bells of Leipzig should ring out a peal of triumph; he sent a message of congratulation to his ally, the king of Saxony, who was found skulking in his cellar for safety. But something more than a half-victory was needed to extricate the caged lion from his dangerous position; for, the next day, the allies were reënforced to the extent of nearly one hundred

The three days' battle of Leipzig.

thousand men. In vain Napoleon, on October 17, attempted to open negotiations for peace; his messenger was not received. On October 18, fell the great decision. The allies pressed closer and closer around Leipzig, the army of Schwarzenberg passing over the field of Wachau, where but two days before so many had fallen. The corpses lay there unburied still, and the bones crunched as the heavy carts and cannon passed along. In the midst of the battle a number of Saxon soldiers went over to the side of the allies, and, as the French at least maintained, decided the fate of the day. They were received with no enthusiasm and were relegated to the rear. That night and the next day, Napoleon carried on his retreat, in the course of which, prematurely, the bridge on the Elster was blown up, leaving some twenty thousand to become prisoners in the hands of the allies. Of the French emperor's last half million men only ninety thousand accompanied him across the Rhine. Meanwhile, the Czar and the king of Prussia rode proudly into Leipzig, passing without a greeting the Saxon king, who had stationed himself bareheaded to receive them at his palace door. In the market-place, the Czar was seen to embrace sturdy old Blücher, and was heard to say, "You, my dear general, have done the most; you are the liberator of Germany."

Horrors of Leipzig.

The battle of the nations had been fought and won, but at a cost to strike terror into the hearts of the victors. Strong men to the number of nearly one hundred thousand — enough to people a great city — lay dead or wounded; so many corpses had fallen into the Elster that the current was turned aside. The peasants had fled the neighborhood in a panic, and could not help in burying the dead; the bodies were left in great naked piles to be gnawed by dog and raven. We hear of 174 wounded placed in a barn and then forgotten; of 20,000 more without

bed or covering of any kind; of corpses thrown from upper story windows on to the heaped-up carts below; of arms and legs seen to move amid the sickening mass; of their owners mercifully clubbed into quietude; of steady streams of filth and blood flowing down the steps of the improvised hospitals into the streets.

The battle of La Rothière.

Yet, terrible as this all was, it would have been better in the end if the victory had been followed up with more emphasis; it would have been perfectly possible to have inflicted such ruin on this army that the campaign of 1814 could never have been fought. But disunion reigned in the camp of the allies. Schwarzenberg had taken but few precautions for cutting off his great enemy's retreat; Russia and Prussia wished to pursue Napoleon up to the walls of his own capital; England and Austria thought that already his punishment had been sufficient. Metternich, the new Austrian minister, was afraid the balance of power would be overthrown in Europe were Napoleon to be completely ruined; he mortally dreaded liberal principles, and was opposed to the Czar's Polish plans. It was only by Stein's urgent advice that the war was continued at all, and, even then, many months were lost in slow and purposeless evolutions, which gave Napoleon the needed time for rest. At the battle of La Rothière, Schwarzenberg, with two-thirds of the total forces, remained inactive while Blücher did the fighting. Yet, for the first time in centuries, a French army was beaten on French soil; for the first time, too, Napoleon and Blücher were directly pitted against each other. The former was so completely discouraged that he consented to the calling of the Congress of Châtillon.

Austrian negligence, if not actual Austrian treason, robbed Blücher of all his advantage. Schwarzenberg had arranged that Wittgenstein's corps should cover the

Blücher's army in great danger.

country between the right bank of the Seine and the line of march of the Silesian army, but then obeyed a secret command of the Austrian emperor to remain on the left bank of the river, lest a victory of the allies should disturb the proposed negotiations for a peace. Napoleon, in consequence, fell upon detached corps of Blücher's all-too unsuspecting army, and at Montmirail and Chateau-Thierry inflicted crushing blows. In a skirmish near Vauchamps the field-marshal himself, Gneisenau, Prince Augustus, Kleist, and Grolmann were surprised, and on the point of being captured, when they were saved by the presence of mind of the last-named, who organized a successful rally of the exhausted troops. Old Marshal Forwards had already sought death, determined never to be taken alive. All that brave and desperate men could do these Prussians had done: "even that dumb lean Englishman," writes Treitschke, "who was wont to trot by Gneisenau's side, always with the same tiresome, stiff expression of countenance, lashing the air with his stick — even Hudson Lowe could hardly find words enough to praise the leonine courage of these ragged, half-starved heroes."

Napoleon's crest rises.

Blücher's army was reduced to such a level that Napoleon disdained to follow it. To show what he had done, he sent long trains of captives to Paris and had them marched by the Vendôme Column. These Prussians were the most hated of all the allies; it was they who were supposed to have done the most in plundering and burning villages. According to the popular Parisian gibe they were *les plus chiens*, worse than the *rustres* and *les autres chiens*. The old national pride in Napoleon, so nearly extinguished, now flamed up anew. The emperor himself, humble enough but shortly before, had now recovered all his assurance and spoke of returning to the Vistula. He sent word to his envoys at Châtillon to listen to no proposals of

the allies. He looked upon the latter as actually beaten: "With my captives I am not in the habit of negotiating," he declared. And, indeed, at this very time the different powers were quarrelling so fiercely, that Schwarzenberg had entered into correspondence with the French, and was already withdrawing his troops, when the king of Prussia in person induced him to countermand the order.

Bar-sur-Aube.

As had happened before in Silesia and at Leipzig, it was Blücher's energy that stemmed the ebbing tide. He grasped at a suggestion of Grolmann's, that an end should be put to all this disorder by leaving the army of Schwarzenberg to its own devices, marching north to unite with the corps of Bülow and of Wintzingerode, — which were advancing from Belgium, — and then descending in a straight line upon Paris. Even before the grudging consent of the allied sovereigns could reach him, his army, rested and reënforced, was on the march, with Napoleon in pursuit. After the latter's departure, Frederick William fairly forced Schwarzenberg, who had fought no engagement since entering France, to take part in a battle at Bar-sur-Aube; at his father's side the future emperor, William I., a boy of seventeen, rode into the first military action of his life, and acquitted himself with distinction, inaugurating his glorious record of victories untarnished by defeats.

Blücher's march on Paris.

When Blücher joined forces with Bülow, the latter was horrified at the wretched appearance of the much-tried troops. But at Laon, where Napoleon at once attacked them, and where the battle was fought in the darkness of the night, a signal victory was gained. It is true, discords like those before the battle on the Katzbach prevented pursuit, and robbed the victory of much of its importance. Blücher had fallen sick from over-exertion, and sat in a dark room a prey to delusions; it was with

difficulty that he was prevented, in the very moment of his triumph, from laying down the command. York, Kleist, and Bülow refused to obey Gneisenau; and the first-named threatened to leave the army. Gneisenau himself was afraid that, after such constant fighting, by the time they reached Paris there would be no Prussian army left, and that the Austrians would be able to twist the terms of peace to suit their own needs.

But an unsatisfactory answer of Napoleon's to an Austrian ultimatum, infused new unity into the army of the allies; it was too apparent that nothing was to be gained by sparing this man, and the Congress of Châtillon was abruptly closed. The great army set out for Paris, while Napoleon tried the desperate manœuvre of frightening its leaders by cutting off their line of retreat. With eighteen thousand men he expected, thus, to paralyze the action of more than one hundred thousand. The Czar almost fell into his trap, consenting finally, however, to detach a small force of ten thousand to keep the French emperor in check, while, with the rest, the union was made with Blücher's army. A French division that stood in the way at La Fère Champenoise was cut to pieces with horrible butchery. One last struggle before Paris with Marmont's and Mortier's corps, where the combatants penetrated to the Bois de Vincennes, to Père la Chaise cemetery, and to the hill of Montmartre, ended the French resistance; Blücher had looked on, having donned a woman's hat and veil to protect his eyes, which were badly inflamed, and thus, to the very last, had remained the central figure in the campaign. The fall of Paris meant, that the one hundred and seventy thousand Frenchmen left in German fortresses must wait in vain for relief; and, indeed, in the course of the winter and spring, garrison after garrison surrendered.

In Paris itself, the spell of Napoleon's ascendency was

broken, and the day of reckoning had come for the millions of stout lives sacrificed to one man's ambition. The crowd surged around the Vendôme Column, eager to tear down the image of its fallen emperor. Officers of the national guard tied the star of the Legion of Honor to the tails of their horses; and many displayed the white cockade of the Bourbons. The allies were greeted as deliverers, and Madame de Staël relates, that Frederick William was astonished at finding what a pleasure it was to these people to be conquered. The handsome Czar was grossly flattered by all kinds of persons: the head of a madhouse for females one day told him that, since his entry into the city, the number of those who had gone insane from unrequited affection had greatly increased. In consequence of all this friendliness, the terms imposed by the allies were far too lenient; and Prussia was looked upon as something of a marplot for demanding sterner measures. When Louis XVIII. came in, he took the attitude of rightful ruler, and in his own palace, as the most august prince of Christendom, demanded precedence over the three monarchs who had just regained him his throne. France, on which no indemnity was imposed, was given all of Alsace and a million more inhabitants than she possessed in 1789. Prussia, which had borne the brunt of the war, could not even obtain payment for the unjust contributions that had been imposed upon her from 1808 to 1812; and it was with difficulty that she regained possession of the sword of Frederick the Great, and the figure of Victory, with her four great horses, that had been taken from the Brandenburg gate. The return of the latter work of art, indeed, was a tangible proof of liberation, and the whole city of Berlin streamed out to meet the great wooden chest as it was drawn by twenty horses along the Charlottenburg Chaussée.

The allies in Paris.

But the worst act of folly on the part of the allies, was

to leave Napoleon sovereign prince of Elba, with the title of Emperor, with a retinue of officers, and with a standing army of four hundred men.

The calling of the Congress of Vienna.

In the moment of victory, a congress had been called to meet at Vienna for the sake of making changes in the map of Europe such as had not been known since the Peace of Westphalia; there was scarcely a country the boundaries of which were not to be fundamentally altered. The brilliancy of the assembly corresponded to the importance of the occasion; and the Turkish Sultan was the only European potentate who was not represented. Even France was allowed to send Talleyrand, the famous turncoat, who had sacrificed on the altar of liberty at the feast of brotherhood on the Champ de Mars, had served Napoleon in the days of his glory, had directed the compensation of the servile German princes, and who now came as envoy of the Bourbon king; wily and clever to the last degree, he took such advantage of the dissensions of other powers that at times his single voice was almost decisive.

The congress dances.

Since the Council of Constance there had been no such assembly as this great congress, where for a period of nine months the fate of nations was discussed. It was the policy of the Emperor Francis to play the part of genial host; and he expended in all some sixteen million guldens on his various entertainments. Balls and masquerades, card parties and exhibitions of *tableaux vivants*, followed each other in quick succession. Francis reaped his reward, for some of the most important business of the council was transacted on such occasions. "At a ball," writes a contemporary, "kingdoms were enlarged or sliced up, at a dinner an indemnity granted, a constitution sketched while hunting; occasionally a *bon mot* or a witty idea brought about an agreement where conferences and notes had failed." It was not quite true, therefore, that remark of witty old

Prince de Ligne: "*Le congrès dance, mais ne marche pas.*" It was said of Metternich that he understood most admirably how to entertain a foreign diplomat and show him most enchanting friendliness, when all the time he was preparing a fatal blow. Among the other attractions of Vienna in those days, was a concert given by Beethoven, for which the old blind king of composers sent personal invitations to all the great people. It is worthy of note, that questions of precedence at this congress played but a very little part; important acts were signed in alphabetical order, or else, to use a German term, *in bunter Reihe*, or by rotation.

The Polish question.

In addition to general debates on international law, on the rules of navigation, on slavery, three cardinal matters — known as the Polish, Saxon, and German questions — occupied the time. The Czar wished to abrogate the former partitions of Poland and reëstablish that power with himself as king, and with liberal institutions. He considered that the Empress Catherine had committed a crime in dividing Poland; but, as Seeley remarks, the only crime for which Alexander really blamed her, was that of allowing others to share her booty. Stein, as well as other patriots, were much opposed to these Polish plans; but here Frederick William asserted himself and committed what has been rightly called the most independent and fortunate act of his whole reign. He told the Czar that he might have the greater part of Prussian Poland; he did not tell him that these vast tracts, peopled by an alien race, had always been to him more of a burden than a benefit.

The Saxon question and Talleyrand's diplomacy.

In this way, one great dispute was ended, but at the same time an infinitely greater one begun. If Russia was to have the Polish provinces, where was Prussia to find indemnity? The most obvious answer was, in Saxony — an adjoining, Protestant, conquered country, whose king had acted in a despicable manner. Anticipating no oppo-

sition, Frederick William had the king sent off to Berlin and a Prussian administrator put in his place. But of all the mainsprings of action during these excited days, Austrian jealousy of Prussia was among the foremost; by annexing Saxony, this dreaded rival would push her boundaries right up to the Bohemian frontier. There was no length to which the emperor would not go to prevent such a contingency — to which England also was opposed; and in the background was the tempter, Talleyrand, whose chief argument was, that Prussia was acting counter to the whole principle on which the war against Napoleon had been waged — the principle of legitimacy; it was Napoleonic, not legitimistic, to depose the king of Saxony. It mattered little that Talleyrand's premises were utterly wrong; that war had been waged against Napoleon for far other reasons than that he was not legitimate ruler; that the king of Saxony, as king at least, was even less legitimate than his imperial creator. The wily Frenchman's absurd reasonings fell on willing ears; his influence grew from day to day, and on January 3, 1815, was formed the most preposterous of all alliances, that of England and Austria with the very power against which they had just been so bitterly warring. For six days, until the English Parliament repudiated the action of its minister, there was imminent danger of an outbreak. The Czar knew nothing of what had occurred until Napoleon, having returned from Elba, and finding the treaty of alliance in Louis XVIII.'s desk, sent it to him in order to disgust him with his allies.

After agitating Europe for four months, the Saxon question was settled by compromise; Frederick Augustus was shorn of half his dominions, but left with the other half and with his royal title. In order to complete Prussia's indemnity, the Czar relinquished Thorn and Danzig; while

Aix, Cologne, Coblenz, and other territory on the left bank of the Rhine brought her boundaries up to almost their extent in 1806, and her population to half a million more. Throwing into the scale the wealth and industry of these provinces, her gain was infinite; while her proximity to France made her the natural guardian of German interests in that direction.

Napoleon's return from Elba.

Talleyrand's triumph was one day to cost his country dear; but for the moment he had managed to interfere successfully in German affairs; and there is no knowing what he might still have accomplished, had it not been for Napoleon's return. The whole congress was thrown into confusion, and into a transport of excitement, by the news of that dramatic landing at Antibes, — of the Bourbon troops, which at sight of their old commander lost all control of themselves, and joined his standard; of the entry into Paris, the reinstatement in power, the expulsion of Louis XVIII., and the granting of a new constitution. The man for whom so many Frenchmen had already died was able to secure 200,000 new victims, and to organize them with a skill and rapidity that even he had never equalled. He ordered, besides, the *levée en masse;* which called out the whole male population of France. The congress stopped all business, and solemnly pronounced Napoleon an outlaw and an enemy of mankind. His envoys were not received. The powers agreed to furnish each 150,000 men; and four great armies, — under Wellington, Blücher, Schwarzenberg, and the Czar, — prepared to invade France; the two former by way of Belgium, the two latter by crossing the middle Rhine.

Blücher at Waterloo.

Blücher met the French at Ligny, and once more and for the last time an army of Napoleon conquered an enemy, and even one that was its superior in numbers. The Prussians lost some 12,000 in dead and wounded. At the same

time, Wellington won the day at Quatrebras; and then moved to the field near Brussels where was fought the most famous battle of modern times. Blücher was not far from right when he wrote from Waterloo, "Our victory is the most complete that has ever been gained;" or Gneisenau when he declared that the enemy was annihilated as never an enemy before. If the brunt of the fighting had been done by the English, the Prussians had arrived at a moment so critical as to make it doubtful what might have happened had they come an hour later. Blücher's march from Ligny had been a wonderful achievement; when Wellington sent to ask him for a single corps he had answered proudly that he would be present, not with a corps, but with his whole army. On the day after his defeat, without pausing for rest, and suffering personally from the effects of a fall from his horse, he had proceeded twelve miles to Wavre. On the day following, the famous June 18, his half-fed troops had hurried for eight hours through rain and mud before plunging into the thick of battle. When the men despaired and declared that they could go no further, the determined old man had said to them: "Boys, we *must!* I have pledged my word to my brother Wellington, and you would not have me break it!" The brave English commander, in the meantime, having withstood for hours the most murderous fire of which history bears record, when approached by Lord Hill, and asked his intentions, had answered simply: "Hold fast to the last man!" Later, he was heard to murmur to himself: "Blücher — or night!"

The question as to the relative merits of the achievements of these two commanders has much agitated posterity; it did not greatly trouble the persons most concerned. Wellington, in his formal despatch, ascribed the fortunate conclusion of the day to Blücher's advent;

while the Prussian general's own son wrote from the scene of battle, "Father Blücher embraced Wellington in such a hearty manner that everybody present said it was the most affecting scene imaginable."

The flight from Waterloo.

For the first time in his career, Napoleon was personally forced to take to mad flight; as he sprang from his carriage, defending himself with his pistol, he left behind him his hat, sword, and field-glass, which fell into Blücher's hands. The carriage itself, which Blücher sent to his wife as a trophy, was found stuffed with valuables; diamonds the size of peas were thrown round among the soldiers, and sold for the immediate enjoyment of a few francs. Gneisenau carried off the fallen emperor's seal. The work of pursuit was left to the Prussians, who, wearied though they were, kept up the chase for five hours; after which a single drummer mounted on a horse managed to keep thousands in front of him in a state of panic.

The carnage at Waterloo, if not equal to that at Leipzig, was yet a worthy holocaust even to the fallen greatness of a Napoleon. The losses of the allies were 21,400, those of the French, including prisoners, 25,000. Of heartrending scenes there was no end. An English resident of Brussels has recorded how a transport wagon stopped before his door, and how, when he went to carry nourishment, he found the wagon filled, exclusively, with men who had lost all four of their limbs.

The second Peace of Paris.

With Napoleon once more defeated, forced to abdicate by his own Parliament, and sent off to eat his heart out on his desolate island near the equator, a second Peace of Paris was arranged with France which was not so favorable to that power as the first. It is true, in spite of the protests of Prussia, — which government would gladly have seen its enemy deprived of Alsace and Lorraine, — the boundaries of 1792 were left to the Bourbon dynasty; but this

time an indemnity was required, the stolen works of art were to be restored to the various capitals, while the land was to support a force of one hundred and fifty thousand men until the terms of peace should have been carried out.

The settlement of the German question at the Congress of Vienna.

With the sudden storm-cloud thus dispersed, the Congress of Vienna was able to renew its deliberations and to embody in its protocol, or final act, some one hundred and eighty measures passed. The most important question of all, the reconstruction of Germany, was solved in the least satisfactory manner, and only after nine different schemes had been brought forward. One was, to make Stein president over kings and emperor; another, to have Austria nominal head, but Prussia to control the armies. Stein himself had desired an empire with Austria at its head, but the Emperor Francis had refused; moreover the minor states were unwilling to give up one jot or tittle of their sovereignty. The result was the passing of a mere Act of Confederation, with Austria as presiding power and with a Diet that was to meet at Frankfort-on-the-Main. The different states were left with much independence and might form their own alliances; they were all to send delegates to Frankfort; and it was one of the peculiarities of this political monstrosity, that a combination of the small states, representing one-sixth of the population of Germany, could nearly doubly outvote the seven larger states, with the remaining five-sixths.

Shortcomings of the "Act of Confederation."

Nor was this the worst: Saxony and Bavaria proved themselves far more dangerous as friends than they had ever been as enemies; the former managed to pass a motion that no change should be made in this most incomplete of all constitutions, save by unanimous vote; the old *liberum veto* of the Polish diets was revived for the benefit of the German princes. And Bavaria blocked all proceedings, until an act providing for a general federal

council had been let fall. As a result there was no central authority with any real coercive power. The Diet of Frankfort had no army and no funds; and its only means of punishing a recalcitrant state was to vote federal execution, — which meant that individual states were to be deputed to exercise armed pressure. The net result of all these wars for the internal affairs of Germany, was a worse state of things than before; but the very weaknesses of this German confederation were to conduce to the aggrandizement of Prussia and lead to her final triumph.

CHAPTER VIII

THE STRUGGLE FOR CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT AND THE REVOLUTION OF 1848

LITERATURE: Treitschke's work extends to 1847, but is too detailed for the purposes of the ordinary student. Stern, *Geschichte Europa's*, 1815–71, is also incomplete, but promises to be a clear and forcible statement of facts. Constantin Bulle, *Geschichte der neuesten Zeit*, is excellent. Biedermann, who was in the thick of the constitutional struggle in 1848, has left two well-written and reliable works, 25 *Jahre deutscher Geschichte*, 1815–40, and 30 *Jahre deutscher Geschichte*, 1840–70. Of contemporary memoirs, those embodied in Seeley's *Life of Arndt* are most interesting. See, also, the *Life of Bunsen*, edited by his widow, and *Bunsen's* Correspondence with Frederick William, edited by Leopold von Ranke. The most complete history of the Revolution of 1848 is that by Hans Blum. See, also, Fyffe's *Modern Europe*.

The Metternich policy.

THE three monarchs who at last, by the aid of England, succeeded in overthrowing Napoleon were in reality men of only mediocre ability. Francis of Austria was the incarnation of selfishness and narrow-mindedness. From the first he had scented danger to himself in the popular nature of the uprising in Prussia, for liberal ideas of every kind were a bugbear to him. "*Omnes mundus stultizat et vult habere novas constitutiones*," "The whole world is foolish and wants new constitutions," he cried angrily, in bad Latin, to a delegation of Hungarians. Hand in hand with Metternich, a minister after his own heart, he inaugurated a system of persistent political repression that reminds one of the religious tyranny of his bigoted ancestors. Under the remainder of his own reign, and under that of his son, enlightenment was simply crushed out in Austria. The votaries of literature and art went

elsewhere, and even the teachings of learned scientists were subjected to rigid censorship. A copy of Copernicus, *De revolutionibus orbium celestium*, was confiscated in 1848, because of the dangerous sound of its title.

The Holy Alliance.

The best and most intelligent of the trio was doubtless the Czar Alexander, in spite of his fickleness and vanity. He asserted himself on all occasions and posed everywhere as the real liberator of Germany, having come to consider himself an instrument chosen by Providence for the restoration of law and order. But his mind was no better balanced than in those early days, when he had sworn such loyalty to Prussia, only to desert her at Tilsit; or when, in reality autocrat of autocrats, he dreamed of becoming constitutional king of Poland. After the victories over Napoleon, he developed a religious enthusiasm, discussed dogmas and methods of doing penance with Frau von Krudener at Paris, and, at last, surprised his royal allies by laying before them the draft of a treaty, which provided nothing less than that the world should henceforward be ruled by the principles of common Christian brotherhood. A new alliance is to be formed, the writing declares, founded on the glorious truths of the religion of the Divine Saviour; the guiding threads of policy are to be the precepts of this same religion, — justice, love, and peace; the monarchs are to regard themselves as brothers, as fathers of their people, as "Plenipotentiaries of Providence," as rulers over three branches of one and the same people; the nations are exhorted to stand fast in the principles taught by the Saviour; and all powers that do so shall be worthy of reception into this Holy Alliance. Frederick William signed at once. Francis and Metternich, with scorn and mockery in their hearts, followed suit for fear of offending the Czar. Wellington refused, on the part of England, as did also the Pope, who sent

word that "from time immemorial he had been in possession of Christian truth and needed no new interpretation of the same." The smaller powers of Europe all handed in their allegiance; while the Sultan of Turkey, who scented in this outburst of Christian sentiment the preliminaries of a crusade against himself, had to be pacified by an express declaration to the contrary on the part of Alexander. The chief trouble with the Holy Alliance was, that it regarded the people as senseless flocks to be driven by whatever measures the allied rulers might suggest. The treaty proved practically to be a dead letter; nor was even the brotherly concord of long duration. The Holy Alliance is responsible in a measure for the unanimity of the powers in the repression of liberal ideas.

A constitution promised by Frederick William III.

But liberal ideas were in the air now, and the strivings of the German people, for a generation to come, were to be toward their realization. The first draft of an article in the protocol of the Congress of Vienna had read: "In every state of the German Confederation there shall be a constitution in favor of the local estates"; but, by Austrian influence, the "shall" had been changed to a feeble "will," and no punishment placed on disregard of the provision. While the Congress of Vienna was still in session, — at a time when there was immediate need of raising a new army on account of Napoleon's return, — Frederick William had promised a constitution to his Prussians. As a pledge of his confidence in the nation, there was to be established a sort of parliament. Representatives appointed by the local assemblies of the estates were to meet at Berlin; but they were to deliberate and advise, not to vote. Small as these concessions were, they were never fulfilled. Frederick William could not trust his five and a half million new subjects, who had belonged to as many as a hundred different states, to

exalt the Prussian monarchy: he was seized with the same dread of an all-engulfing liberalism which filled his companions of the Holy Alliance. It was two years before the necessary commission was instructed to take the matter in hand; six years more before the preliminary local assemblies were organized on a common basis. Not until seven years after Frederick William's death, was a united Diet to be called to Berlin; and then it was to be of no use, as the country was on the brink of revolution. In other states of Germany, the course of events was similar. In 1818, the only sovereigns who had granted constitutions, were Bavaria, Baden, and the Grand Duke of Weimar; the latter the patron of Goethe and lord of the famous Wartburg.

Metternich opposed to liberal institutions.

That the progress of liberal institutions was not more rapid, is largely owing to the influence of the Austrian chancellor who, for nearly a generation, stood over the kings of Europe, and forced them into the narrow path of his own policy. The name of Metternich has become a synonym for reaction and conservatism. Not content with surrounding Austria by a Chinese wall, he made it his life-work to prevent Prussia and other German states from introducing constitutional government; well knowing that, if the spirit of nationality should invade the many-tongued Austrian dependencies, there would be an end of the recently formed empire. Over the king of Prussia, he not only exercised the ascendency of a stronger and more determined mind — making use of every little popular disturbance, every outspoken paragraph of the newsleaves, to terrify the timid ruler —, but he even threatened to withdraw from the Holy Alliance, should Frederick William refuse to take steps against the progress of revolution.

On the brilliant period of the war of liberation, was

following one of petty suspicion and persecution. The days of absolute monarchy were counted, but the sovereigns could not and would not accept their doom.

Ingratitude of Frederick William III.

All the wonderful services rendered to him by his people, all the blood shed in war by men of peace, all the sacrifices made to raise the necessary funds, were now forgotten by the Prussian king; and he gave full credence to Metternich's devilish insinuations that the land was seething with sedition, concerned in which, were men like Arndt and Jahn. When Councillor Schmalz, the rector of the Berlin University, wrote an elaborate pamphlet to prove that the uprising of 1813 had not been the work of the people, but that the latter had simply streamed together at the king's summons as firemen obey an alarm bell: Frederick William saw fit to decorate him with an order, and to command his literary opponents to keep silent.

The founding of the *Burschenschaft*.

It is safe to say, that at no time in these earlier years was there any conspiracy which hazarded the king's safety or that of existing political institutions. But in one quarter there was a great deal of zeal for reform, a certain amount of incendiary eloquence, and two isolated cases of shocking crime, — enough, and more than enough, to focus Metternich's attention on the secret societies in the German universities. These *Burschenschaften*, as they were called, had been founded in 1815, with the noblest purposes, and in patriotic antagonism to the *Landschaften*, which represented the separatism of the various petty states. The originators of the association were eleven students of Jena, all of whom had learned the more serious side of life on bloody battle-fields, and had come home with a loathing for the shallow, vicious ideals of the ordinary student societies. Sobriety and chastity were conditions of entrance, and the silly twaddle of the *Commers* was condemned; while each member was admonished to attend his

lectures regularly and to show industry in his work. The watchword of the *Burschenschaft* was "honor, liberty, fatherland"; and the academic, was to be a model of the larger national life, every moral and physical faculty being trained for the country's benefit. Fichte and Schleiermacher, Jahn and Arndt, were chosen as examples and leaders; and a song of the last-named, "*Sind wir vereint zur guten Stunde*," became the hymn, as it were, of the fraternity. Jahn, who had been given a degree from Jena, and who had established there one of his gymnastic training grounds, had been indirectly concerned in founding the *Burschenschaft*. The glowing patriotism of this exalted and rather ill-balanced man — who seriously suggested allowing a strip of wilderness to grow up between France and Germany and peopling it with wild beasts — found a ready echo in these fiery young hearts.

The Wartburg festival.

From the beginning, it was designed to make the organization of the *Burschenschaft* as widespread as possible; and within two years it had found footing in sixteen different universities. A common flag had been adopted, made up of the red, black, and gold, which were erroneously supposed to have been the colors of the old Holy Roman Empire. In 1817, it was determined to cement the union of all the chapters by holding a congress, or festival, which should, at the same time, be a memorial of great national events. The day chosen was the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, and the *Landsturm* of Eisenach were to join in the celebration; while the place was to be the Wartburg, so memorable in the history of the Reformation, of which this was the three hundredth anniversary. There was a peculiar fitness, moreover, in this young band of patriots holding their assembly within the territory of the Grand Duke of Weimar; for, as was repeatedly emphasized during the proceedings, Charles Augustus was

the only prince who up to that date — end of 1817 — had kept his promise and given his people a constitution.

The demonstrations on the Wartburg.

The Wartburg festival has become famous in history, not because of anything really remarkable in the rather harmless and boyish proceedings, but because of the effect that the report of those proceedings had upon Metternich and the sovereigns of Europe. In some of the speeches at the Wartburg it was, indeed, declared that the hopes of the war of liberation had not been realized; but, on the whole, the official program of the 18th and 19th of October was carried through with dignity and moderation. Addresses were made by professors of Jena; and, before parting, some two hundred delegates consecrated the closer union of their organizations, by partaking together of the Lord's Supper. But, on the evening of the 18th, some wilder spirits — in memory of Luther's burning of the Pope's bull — inaugurated an *auto-da-fe* on the little hill that faces the castle. Into the flames, with disquisitions on their demerits, were thrown a number of books; among them the writing in which Schmalz belittled the work of the patriots of 1813, a history of Germany by one Kotzebue, — who was hated as a Russian spy, — a Code Napoleon, and several writings against the new gymnastics. As emblems of the old military tyranny, there were also burned a corporal's staff, a pigtail, and one of the wonderful inventions by which officers prepared their figures for their faultlessly fitting uniforms.

Excitement at the different courts.

On receipt of greatly exaggerated accounts of what had taken place at the Wartburg, Prussia and Austria sent special envoys to the Grand Duke of Weimar; who, after investigation on the part of his ministry, failed to find that the students had committed any grave fault. But the Prussian minister of police denounced this "band of demoralized professors and corrupted students," and de-

clared that such "vandalism of demagogic intolerance" had dishonored the classic Wartburg. It was widely believed that, among the books burned, had been the act of confederation of the German states. Metternich saw in the festival the beginning of a widespread conspiracy, which, he declared, was not confined to students; and it was reported that the members of the *Burschenschaft* had sworn to die, if need be, for their organization.

Repressive measures of Frederick William III.

At a meeting of sovereigns, which took place at Aix-la-Chapelle, Metternich found an opportunity to work directly on the feelings of Frederick William III., — who, indeed, was already half beside himself with fear. He had investigated the case of every Prussian who had been present at the festival, and had set a watch on the *Burschenschaften* as well as on all the *Turnvereine*, or gymnastic associations in Prussia; and had threatened to suppress any university where the spirit of disobedience should be found. Metternich persuaded him, that the granting of a constitution would only increase the impending dangers. Had not this very festival taken place in the dominions of a too liberal-minded prince? When, therefore, in these days, a delegation from the Rhine provinces came to ask for the carrying out of those former promises, the Prussian king turned them ungraciously away. He lent a willing ear to Metternich's attacks on the freedom of the press and on the want of supervision over the teachings of professors in the universities. The Austrian recommended the strictest kind of investigation into everything pertaining to student life.

Meanwhile, through this policy of repression, and through the failure of the sovereigns of Germany to keep their promise of granting constitutions, the *Burschenschaften* really were becoming dangerous; not because of any widely organized conspiracy, but because, in all such asso-

ciations, there are sure to be extremists ready to draw the full consequences from inflammatory talk. Here and there, it had actually been debated whether it was wrong to kill a prince for the good of his people; whether, indeed, a political murder would not be the best way of stirring men up to great deeds. A party had been formed at Jena called the *Unbedingten*, or unconditionals, which had in mind a radical reform of the whole German system. The sovereigns were to be reduced to the condition of elected officials responsible to the people. The head of the "unconditionals," Augustus Follen, was credited with the design of calling a mass meeting on the battle-field of Leipzig, for the purpose of proclaiming a German republic.

The murder of Kotzebue by Karl Sand.

A special object of hatred was the publicist Kotzebue, who furnished the Czar with political reports of what went on in Germany, and who was looked upon by the students as the "paid spy of despotism." Jena was, finally, made too unpleasant for him as a place of residence, and he removed to Mannheim.

But in the heart of one exalted and not altogether responsible student, Karl Sand by name, the conviction had grown up, that the only way of saving the fatherland was to rid it forever of such a traitor as Kotzebue. Sand was a gentle youth, who, according to his own confession, had long thirsted to show his devotion to his country by one decisive deed. There was something fantastic in his nature: he loved to go round in old Germanic costume, to drink out of oak-crowned goblets; while the place where he met with his student friends he had named the "Rütli." As far as Kotzebue was concerned, Sand did him far too much honor in regarding him as a dangerous enemy. But all the rulers of Europe were now thrown into inconceivable excitement by the news of a crime, that seemed to them but one demonstration of the whole *Burschenschaft* spirit:

how Sand had journeyed to Mannheim, and been admitted to Kotzebue's house; how, as the old man walked unsuspectingly to meet him, the student had thrown himself upon him and stabbed him to the heart. Sand had then tried to kill himself, but, his wound not proving fatal, he was brought to trial, judged guilty of murder, and executed. The trial took the form of an inquiry into a supposed conspiracy, the belief in which was strengthened by the enthusiasm shown for Sand. Many of his fellow-students looked upon him as a second Mutius Scævola, or William Tell. They had at one time contemplated marching upon Mannheim for the purpose of setting him free. As his head fell upon the scaffold many stepped up and dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, as in the blood of a martyr. Even older men of good standing approved of the motive, if not of the means, and wrote letters of condolence to Sand's mother; while, blasphemous as it may sound, in the mouth of the people the spot where his head had fallen came to be known as Ascension Meadow!

Terror of the rulers.

The rulers of the Holy Alliance looked, not unnaturally, upon the murder of Kotzebue as a manifestation of the same spirit that had inaugurated the Wartburg festival. This *Burschenschaft* seemed to them a revival of the old *Vehmgericht*, the members of which had been told off by lot to commit bloody deeds. Its ultimate object was thought to be the overthrow of all monarchical institutions: this murder was but one of a series, and others might presently be expected. And, sure enough, within a few weeks, an apothecary at Schwalbach, Löhnung, attempted to stab and shoot the president of the government of Nassau; and, on being carried to prison, ended his life by eating broken glass. An Austrian minister received a letter of warning. These were unhappy days for the Czar, whose own father had been murdered; for the autocrat in Vienna, but, most of

all, for the timid Frederick William. The latter recalled all Prussian students from Jena, and deprived them of the chance of holding state offices. Extraordinary powers were given to the police, and students' letters were intercepted and opened. Great excitement was aroused because one such missive was found to contain a quotation from Goethe's *Egmont*, "Whenever I see beautiful, proud necks, I think how fine it would be to run them through with my sword." Other expressions led to the conclusion that an attempt was intended on Frederick William's life; while, at the same time, an agent of the government reported from the University of Giessen, that a plot had been detected to murder all the princes and to unite Germany.

Petty oppression in Prussia.

All this explains, if it does not justify, the severity of the reaction that now set in. In July, 1819, the gymnastic establishments in Prussia were closed. Father Jahn was seized and dragged off to Spandau, and then to Küstrin. A watch was set on the university professors; while many innocent persons were persecuted and their houses searched, their papers read. Even Gneisenau was surrounded by spies, and Schleiermacher placed on parole. Stein, who had founded a society for German history, and was about to start the great collection known as the *Monumenta Rerum Germanicarum*, was suspected of a design to prove that, in the Middle Ages, princes had no real supreme power over their subjects. Perhaps the worst sufferer of all was Ernst Moritz Arndt, the man who had been untiring in helping to rid his country from French tyranny, and who had been rewarded by a professorship at Bonn. Early in 1819, he had been informed that "his Majesty could not have any teachers in the Prussian universities who laid down principles such as those contained in the fourth part of the *Spirit of the Age* [which had just appeared]," and that, on the next occasion of the kind, he would be removed

The persecution of Ernst Moritz Arndt.

from his post. After the murder of Kotzebue and the attempt of Löhnung, Arndt's house was searched and his private papers were carted off in great sacks. In spite of his protest to Hardenberg that he "hated all secret intrigues like snakes of hell," he was treated as a suspect, and repeatedly examined by commissioners, who happened to be low, ignorant fellows. The charges against him were: secret conspiracy, corrupting of youth, and planning to form a republic. The investigation dragged on for years, and the inquiries extended to the pettiest conceivable matters. Chief Commissioner Pape once pointed out a passage in a letter, written twelve years before, in which Arndt had said that his head was full of so many things he could write no more: Just what things, asked Pape, was Arndt's head full of at that time? and witnesses were summoned to elucidate the point. For twenty years, so long as Frederick William III. lived, Arndt was refused permission to lecture; although, on the accession of Frederick William IV., in 1840, he was made rector of the University of Bonn. He reopened his courses, at the age of seventy, amid demonstrations of the wildest enthusiasm.

The Carlsbad decrees.

This narrow-mindedness at the Prussian court was to no one more welcome than to Metternich. He kept his agents at Berlin, constantly egged Frederick William on, and finally, in the so-called "Teplitz Punctation," came to a secret agreement as to the policy to be pursued throughout Germany. Moreover he exacted a pledge that it should be carried out. Frederick William was to do nothing in the way of granting a constitution until the "inner and financial affairs of his state should have been brought into perfect order," — which was equivalent to relegating the whole matter to the Greek Calends. Minister of Police Kamptz, — after publishing a definition of high treason, which made a crime of every expression of a desire

for a constitution,—joined with Austria in calling a ministerial congress at Carlsbad to take further steps against the spirit of revolution. The decrees there passed were then made law by action of the Frankfort Diet; and Metternich's followers could boast that they had gained a battle greater than that of Leipzig. If the *Burschenschaft*—which was now declared dissolved—could be compared to the Vehmgericht, the new Central Investigation Commission, that was established at Mainz, was a second Spanish inquisition. It was to be ever on the scent for "revolutionary practices and demagogic associations," and, though without power to impose sentence, could and did, as in the case of Arndt, make a man's life miserable for years. Hundreds of innocent persons were arrested, on no stronger ground than an incautious remark or a passage in a private letter. As red, black, and gold were the colors of the *Burschenschaft*, they might nowhere be displayed,—not even in the popular combination of yellow straw hats, black coats, and red waistcoats. Every writing under 320 pages in length was subject to censorship; while government officials were to watch the professors in the universities, and see that they taught no evil. No wonder a man like Stein was unsparing in his blame of Metternich and Hardenberg. To the former he applied the adjectives "empty, ignorant, blatant, and conceited"; to the latter, "frivolous, licentious, arrogant, false, afraid-of-losing-his-place." In Prussia, there was a ministerial crisis; and Humboldt, Boyen, and Beyme received their dismissal.

The Vienna Final Act.

Yet Metternich went his way, called a conference to Vienna, and, in the so-called Vienna Final Act, crystallized all his reactionary measures. According to Article 57, "the entire power in state affairs must rest unimpaired with the head of the state." In certain matters no consti-

tution might bind him, in no parliament were the "lawful limits of free utterance to be exceeded." The federal Diet was to watch for dangerous expressions of opinion on the part of the state assemblies. On May 15, 1820, the "Final Act" was adopted by the Diet; — "worth more than the battle of Waterloo" was the verdict of Metternich's henchman, the Prussian Gentz.

The Central Commission at Mainz.

The Mainz commission continued its activity for seven years. According to one of its own reports it endeavored to establish the degree of certainty, or of greater or less probability, not according to the rules prescribed by any special legislation, "but according to the principles of historic belief and its own subjective conviction!" Among those who are mentioned as having "caused, encouraged, and furthered revolutionary strivings, though possibly without intent," are mentioned Arndt, Stein, Gneisenau, Blücher, York, Schleiermacher, and Fichte!

The dissolution of the *Burschenschaft*.

The dissolution of the *Burschenschaft* took place, but with results directly opposite to those intended. Far and wide was sung the famous song of Augustus Binzer, "Wir hatten gebauet ein stattliches Haus,"—in which he tells of the happy, free, idyllic student life which has been crushed, like young green shoots of grass, by wicked men: —

"*Das Band ist zerschnitten, war schwarz, roth und gold,*
Und Gott hat es gelitten! wer weiss, was er gewollt?
Das Haus mag zerfallen, was hat's denn für Not?
Der Geist lebt in uns allen, und unsere Burg ist Gott."

On the ruins of the *Burschenschaft*, arose associations which really were political and revolutionary, and which were modelled on the Italian Carbonari and similar organizations in Spain, France, Russia, and Greece. The watchword of one of them was the seemingly innocent question: "Have you been on the Johannisberg to-day?"—with the

answer, "Yes, I was there in May," or "I shall go there in May." The doings of another of these secret leagues were exposed in 1824, and some of the members were condemned to death, others to imprisonment; while Metternich, taking advantage of the general alarm, caused the Carlsbad decrees to be renewed, and a stricter watch to be kept on the different parliaments.

The Hambach festival.

The revolution of 1830 in France gave new stimulus to the discontented elements in Germany, and, in several states where crying evils existed, these were summarily swept away. Duke Charles of Brunswick, a bad character who nearly ruined his state by arbitrary taxes and inflation of the currency, was driven out. The same thing happened in Hesse, where the elector, William II., had been in the habit of using his cane, and even his knife, too freely, and was accused of combining with the bakers to raise the price of bread. In Saxony and in Hanover, concessions were demanded and obtained; while in Bavaria there took place a demonstration more serious than the much-decried Wartburg festival. In an immense gathering in the Palatine Castle of Hambach, inflammatory addresses were made, vengeance vowed against tyrants, and the sentiment uttered that "the best prince by the grace of God is a born traitor to the human race!" Metternich brought forward a motion in the Diet, which was passed in an amended form, to the effect that all concessions won from a sovereign by violent means should be null and void; while another decree declared that, if a parliament should refuse taxes to the head of a state, it might be intimidated by troops of the Confederation.

But these repressive measures led to an exasperation on the part of the radical elements such as had not yet been known. The *Burschenschaft* awoke to new life, and two of the boldest projects were formed: one to march on Stutt-

gart and take prisoner the king of Würtemberg, who had revoked his constitution; the other to raise in Frankfort a revolt which, it was believed, would spread all over South Germany; and to capture the federal Diet. Both attempts proved ridiculous failures;—in vain the great bell of the city of Frankfort tolled the signal for uprising; in vain four hundred students marched in behind their black, red, and golden banners. They had miscalculated their own influence, and the citizens would not be roused. The whole extent of the damage was nine killed, twenty-four wounded, and thirty students taken prisoner. But, even had it been much greater, the authorities could scarcely have resorted to severer retaliatory measures. A commission like that of Mainz was once more established, and eighteen hundred cases were tried. A stricter censorship was introduced, and the system of passports carried to such an extent that no one could enter a hired carriage without producing such a paper. In Bavaria, those convicted of treasonable intents were forced to kneel before the picture of the king,—which was now set up in every court room,—and to sue for mercy. In Prussia, thirty-nine students were condemned to death, their sentences being afterward commuted to long imprisonment.

The attempt to raise a revolution in Frankfort.

On the whole, the revolutionary propaganda was confined to the students, and the dread and terror to the supreme rulers. The main body of the people were not discontented with their lot; and many agreed with Hegel that "whatever is is sensible and whatever is sensible is." Frederick William III., with all his faults, was much beloved. He had shared the darkest imaginable days with his subjects and was now sharing their peace and prosperity. It was recognized that his refusal to grant liberal institutions was not for the purpose of cloaking bad government, but rather from deep conviction. His

General commercial prosperity.

general policy with regard to trade and commerce was wise, and the country was growing rich. Taxation was moderate, justice was fairly administered, educational reforms were introduced, and large sums were spent on public works. The first railway was opened in Germany in 1835, between Fürth and Nuremberg, and Prussia secured her full benefit from the change.

The founding of the *Zollverein*.

A peculiarly beneficent institution, and an important step in developing Prussia's political as well as her mercantile ascendency, was the *Zollverein*, or Customs Union, established in 1833. It showed what immense benefits in every field could be expected from coöperation. When Prussia reorganized her territory, in 1815, she had found no less than sixty-seven different tariff schedules in operation in her various provinces; while, for one traversing Germany at large, there were thirty-six different boundaries, each with its own custom-house. Nor at any single one of these frontiers, was the coin of the neighboring state accepted, or were the postal arrangements the same. Prussia's first step, in 1818 A.D., was to establish a single tariff for all her own lands; her next to declare her willingness to accept neighboring principalities as partners in her new system. Her policy was not to urge and not to use force. But the advantages were so apparent, the profits so enormously increased, that, by 1842, all the states of Germany, save Mecklenburg, Hanover, and Austria, had been absorbed. Austria, indeed, was not desired, for the reason that no reliance could be placed on all her heterogeneous dependencies. One great result of the *Zollverein* was, that the smaller states were now bound by strong ties of interest to Prussia.

The question of a constitution was allowed to slumber during the last years of the reign of Frederick William III.; but it was revived at the moment of his death, and Frederick

William IV., when he went to receive homage at Königsberg, was met by a petition that those earlier promises might be fulfilled. The matter was assuming larger and larger proportions; for the sentiment was gaining ground that Prussia was the natural leader of Germany, and that, in order to fulfil her mission, she must have liberal institutions. All depended on the character of the new Prussian king: did he have the strength and the tact to hold the loyalty of a united German people?

The opening of the reign of Frederick William IV.

The reign opened well. In a series of brilliant speeches the king let it be known that he meant to make great changes, and he began by pardoning political prisoners. Arndt was reinstated in all his university dignities. Jahn was released from surveillance, and treated with respect and consideration. The brothers Grimm, belonging to the famous "Göttingen seven,"—who had given up their professorships and gone into exile rather than submit to an arbitrary abrogation of the Hanoverian constitution,—were welcomed in Berlin and given chairs in the university. But, popular as these single measures were, a counter current soon set in. Men began to perceive that the promises so abundantly offered by the new king were nothing but glittering generalities. After listening to eloquent speeches that seemed to portend a constitution, they found that nothing of the kind was meant.

The people were very much in earnest if the king was not. Their leading-strings had grown unbearable, and, as year after year went by without their obtaining those liberties which now seem a necessary adjunct of civilization,—political representation, freedom of the press, trial by jury,—it was evident that a struggle must come which, as likely as not, would be a bloody one. It is surprising, indeed, to see how loyal the Prussians remained to the House of Hohenzollern, even while they criticised its momentary representative.

Dissatisfaction with Frederick William IV.

Brilliant as were some of his attainments, there is no doubt but that from the first Frederick William IV. was lacking in mental balance. He would shift at random from one policy to the other, would one day pass a liberal measure and the next go to the opposite extreme. He would publicly profess to despise criticism and then try to stop it by unjust means; even going so far as to suppress all the publications of a printing-house that had displeased him. To a certain poet, Herwegh, who had written against him, the king said affably, "I love a candid opposition"; but later proscribed and banished him, — his ire having been aroused by a caricature in which his love of a candid opposition was contrasted with the heap of books and newspapers confiscated by his orders. Once thoroughly gauged, his very wit and eloquence told against him, and his every action was submitted to a fire of criticism. It was taken ill that he set up his abode in Sans Souci, the little castle at Potsdam so full of memories of Frederick the Great; and he was thought to wish to copy him in other ways. A famous caricature of the time represents him as following in Frederick's footsteps in the snow, but always a little to one side. The great Heinrich Heine wrote of him, with caustic severity: —

"*Ein König soll nicht witzig sein,*
Ein König soll nicht hitzig sein,
Er soll nicht Alten-Fritzig sein."

The tendency to be "*hitzig*," or vehement, is shown in almost every letter that Frederick William wrote; there being no end to the passionate interjections, the underscoring of words, the multiplication of exclamation points.

Even a Frederick William IV., overflowing as he was with belief in the divine right of kings, could not close his

eyes to the discontent and want of confidence shown by his people. In 1842 he tried to stop the clamor for a general Prussian parliament by calling together a committee from the local assemblies. Such a committee, consisting of ninety-eight delegates, actually came together in Berlin; only to find that on all matters of real interest to them the king had already "made up his mind." Five years later, he took a great step in advance by summoning a *Vereinigter Landtag*, or united Diet, including all the members of all the local assemblies. The issue of the royal patent of February 3, 1847, caused great surprise and joy, until it was found that the king's main object was to secure a loan for a much-needed railroad between Berlin and Königsberg. For his own part Frederick William meant to grant as little as possible. The Diet was there, he declared, to represent interests, not to offer opinions. When the delegates spoke of vested rights of the people he told them that the assembly had no rights other than those granted by the patent of February 3. When the question of a constitution came up he made one of his usual speeches and gave vent to the famous peroration: "No written sheet of paper shall ever thrust itself like a second providence between the Lord God in heaven and this land." Members of the opposition were treated to petty slights, such as not being invited to court festivities.

The summoning of the "united Diet."

The whole progress of the Diet was very unsatisfactory. The delegates strove in vain to have their own position defined, and the temper of the house was such that the government's demand for a loan was rejected. In itself the demand was timely, just, and reasonable; but even the delegates from East Prussia, which province would have gained most by the proposed railroad, voted against it. The "united Diet" was dismissed with apparently no results; but in reality the gains were important. In the

Results from the Diet.

first place, the differences between the crown and the people had come to a head. This king had been given a last opportunity, which he had failed to improve. No one doubted now that revolution alone would bring him to terms. Then, too, a hitherto unheard-of publicity had been given to all the proceedings; and the *London Times* had had a regular correspondent in the assembly,—so that the eyes of all Europe were on this state struggling for liberal institutions. Finally, this gathering had brought into prominence a number of men who were to be the leaders in the great national crises that were impending—among them Otto von Bismarck, as yet in the ban of narrow social prejudices, and therefore a violent conservative.

The outbreak of revolution.

It was an unfortunate time for Frederick William to fall out with his people; for Europe was on the eve of the most stirring events that had occurred since the fall of Napoleon. France was throwing over, not merely her old dynasty, but the very principle of monarchy as well; and her example reacted on every state of Germany as rapidly as a spark ignites tinder. The unwieldy Diet at Frankfort flew into a panic, and thought, when already too late, to regain its influence by revoking all the objectionable measures it had ever passed in the whole course of its existence. It declared for freedom of the press, voted to modernize its own organization, and asked for delegates from all the states to help it in its good work. The body that had once accepted the Carlsbad decrees now adopted the revolutionary colors of red, black and gold, and the revolutionary emblem of a gold eagle on a black ground. The new flag was soon floating over the hall of assembly in Frankfort. But reform in the government of Germany as a whole, was as much desired by the excited people as a reform in the government of each individual state. One of the common demands of all the revolutionary parties was

for a really German parliament as opposed to the slack, inefficient Diet.

In almost all of the smaller German states the revolution was accomplished without bloodshed. The movement was so irresistible that the petitions for a constitution, for freedom of the press, for trial by jury, for the right of the people to bear arms, were almost immediately granted; while a body of fifty-one men, informally constituted, met at Heidelberg and nominated several hundred delegates to form a preliminary or ante-parliament, which should see to the calling of a really national assembly. The governments were preparing to call a separate assembly of their own for the purpose of revising the articles of confederation, when the radical course of the revolutions in the larger states put a stop to their endeavors.

Lola Montez in Bavaria.

In Bavaria, the disorders were complicated by the infatuation of King Louis I. for the famous dancer Lola Montez,—a woman who, to gain notoriety, had once taken off her shoe on the stage of the Paris opera house and thrown it at the men who would not applaud her. After dancing in the capitals of the Old and the New World, she had settled down in Munich, and induced the king to make her Countess of Lansfeld and give her a share in public affairs. She gained such ascendency in time, that ministries were dismissed to please her, and the university,— the better-minded students of which had attacked her infamous bodyguard, the "Alemannia,"—was declared closed. It was said that all Munich was divided into two parties: the ultramontanes, or clerical-conservatives, and the Lolamontanes, or adherents of Lola. The immediate effect of the French Revolution was to give the ascendency to the reform party; and the university was declared reopened, the "Alemannia" dispersed, and Lola told to quit Munich at a day's notice. A story is recorded that shows, in an

almost ridiculous way, how little of the true revolutionary spirit was present in the hearts of these Bavarians. After Lola's hasty departure, the crowd was engaged in sacking her villa when the king appeared, and in a loud voice said, "Spare my property!" Then all were silent, bared their heads, and joined in the song: "Hail to our king, all hail!" When, shortly after, Louis foolishly called out the military to protect him, the crowd surged before his palace and forced him into calling an assembly of the estates, and making great concessions,—the chief of which was ministerial responsibility to the people. The desire to be near Lola and the fear of an inquiry into his disposal of state funds, then forced him to the great step of abdicating the throne; and with sentimental, hypocritical assurances he took leave of his subjects.

The revolution in Austria.

By the rushing tide of revolution that spread so rapidly all the way from Paris to Warsaw, Austria and her dependencies were struck with peculiar violence. On the 3d of March, the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth, delivered a fiery speech in the Pressburg Diet, declaring that only a free constitution could ever bind together the scattered provinces of the monarchy. The present state of things, he cried, was unendurable; from the charnel house of the Vienna system was rising a pestilential vapor that paralyzed the nerves and banned the intellect; the future of the dynasty was being compromised, the foundations of the edifice were crumbling, and its fall imminent. In Vienna, police and censorship were openly defied, and Kossuth's speech was widely read. As the news came in of concession after concession granted by the smaller states, and of the complete change of front of the Frankfort Diet, the excitement grew to fever heat. Petitions poured in upon the Emperor Ferdinand, who, however, left all responsibility in the hands of the state conference, of

which Metternich was the leading spirit. The estates of Lower Austria, called to meet in Vienna on March 13, drew up in the form of an address the moderate demands they intended to make; while the students of the university, who were destined to play a large part in this whole movement, followed suit, sending a deputation to the emperor himself.

The fall of Metternich.

The 13th of March, 1848, forms a sharply defined date in the annals of Austria, for it marks the fall of a system that had lasted a generation. On that day, the assembly of the Lower Austrian estates was declared opened; and an immense crowd of citizens and students thronged round the hall of meeting. A student read aloud Kossuth's speech. Wild with excitement, the multitude demanded admission to the hall, and six students and six citizens were allowed to enter. But soon came the rumor that these twelve had been arrested, and that the troops were approaching. The crowd burst into the assembly room, and compelled the members of the Diet to send a deputation to the emperor. In front of the chancery cries of "Down with Metternich!" were heard. As the report that the soldiers were advancing became a verity, the mob within the hall of assembly took to throwing down broken bits of furniture on the heads of their assailants, and even wounded one of the archdukes. Then two sharp volleys rang out, and many were killed and wounded; which gave the signal for a general arming. Everything depended on the attitude of the state conference, which had been in session in the castle for hours. Metternich tried to persuade the spokesmen of the people that the whole was merely a street riot, but was told proudly, "This is not riot, but revolution!" As a sop to the excited crowd, it was voted to revoke the censorship of the press, and Metternich withdrew to draw up the act.

But, from the adjoining room, he heard how one of the deputies demanded his resignation, and how no one spoke in his defence. With a certain dignity the apostle of repression bade farewell to his office, and to the scene of his labors. He declared that, from his own standpoint, he had always labored for the weal of the monarchy. If it was the general opinion that that monarchy would be endangered by his remaining, it was no sacrifice for him to go. "Your Highness, we have nothing against your person, but everything against your system," said a civic deputy, "and we must repeat, your abdication alone can save the throne and the monarchy." Metternich's house on the Rennweg was stormed, and he went off in exile to London; whither he had been preceded by Louis Philippe, and where he was to be followed in a few days by the brother and heir of the king of Prussia.

A constitution granted to the Austrians.

The state conference then granted all that the citizens demanded. A national guard and a student legion were established; and the Emperor Ferdinand,—who so hated the very word *constitution*, that he is said to have forbidden his physician to employ it,—was forced not only to grant one for his whole monarchy, but to stand at the window of his palace, waving a banner of black, red, and gold.

Frederick William IV. makes concessions.

Even more memorable than these happenings in Vienna were the events that were taking place almost simultaneously in Berlin. Never before nor since has a Hohenzollern played such a miserable rôle and been obliged to submit to such insults from his own people as Frederick William IV. in these tumultuous days. Cringing in his attitude and liberal with his promises when the mob seemed in the ascendant, he adopted the haughtiest tone when sure of his own safety.

Although perceiving, as did every other sovereign of Germany, the absolute need of making concessions, Fred-

erick William lingered and affixed conditions. His grant of freedom of the press was so in the spirit of Metternich, that the latter had been in the act of transcribing it verbally, for the benefit of the clamoring Austrians, at the moment of his downfall. The Vienna revolution brought matters to a climax. Tumultuous assemblages of the people were held daily in that corner of the Thiergarten known as the "Zelten"; and, at last, the king promised everything that had been demanded, including a written constitution. The so-called "Patent of March 18th" called together the united Diet for April 2; and this and the other concessions were announced in the newspapers and by placards on the wall. The people thronged the streets and crowded into the square of the castle, raising cheers for the king, who appeared twice on his balcony and acknowledged them with thanks.

The shots in the castle yard and the barricade fights.

Just how much sincerity there was on both sides is hard to establish. The crowd took it ill that the castle was strongly garrisoned by troops from other places than Berlin, — there were cries of "Back with the military!" As for Frederick William, he tried in vain to get rid of his countless guests: it was announced that the king wished to work and desired quiet. One of the ministers and the governor of the castle appeared at the gate, and bade the people disperse. At last Frederick William gave the command of his troops to the determined General Von Prittwitz, and bade him put an end to this "scandal" in the courtyard. Assisted by Major Von Falkenstein, he had almost cleared the square, when the sound of two shots, — accidentally discharged as is now believed, — threw the people into a fever of excitement. With cries of "Treason!" "Vengeance!" "Barricades!", the varied elements of the Berlin population took to arms. The pavings were torn up and the streets rendered impassable; and, from the roofs

and windows, missiles, and even vitriol, were thrown down on the heads of the soldiers; while wires were drawn so as to trip them up, and glass strewn to wound them as they fell. For a day and a half, the reign of violence lasted. It was in vain that the king caused a white banner to be raised with the word "misunderstanding" in great letters; in vain that he issued a proclamation "to his dear Berliners," representing the revolution as the work of foreign agents. A wag placed the inscription "to his dear Berliners" under a piece of a bomb, fired by his own soldiers, that had struck into one of the public fountains. Nothing would satisfy the people but the withdrawal of the troops; and this at last the king ordered—intending them to return to the palace, but so wording his command that, at a moment when the tide was turning in their favor, they felt obliged to retire from the city.

The corpses in the castle yard.

The king was completely in the power of the populace. No attempt was made on his own person, but a spectacle was prepared for him in the courtyard of his own palace such as few civilized monarchs have been called upon to witness. Bedded in flowers and wreathed with laurel, but with their wounds laid bare to the utmost, the most mutilated corpses of those who had fallen in the barricade war were borne under his very window. As the litters were laid down in the presence of an immense crowd, the names and circumstances of the victims were called off: "Fifteen years old, shot at my side, my only son!"; or again, "a widow, mother of seven orphans!" The cry was raised, that the king must come and see his work; and as Frederick William delayed, the bearers started up the winding stairs with their ghastly burdens and threatened to enter his apartment. At last, half dead with fright, the king appeared on the balcony, at his side his invalid queen,—a nonentity in history save for this one trying experience.

"Take off your hat!" was shouted from below; and as the Hohenzollern bared his head the corpses were thrust upward toward him. Bidden to come down, he obeyed and bowed before the dead; while at last, content with their punishment, the crowd joined in the solemn strains of "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

No further violence was attempted, save an attack on the palace of Prince William of Prussia, who was falsely supposed to have given the signal to fire. In danger almost of his life, the object of general execration, the future idolized emperor of united Germany fled in disguise to England, and took up his abode with the Prussian ambassador, Bunsen. The palace on Unter den Linden was only saved from destruction by the presence of mind of some one who wrote upon it: "property of the nation," and by a student who pointed out that the royal library would be in danger.

The ride through Berlin.

The last and most extraordinary act in this tragedy of humiliated royalty began with the posting of placards "To the German Nation," which announced that, for the salvation of Germany, Frederick William had placed himself at the head of the whole fatherland, and, on that very day, March 21, would appear on horseback in the midst of his people, bearing the "old revered colors of the nation." It was the culminating triumph of the red, black, and gold. One of its banners waved from the castle top, another was borne before the king; who, as did also his princes and generals, wore a band of the same colors on his arm. As he rode through the city, Frederick William stopped at various points and made enthusiastic addresses in favor of the national movement. "I wish no crown, no sovereignty," he cried, alluding to the proposal to make him emperor of Germany; "I wish Germany's freedom, Germany's unity. I wish order, that I swear to God!" and he solemnly raised his right hand. A proclamation that same evening asked

for the confidence of the people, declaring that Prussia would henceforth be merged in Germany. Frederick William later described this ride through Berlin as "a comedy which he had been made to play," — one is tempted rather to regard it as a symptom of that want of balance which ended with insanity and death.

The burial of the corpses.

This first exciting period of the Prussian revolution closed on the 22d of March, with the burial of those who had fallen on the side of the people. The city was decked in mourning; while black flags waved from the city gates and from the roof of the castle. The two hundred or more bodies were borne in procession past the balcony on which stood the king with bared head. Bells were rung and anthems chanted; and, inasmuch as the bodies of the fallen soldiers were not included, the whole ceremony resolved itself into a triumph of the revolutionary party. It remained to be seen how the Prussian national assembly, called to meet on May 22, would acquit itself of the difficult task of drawing up a suitable and acceptable constitution.

The ante-parliament in Frankfort.

Meanwhile, a few days after the stirring scenes in Berlin, the preliminary Parliament had met in Frankfort, in the old church of St. Paul's, to settle the question of a constitution for all Germany. They were prepared to go very far, these five hundred delegates or appointees of the self-chosen committee of fifty-one, and to decide whether Germany should be a republic or an empire.

The ante-parliament was made up, for the most part, of men who had been before the public eye; and counted many members of local assemblies. Among them, were martyrs to the cause of liberty, like the Bavarian Eisenmann, who had spent fifteen years in undeserved imprisonment, and was now honored with a torchlight procession. As a body representative of all Germany, the Parliament was a failure; seeing that Austria furnished but two

members, tiny Baden seventy-two, and Hesse-Darmstadt eighty-four. But more serious than this was the sharp antagonism that developed between the monarchical and the republican parties. Scarcely had the ante-parliament assembled in the venerable church of St. Paul's, in Frankfort, when a certain Hecker came forward with a number of articles, the fifteenth of which demanded abolition of hereditary monarchy and the formation of a confederation — after the model of the United States of America. Foiled in his radical plans on this arena, Hecker became a regular demagogue. He raised a revolt in Baden which cost several hundred persons their lives or their liberty.

The national parliament in Frankfort.

The ante-parliament kept to its programme, declared for a national assembly to be formed by direct popular election, and appointed a committee to take the matter in hand. It did indeed make the important pronouncement that the decision regarding a constitution for Germany was to be the affair simply and solely of the national assembly. It would have been wiser, as the future showed, to pay some regard to the actual governing powers in the separate states. As yet there was no conflict. The governments showed no hostility to the national assembly, which met in Frankfort on May 18; while the Diet even sent it greeting. The members this time had been chosen from all Germany — theoretically one from every fifty-five thousand of the population. They considered themselves empowered to make great and permanent changes. They were, for the most part, men of ability, among them venerable figures like Arndt and Jahn, who were the objects of enthusiastic ovations. In the first session Arndt was called to the platform, and a motion passed that, in the light of recent events, he should be invited to write a stanza to his famous old song, "What is the German's Fatherland?" On the whole, the tone of the assembly was moderate, and, in a time of great

ferment, much was hoped for from its action. Its choice as first president of Heinrich von Gagern, a famous minister of Hesse-Darmstadt, was generally approved.

Initial errors of the Frankfort Parliament.

Unfortunately, no draft of a constitution had been prepared, and the assembly lost five valuable weeks before it could take the matter in hand at all, — the only important vote being one in favor of a national fleet, for which six million thalers were appropriated. Then came the unfortunate choice of the Austrian Archduke John as provisional head of the nation. There were legends of his great devotion to the cause of a common German fatherland. He was quoted as having once proposed the toast: "No Prussia, no Austria — one united Germany!" He was believed, because he had married the daughter of a Styrian postmaster, to be democratic in his views. As a matter of fact, in his insincerity, his intolerance, his one-sidedness, he was a true scion of the Hapsburgs; and the mere fact that an Austrian had been chosen to the highest office, if only a temporary one, of the German nation, was a blow to the pride of Prussia, which might be pardoned but not forgotten.

But the greatest error of the Frankfort assembly was to begin its debates on the constitution with a discussion of the fundamental rights of the German man, a list of which had been drawn up in a hundred paragraphs. Days passed into weeks and weeks into months, while the Parliament was still busy with underlying principles, and with disputed points of political economy; and while enemies within and without were rising against it. The iron that might once have been readily tempered was rapidly growing cold. Moreover, various factors came in to distract attention from the matter in hand, — a war with Denmark, an uprising in Frankfort itself, increased rivalry between Austria and Prussia, and bloody happenings in both of those states.

It was now that the question of Schleswig-Holstein, which

was later to be so interwoven with the most fateful events of German history, first began to assume importance. These two provinces in the extreme northwest of Germany belonged, one to Denmark, the other to the German Confederation, and yet for centuries had been considered indivisible. Efforts on the part of successive kings to incorporate them in Denmark, in spite of the fact that the vast majority of the inhabitants were German, led to a revolution, in which Prussia, at the bidding of Archduke John, took the side of the insurgents. Her general, Wrangel, stormed the Danewerk, penetrated into Jutland, and could have brought the Danish king to terms but for a change in the policy of Frederick William IV., whose feelings had been worked upon by the Czar, as well as by England. The leading minister of the latter country, Lord Palmerston, had declared that, were he to meet the red-black-golden flag at sea, he would treat it as the flag of a pirate. Frederick William was fast receding from his recent liberal position. He was tired of this alliance with revolutionists; and he finally consented to the seven months' truce of Malmö, in which the advantages were overwhelmingly on the side of Denmark.

The beginning of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulties.

The Parliament of Frankfort felt outraged by this act, as well as by the fact that its envoy had not been admitted to the conferences; and only refrained from refusing to ratify the truce, from the consideration that, with Prussia as an enemy and Austria cool and indifferent, the Parliament would have no forces at its disposal at all, save the contingents of the minor states. The people of Frankfort were less philosophical. In the abandonment of the duchies they saw the holy cause of liberty betrayed. Representatives who had preached moderation, among them old Father Jahn, were chased, insulted, and even struck. One session of the Parliament was interrupted

Riot in Frankfort.

and barricades arose in the streets. Troops were called in, and the authorities remained masters of the situation; though at the cost of many lives. Foul and dastardly was the murder, by citizens, of two men of eminence, — the Silesian representative, Prince Lichnowsky, and his friend and companion, General von Auerswald. Lichnowsky had been tied to a tree, and made the target for all sorts of missiles.

The problem of the Austrian dependencies.

It was under the gloomy shadow of these events that the Frankfort assembly, at last, proceeded to the actual task of debating upon a constitution. The very first articles, concerning the territory to be included in the new political creation, involved the assembly in a nest of difficulties: Should Austria be allowed to join the proposed empire with all her non-German dependencies? Would Italians, Croatians, Hungarians, and Czechs be likely to obey, or even to understand, laws made for them in Frankfort by a German assembly? Must the Diet interfere in every small Slavonic quarrel? Austria's alternative was to abandon the idea of her own unity, and enter the new organization for a part only of her lands, — and this alternative was finally adopted.

Windischgratz retakes Vienna.

The fall of Metternich was far from ending the disturbances in Austria. The government was able in June, 1848, to put down the revolution in Prague, the imperial general, Prince Windischgratz, having bombarded the city. Against the Hungarians, Jellachich — a Croatian nobleman — was intrusted with the command; while in Austrian Italy, Radetzky gained the victory of Custozza. Everywhere the star of the Hapsburgs seemed in the ascendent; and, in the capital itself, the inexcusable violence of the rabble gave occasion for successful interference. The constitution promulgated almost immediately after Metternich's fall had not been satisfactory. During the

month of May, riots and tumults occurred; the emperor fled from the city, and, for a time, the students of the university had practical control of the government. Early in October, Hungarian sympathizers murdered General Bredy and hung the minister of war, Baron Latour, to a lamp-post, after inflicting upon him forty wounds. The Emperor Ferdinand, who had taken refuge in Olmütz, endowed Prince Windischgratz with extraordinary powers, and sent him against Vienna, where the new constitutional Diet was in session. "I do not treat with rebels," Windischgratz declared, from the beginning, — and he gruffly repulsed two members of the Frankfort Parliament who came to mediate. Before the end of October, the city was taken by storm and treated as conquered territory. Countless arrests were made and a number of persons were executed, — among them Robert Blum, one of the envoys of the Frankfort Parliament, who had, indeed, done his best to further the opposition to the government. The Frankfort Assembly entered its protest against the act and demanded reparation, but with no result. It is believed, indeed, that the very fact of Blum's belonging to that body, had made Windischgratz the more bitter against him. The hey-day of the revolution was already past.

Radical measures of the Prussian Parliament.

If the course of the Frankfort national assembly and the Austrian constitutional assembly had not been smooth, still less so had been that of the Prussian national Parliament, which met in Berlin two months after the barricade fights. The government treated the assembly with respect, and laid propositions before it as to the nature of the proposed constitution. The fact that the new head of the ministry, Camphausen, and the new minister of finance, Hansemann, were liberals, seemed to augur well for the success of the deliberations. But, if ever a move-

ment failed through the folly of its own promoters, it was, from first to last, this revolution of 1848. What was the need of continually reopening the wounds caused by the barricade fights? Yet, in July, a motion that "those who had fought for liberty on the 18th and 19th of March deserved well of their country" aroused intense excitement, and only by a very narrow vote escaped being passed. A month later, it was decreed that the minister of war should be instructed to issue an order, forbidding officers to enter into conflicts of any kind with civilians, and commanding them to show their sympathy for constitutional government or else leave the army. When the minister of war refused to pass such a decree, the whole ministry fell. The assembly grew more and more radical. In drafting the constitution, in the very first article, — which concerned the title of the king, — it was voted to leave out the old customary "by the grace of God." By a vote of 200 against 153, nobility was declared abrogated; titles and orders were no longer to be bestowed. Members who voted contrary to the radical element, were repeatedly ill-treated by the mob that surrounded the place of meeting. Once, the crowd penetrated into the hall of meeting itself; once, they stormed the arsenal, and carried off the more valuable guns.

Overthrow of the Prussian Parliament.

One cannot blame Frederick William IV. for turning his eyes to the old safeguard of Hohenzollern prerogative, the Prussian army. The truce of Malmö had just been closed with Denmark, General Wrangel and his troops were free. They were ordered to draw closer to Berlin. The half-liberal ministry that had followed that of Camphausen was replaced by a conservative one, under Count Brandenburg, an illegitimate son of Frederick William II. A protest of the assembly against this nomination gave rise to a stormy scene. "We are here to give your

Majesty oral information about the true condition of the land; will your Majesty hear us?" cried one of the delegates sent to Potsdam. As Frederick William walked away, he cried after him, "That is just the misfortune of kings, that they will not hear the truth!" At last, on November 8, a royal decree prorogued the assembly, and ordered it to meet again in the town of Brandenburg. Berlin was declared in a state of siege. The assembly pronounced such acts unlawful; but, two days later, was expelled from its hall by Wrangel. To a deputation from the so-called citizen guard, which declared that it would yield only to force, the rough old general, sitting on a chair in the street, had merely answered: "Tell your citizen guard that force is now there." He had given the Parliament exactly fifteen minutes in which to vacate the premises. At a hasty meeting, held in another place, the ministers were forbidden to dispose of state funds or to levy taxes. But the king was determined now to carry the fight to the bitter end, even if it were to cost him his throne. Fortunately for him, the better elements of the population were now on his side. When, on the day appointed, the Parliament, in great minority, met in Brandenburg, it was declared dissolved; and the king announced that he would impose his own constitution upon the people.

Frederick William's new constitution.

This, to the joy of all moderate men, proved to be more liberal than any one had expected — so liberal, indeed, that Frederick William wrote characteristically to Bunsen, it made his own stomach ache. The separate clauses were to be revised by the representatives themselves; and not until January, 1850, was the work completed and the constitution as a whole adopted. The more radical elements had been kept in check by the so-called three-class system of voting at parliamentary elections: the small body of the large taxpayers could choose the same number of electors

as the larger body of moderately rich persons, or as the largest body of the lower classes. On the other hand, a number of personal liberties and checks to tyranny were assured. A reaction, indeed, soon set in, and, during the next few years, under one pretext or another, the king managed to pursue a most repressive policy. Nor was the Prussian court alone in this matter, Austria going so far as to entirely abrogate her newly granted constitution.

The Austrian question at Frankfort.

Meanwhile at Frankfort, in the matter of pairing German unity with liberal institutions, the hopes of the patriots had been sadly dashed; the blame for the failure of the long negotiations falling, mainly, upon Austria and Prussia.

It was, indeed, one of the most difficult of all political problems to which the formulation of the second article of the Frankfort constitution gave rise, — declaring, as it did, that a power might not enter the German empire save with its German provinces alone. This meant, for Austria, either national disruption, or total exclusion from the new organization. Yet the standpoint of the Frankfort assembly was more than comprehensible. It was the only rational one possible of adoption. Here was Austria, with a population, largely un-German, of thirty-eight millions, demanding entrance into an empire which, without her, would number but thirty-two millions. It meant an absolute Austrian majority in the parliaments; it meant that the most vital questions of German policy must be voted upon by strange-tongued peoples on the banks of the Theiss, the Moldau, or the Po; it meant the renunciation of every hope of real German unity.

Austria takes a high tone at Frankfort.

Austria, though vague in her utterances and dilatory in her tactics, and though offering no solution of the real problem, was very tenacious of her position. At Kremsier, in November, 1848, her ministers formulated the sentiment: "The continuance of Austria's national unity is a necessity

GROWTH OF
PRUSSIA
1806-1871
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80
NORTH SEA
Helgoland
DENMARK
Copenhagen
Friedericia
Tondern
Flensburg
Schleswig
Rendsb.
Kiel
Kieler B.
SCHLESWIG
HOLSTEIN
Eider R.
Cuxhaven
Weser R.
Wilhelmshaven
Emden
Lubeck
Wismar
Rostock
GRAND DUCHY OF MECKLENBURG
SCHWERIN
Hamburg
Altona
DUCHY OF LAUENB'G
1865
Lüneb'g.
Bremen
Verden
HANOVER
Elbe R.
Aller R.
Celle
1866
Stendale
Hanover
Osnabrück
Minden
Brunswick
BRUNSWICK
Magdeburg
Brandenburg
Mockern
Ems R.
Weser R.
Munster
Hamelin
Hildesheim
Goslar
Halberstadt
Dessau
Cleve
Wesel
Hamm
LIPPE
1815
Detmold
Paderborn
WESTPHALIA
Dortmund
Ruhr R.
Arnsbg
Dusseldorf
PROV. OF RHENISH PROVINCE
1815
Gottingen
Cassel
ELECTORATE OF HESSE CASSEL
PROV. HESSE D.
Marburg
Eisenach
Erfurt
Jena
Weimar
Gotha
THURINGIAN STATES
Schmalkalden
Meiningen
Plauen
Julier-Cleve
Julier
Cologne
Aix la Chapelle
Bonn
Rhine R.
Wetzlar
DUCHY OF NASSAU
1815
Koblenz
Ems
1866 D.
Fulda
Hesse R.
Kissingen
Kolburg
Hof
Wiesbaden
Main R.
Frankfort
1866
Schweinfurt
Kulmbach
Bayreuth
Trier
Mainz
Wurzburg
Bamberg
GRAND DUCHY OF HESSE D.
Worms
PALATINATE
Speyer
Saarbrucken
Spichern
Hambach
Landau
Nurnberg
Ansbach
Rhine R.
Neckar R.
BADEN
Carlsruhe
Rastatt
Stuttgart
WURTTEMBERG
Ingolstadt
Ratisbon
Donauworth
Landshut
Tubingen
Ulm
Danube R.
Hohenzollern
HOHENZOLLERN
Angsburg
Munich
Isar R.
Inn R.
PRINCIPALITY OF NEUENBURG
Neuenburg
Bern
Freiburg
SWITZERLAND
FRANCE
Doubs R.
Aar R.

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for Germany as well as for Europe." In December came a threatening note from Olmütz declaring that: "Austria will know how to maintain her position in the projected German body politic." The Austrian delegates at Frankfort founded a party known as the *Grossdeutsche*, or advocates of a greater Germany; and allied themselves with those liberals who were opposed to any monarchical state at all. There is little doubt but that, in secret, the court of Vienna favored an Austrian empire, of which Germany should be merely an appendage.

The general sentiment of the least prejudiced minds at Frankfort was in favor of a narrower association, in which Austria should have no part; and, at the same time, of another, broader union which should assure her all possible safeguards and privileges. They were growing very tired, these reformers, of having their earnest work persistently ignored. "Waiting for Austria means death to German unity," declared one of the ministers, Beckerath. Gagern finally procured a vote, authorizing the ministry to treat with Austria, as with an extraneous power, by means of envoys.

Republic or empire?

The second important question: What, with or without Austria, should be the form of the new political creation, and what the nature of its head? gave rise to equally divergent views, and to equally violent opposition. Should there be an emperor, a directory, or a president? If an emperor, should his dignity be hereditary or for life, or for three or six or twelve years, or should it be shared in rotation by Austria and Prussia? The vote to confer the headship of the nation on one of the ruling German princes was finally passed, the vote to make the dignity hereditary, rejected. In February, 1849, a note from the Austrian government formally protested against the notion that an Austrian emperor and his government

should subordinate themselves to a central power wielded by any other German prince. Soon afterward, the feeble and yielding emperor, Ferdinand, — who had made promises he could neither keep nor well revoke, — resigned in favor of a youth of eighteen, that Francis Joseph who still, in ripe old age, holds the throne.

The crown of the empire to be offered to Frederick William.

Behind Francis Joseph was a government determined to fight the revolution to the very utmost. In March, 1849, a new constitution, which centralized the administration to the last degree, was imposed upon all Austrian lands. This was the crisis, this Austria's answer and final challenge to the Frankfort assembly: she would enter the Confederation with all of her provinces or not at all; and the new empire, if empire there was to be, must take its measures accordingly. Representative Welcker — up to this moment one of the heads of the Austrian or "greater German" party — now made a motion, that the constitution, as it stood, should be adopted by a single vote, and the hereditary imperial dignity be offered to the king of Prussia. The motion as offered was defeated by a slight majority; but by sacrificing the clause relating to the power of absolute veto, the rest of the section concerning the headship of the empire was passed. It was a solemn moment when the result was announced. "May the genius of Germany preside over this hour," was the invocation of the Parliament's president; and, when three cheers were given for the "German emperor," they were taken up by the dense crowds in the streets, and all the churches rang out their chimes.

Frederick William and the German question.

The deputation that left Frankfort for Berlin, on March 30, 1849, had a most important mission to perform. Could Frederick William be induced to subscribe to the Frankfort constitution and accept the imperial crown, the future of Germany was assured; though, possibly, at

the cost of a war with Austria. Twenty-eight of the minor states had already promised their sanction to the new constitution. Others would be likely to follow Prussia's lead. And Frederick William had at various times so acted as to strengthen the hopes of the liberals. They could not know of his frequent changes of mind, of his weak susceptibility to new influences, of the incipient disease that was preying upon his brain.

In 1847, Frederick William had been ready to settle the German question "with Austria, without Austria, yes, if need be, against Austria." In March, 1848, he had proclaimed his intention of placing himself at the head of the movement for a united Germany, and had ridden around under the shadow of the revolutionary banners. But, soon afterward, he declared to a deputation from the Rhine provinces: "I am only the second in Germany;" and wrote to the historian Dahlmann, that none other than the "archhouse of Austria" could ever be at the head of the united fatherland. He meant to retain for himself, indeed, the command over the German military forces, — failing to see how impossible of acceptance such a proposition would be to Austria.

Frederick William and the Frankfort Parliament.

With the Parliament of Frankfort, his relations had been similarly undetermined. "Do not forget, gentlemen," he had cried to a deputation sent to assist at the opening of the Cologne cathedral, "do not forget that there are still princes in Germany, and that I am one of them!" On the following day, however, he had drunk a toast to "the builders of the great work, the present and the absent members of the Frankfort national assembly." His enthusiasm had then received a rude shock through the September uprising and the murder of the deputies, Lichnowsky and Auerstadt; and more and more there settled down upon him a horror of revolution, and of everything therewith connected.

Frederick William's views as to the offer of the imperial crown.

He stood very much alone at this time, except for a faction of insignificant flatterers. His ministry, at the head of which was still Count Brandenburg, was in favor of conciliation, and received the Frankfort deputation with warmth. His friend and confidant, Bunsen, who was filling the post of ambassador to England, had urged him continually to accept the crown whenever it should be offered; and had prevailed upon him, in January, to send a note to Frankfort, which showed him in sympathy with the plans under consideration there. Three weeks later, Austrian influences had completely changed the king's mood; and a second note showed an entirely different standpoint. In one of his pessimistic attacks, Frederick William had written to Bunsen a letter which well shows the hysterical, extravagant side of his character, as well as his bitter hatred of everything republican. Bunsen had assured him that, although the offer of the crown might come originally from a popular assembly, the princes and governments of Germany would be sure to sanction its acceptance. But Frederick William wrote back, that he wanted neither the crown itself nor a subsequent consent of the princes. The kind of crown he would be willing to wear was not such a one as a revolutionary assembly could give, — not picked from the gutter like that of Louis Philippe, but carrying God's mark and making its bearer king by His grace: "The crown which the Ottos, the Hohenstaufens, the Hapsburgs have worn, a Hohenzollern can naturally also wear; it does him unspeakable honor with its thousand-year halo. The one which you mean, alas, dishonors him unspeakably with its carrion odor of the revolution of 1848." With floods of invective, the king goes on to castigate this "imaginary crown, wrought of filth and mire." "I speak plainly," he writes: "if the thousand-year crown of the German nation, in

abeyance now these forty-two years, is again to be given away, it is I and my likes who will give it."

The reception of the Frankfort deputation.

His reception of the Frankfort deputation was cool in the extreme. An audience was granted, but no court carriages were sent to bring the members to the palace — an omission which the city of Berlin hastily supplied. The very lackeys in the anteroom were insolent, one of them refusing to bring a glass of water for the president, until ordered imperatively to do so. The king delivered his address very formally, standing, in uniform, surrounded by the princes, ministers, generals, and court functionaries. He had carried his conscience to the King of kings, he declared, and had decided that, not only must he await the consent of the princes, before accepting the crown, but, also, must determine with them whether the present form of the constitution was acceptable to one and all. With actual tears in their eyes, the deputation withdrew; these men knew well that, if thirty-six different autocratic governments might pick and tear at their work, not much of it would survive. Before taking their departure, they framed a writing which declared that, since his Majesty denied all right of existence or binding force to the national constitution, he must be considered as having refused the proffered election.

Austria and Prussia against the Frankfort Parliament.

Frederick William still dallied for a while with the national assembly, and summoned all the governments to send plenipotentiaries to Frankfort to discuss the matter — a summons which not one of them obeyed. Austria, meanwhile, had withdrawn her delegates; declaring that never would she bow to foreign legislation, never would her emperor subordinate himself to another prince. "For us, the national assembly no longer exists," — so wrote her ministers in an official note to Berlin. At this very time, the Prussian lower house voted to accept the constitution.

Saxony and Würtemberg seemed wavering; while the national assembly sent out its demand for recognition almost in the form of an ultimatum. Frederick William came forward now with a categorical refusal of the imperial dignity. He had already sent an adjutant to the king of Saxony to harden the latter's heart against the adherents of the Parliament, and to offer armed assistance, should such be needed. He summoned a conference to Berlin of such governments as might care, in view of the mistaken steps that the national assembly had taken, and seemed inclined still to take, to deliberate concerning the needs of the nation. "The Prussian government," so ran the circular note, "cannot conceal the scantiness of the hope, that the national assembly will lend its hand to altering the constitution on which it has determined." The official *Staatsanzeiger* began openly to speak of the parliament as of a "revolutionary" assembly.

Rebellions in Saxony, Baden, and the Palatinate.

All this reacted violently upon the Parliament itself, and gave rise to factions which were its final ruin. The "left" was in favor of encouraging an armed uprising among the people. The "right," determined on using a purely persuasive means, put through a vote to hold elections for a new constituent assembly, which should confer the crown upon the king of Prussia so soon as he should have recognized the constitution. Not unnaturally, the political agitation spread to the constituents of the members of Parliament. Addresses, words of advice, of encouragement, of blame, poured in upon the different rulers; and at last, in three states, — in Saxony, in the Rhine Palatinate, and in Baden, — the flames of discontent broke out into actual rebellion.

Saxony.

In Dresden, where the dissolution of the chambers and a ministerial crisis had brought excitement to the highest pitch, the government, on the third of May, forbade a

projected parade in honor of the national constitution. The crowd surrounded the arsenal and the palace, and the king fled to the impregnable Königstein. His ministers accompanied him; but returned, the same evening, to find a provisional government set up, the head of which was an extreme radical, Tzschirner. The advent of Prussian troops at once put a stop to the movement, and the ringleaders were punished with long imprisonment.

Prince William's campaign in Baden.

In the Palatinate, and in Baden also, the existing governments were displaced. In Baden the military were drawn into the vortex, and the most republican designs were cherished; the neighborhood of two popularly governed states like France and Switzerland being of especial influence. Recognition of the imperial constitution was written on the banner of the insurgents, but "without the hereditary head." It was in this struggle that the then crown prince of Prussia, later Emperor William I., gained his spurs as a leader of armies. In response to a call for aid from Bavaria and Baden, Frederick William sent two army corps under William's command. The revolutionary forces, which combined against the Prussians and took numerous foreigners into their service, numbered between thirty and forty thousand men. Commander-in-chief was Mieroslawski, a famous Polish refugee. It needed many skirmishes, and a regular bombardment of the fortress of Rastadt, before this perfectly hopeless and meaningless rebellion could be put down. Many lost their lives on these petty battlefields; many were afterward sentenced to death or imprisonment. The poet Kinkel was given a life sentence; but was rescued from the fortress of Spandau by Carl Schurz, who afterward became a shining light in the political firmament of the United States of America.

If the cause of the Parliament of Frankfort had long

Secessions from the Frankfort Parliament.

been losing ground, these revolts and their successful suppression gave it its *coup de grâce*. Prussia withdrew her delegates, after a vote had been passed that her interference in Saxony had been an unwarrantable breach of the peace. The conduct of affairs came more and more into the hands of the radicals. The feeling gained ground, among the more moderate elements, that they had no longer any positive policy to defend. On the 20th of May, 1849, sixty-five members, including in their number almost all whose names had given brilliancy to the assembly, seceded in a body — declaring their unwillingness to sunder the last legal ties between the governments and peoples of Germany, and to foster civil war. Among them, was old Ernst Moritz Arndt, who for nearly half a century, had sung of a united Germany which he was never to see.

Expulsion and end of the Frankfort Parliament.

Bereft of its sanest members, the parliament ran riot with its revolutionary ideas. The number necessary for a quorum was reduced from one hundred and fifty to a hundred. The place of meeting was moved from Frankfort to Stuttgart, for no other apparent purpose than to be nearer to the disaffected district. The "centre" party had already left because of the refusal to declare roundly, that the only object now aimed at was the furtherance of the constitution, and that all interference on the part of foreign countries was to be deprecated. It had come to be called the rump Parliament, — this survival of a once important body. It now elected a "regency for the empire"; and this "regency" proclaimed to the German people that, in the struggle against absolutism, they were to accept no commands save from itself and its plenipotentiaries. It called for a general arming, and for a credit of five million thalers.

But the "rump" had overestimated its strength. It was fain to obey the commands of the Würtemberg government, which first ordered it to vacate the assembly hall

of the estates; then to hold the sessions of the "regency" beyond the state boundaries; and, finally, to move away altogether under pain of "suitable measures." It was given its quietus by being forced to disperse by soldiers with drawn swords. Thirteen months had the Parliament as a whole been in session, and its immediate results were absolutely nil; though it is safe to say that its deliberations, and even its mistakes, made it easier for the next generation to realize the dream of national unity.

CHAPTER IX

THE RECKONING WITH AUSTRIA

LITERATURE: In addition to the general treatments by Bulle, Biedermann, Pierson, and Fyffe, see the monumental work of Sybel, *Gründung des deutschen Reiches*, and, almost more important still, Friedjung, *Kampf um die Vorherrschaft in Deutschland*. Marcks's *Kaiser Wilhelm* is a biography of the highest order. Bismarck's recently published memoirs should be read as a whole; they are made use of in a convenient compilation by Liman, *Bismarck's Denkwürdigkeiten*. The most comprehensive biography of Bismarck is that by Hans Blum, with no charm of style.

The Prussian Union.

WHEN, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Emperor Leopold would scarcely consent to the raising of Prussia among the monarchies, it was because he feared the rivalry of this new, wholly German state. That fear was now to be realized, and the result was to be a deadly war for supremacy. Austria's old prestige had carried her safely through the trying time of the Congress of Vienna; while Metternich's ability had caused her still to retain the leadership for more than a generation. But the revolution of 1848 had been the beginning of the end. The Parliament of Frankfort, representing the people of all Germany, had had no room in its new political creation for the Croats, Poles, Magyars, Czechs, and other strange nationalities that went to make up five-sixths of Austria's population.

After the rupture with the Frankfort Diet, Prussia took upon her own shoulders the task of uniting Germany, and, on May 17, 1849, a conference to which all the German powers had been invited was opened in Berlin. But only Austria, Bavaria, Hanover, and Saxony responded to the

call, and the envoys of the two former powers withdrew almost at once; while Saxony and Hanover joined in the so-called League of the Three Kingdoms, merely to gain time until Austria should have put down revolts in Hungary and in northern Italy. On the other hand, the idea of this union appealed to the former Prussian imperial party of the Frankfort Diet. One hundred and fifty of the ex-members met at Gotha and voted to seize this new opportunity of healing the wounds of the fatherland. They urged their respective governments to join the cause, and soon twenty-eight of the small states had handed in their allegiance, Austria, Bavaria, and Würtemberg being the only important powers to remain aloof. It was determined to adopt the Frankfort constitution, but to change the mode of elections to the three-class system. A Union Parliament was called to meet at Erfurt and came together in March, 1850; by which time, indeed, Saxony and Hanover had shown their true colors. To the last these governments had duped their own people with an apparent interest in German unity.

The plan of restoring the old Diet.

The Prussian programme had been to form a greater and a lesser union. Into the former Austria was to be received, the closest of alliances formed with her, her territory protected, agreements formed for the furtherance of trade and intercourse. With the latter, consisting of purely German elements, she was to have nothing whatever to do. But this did not suit the views of the Vienna court; and, as a counter move, its ministers summoned an assembly to Frankfort to debate on the question of reviving the old Diet. The princes belonging to the Union were willing to send delegates, provided the matter could be discussed in free conferences; but denied that the convention itself in any way represented the old Diet.

Had Frederick William IV. been possessed of a firmer

The amended constitution of Prussia.

character, some good result might have come of the Prussian Union. But his heart was only half in the work. With his own local Parliament he had been engaged in revising the recently granted Prussian constitution, and his success in that direction had turned his head. Everywhere he had caused offensive clauses to be modified: introducing the three-class system of voting, retaining for himself the right to pass decrees — if not contrary to the constitution — in the absence of the chambers, freeing the army from the obligation of swearing to the constitution, and restricting the Parliament's right of abolishing taxes. The upper house was to consist of hereditary and of life members, not of those elected by the people; and a special court was to be established for political offences. No wonder the liberals were furious; no wonder they called this Parliament a law-taking, not a law-giving assembly. The constitution, in its amended form, was finally promulgated on January 31, 1850; and the king, when taking oath to it, declared that it had come into being in a year which the loyalty of generations to come would wish with tears to see obliterated from Prussian history, and which still bore the broad stamp of its origin. But, under its amended form, it would at least be possible for him to continue to rule, though his people must beware and not use it as a cloak for their wickedness, or a substitute for divine Providence. This achievement reacted forcibly on the Erfurt Union Parliament; and the Prussian ministers took the extraordinary step of demanding reactionary alterations in the very draft of a federal constitution which they themselves had shortly before presented, — a step which lost them the sympathy of all the national liberal elements in Germany.

The affair of Hesse.

Austria was growing more and more insistent that the old Diet should be restored, and that the whole Austrian-Hun-

garian monarchy should be allowed to enter the Confederation. She proposed to alter the method of representation so that all the minor states together, which were Prussia's firmest allies, should have but one vote. "It is necessary to *avilir*, or abase, Prussia," was a reported saying of the Austrian minister, Schwarzenberg.

And abase Prussia Austria did, so completely, that the journey of Frederick William's prime minister to Olmütz, the temporary residence of the emperor, has often been compared with the famous pilgrimage of Henry IV. to the feet of Gregory VII. at Canossa.

The immediate occasion was a common claim to the right of interfering in the affairs of a minor state. In the electorate of Hesse, which belonged to the Prussian Union, a fierce struggle was waging between a reactionary minister, Hassenpflug, and a Parliament that refused him taxes. Hassenpflug — whose enemies called him Hessen-Fluch — appealed to the Diet of Frankfort, which was finally declared reëstablished in September, 1850. Prussia prepared to maintain the rights of the Union. Austria held a meeting with the kings of Würtemberg and Bavaria, during which the former declared at a banquet that a soldier must follow his emperor, wherever he might lead. It was determined to raise an army of two hundred thousand men. Austrian and Prussian forces entered Hesse. Frederick William in vain sought the mediation of the Czar, while Schwarzenberg came out roundly with demands, in the form of an ultimatum, to the effect that the Prussian Union should be dissolved, that the federal Diet should be recognized, that Hesse be evacuated, and that the Austrians be not interfered with in Schleswig Holstein, — where Prussia had been pursuing a policy weak in itself and unpopular with the rest of Germany. Austria desired that this matter,

as well as the Hessian dispute, should be handed over to the federal Diet.

The journey to Olmütz.

There were not wanting indignant men, — like Crown Prince William, like Bunsen, like Pourtales, — who were ready for anything rather than lick the dust from the feet of a boastful enemy. But this was practically the course advocated by the band of intriguers who just then held the king's ear. Radowitz, in favor of resistance, resigned. Manteuffel, with no other thought than submission, took his place. He made, indeed, an outward show of mobilizing, but told the Austrian ambassador it was merely to calm the rabble, and ordered the troops to avoid real hostilities. This they did with such good effect that the only casualty in the one skirmish at Bronzell was the death of a white horse. At Olmütz, finally, Manteuffel laid Prussia prostrate at Austria's feet, as few unconquered states have ever been humiliated. The Union was abandoned, the Diet acknowledged, the troops, save one battalion, ordered from Hesse. Austria might even have entered the Confederation and formed her longed-for "seventy million" empire, had not England peremptorily interfered on the ground that the balance of power in Europe would be destroyed. The Schleswig-Holsteiners were ordered to submit to Denmark, and Prussian officials aided the Austrians in forcing these former allies to lay down their arms.

Bismarck in the Union Parliament at Erfurt.

There were those who considered that Olmütz was unavoidable, that in her then condition Prussia could not possibly have taken up the struggle against Austria and her allies: among them was Otto von Bismarck-Schönhausen, the future imperial chancellor, at that time a strong conservative. His long term of devoted service to the royal house of Prussia had begun in 1847, as a member of the Prussian *Landtag*. When, in the following March, he

first heard of the bitter humiliations to which Frederick William was subjected by the revolutionists, of the extraordinary scenes in the courtyard of the palace at Berlin, of the flight of the heir apparent to England, he had written to the king to offer his sympathy; and, shortly after, had presented himself in person. He was at this time thirty-three years of age, had seen many sides of life, had administered his father's estate of Kneiphof with considerable success, and had served as a local magistrate. He was strongly against liberal concessions and considered that in making them the crown "had thrown earth upon its own coffin." Yet he soon reconciled himself to the irrevocable, though seeking to save what could still be saved of the royal prerogative. In numerous assemblies which he instigated he goaded on the nobles and the country gentry. He opposed the acceptance of the Frankfort offer of the imperial crown, mainly because the new emperor would have no veto power, — an objection which he later let fall when it came to framing the present constitution. As a member of the Erfurt Parliament, he often caused the liberals to writhe under his utterances. His every action was bold and decided: when he first entered the assembly he is reported to have torn from the chairs of the Prussian conservatives the black, red, and gold ribbons, and to have replaced them with black and white. But he could not save the dignity of the Prussian crown when the man who wore it was a Frederick William IV.

Bismarck as envoy to the restored Diet of Frankfort.

After Olmütz, Bismarck was sent to represent Prussia in the restored Diet of Frankfort, — first as a subordinate of Herr von Rochow, but soon as minister plenipotentiary in his own person. There were many who thought him too inexperienced for the position; but those who knew him best argued strongly in his favor, knowing his coolness,

his cleverness, and his courage. The Frankfort newspapers spread abroad the squib that, if asked to command a frigate or to perform an operation in surgery, he would doubtless declare that he had never done it, but that he would gladly try.

Bismarck's first journey to Frankfort, as a member of the Diet, has been likened to that pilgrimage of Martin Luther to Rome which opened the eyes of the reformer to the evils rampant in the church. Hitherto he had been more or less Austria's friend. Now he found that her settled policy was never to recognize Prussia as her equal. The Austrian envoy, Count Thun, who presided over the sessions of the Diet, treated the other states as subordinate powers. His manners were lordly, his actions arbitrary. In drawing up the protocols, he inserted or omitted what pleased himself. He required a unanimous or a majority vote, according as Austrian interests demanded; and, in the same way, hurried through or postponed meetings. It may seem a small matter, that at formal committee meetings he would be the only one to wear negligee costume and to indulge in a cigar; but it marked a tacitly acknowledged superiority that galled and irritated Bismarck. The latter has related how, on one such occasion, he himself astonished the count and the assembly by coolly walking up and demanding a light. So seriously was the matter taken that the envoys of the smaller states wrote home to know if they might allow themselves the same privilege; and, as the answers came in, one cigar after another was ostentatiously lighted. It was hard on the Würtemberg envoy, who disliked tobacco; but for the honor of his state he was compelled to smoke.

Bismarck's impressions as to a deep hostility to Prussia found confirmation in a curious way. Prokesch, who was

Austrian envoy in 1854, sold an old desk in Frankfort which eventually found its way to Berlin; in one of the drawers he had accidentally left a complete correspondence, — drafts of his own letters and originals of the answers, — in which members of the press were urged to foster an anti-Prussian sentiment in Germany. When this damning evidence was placed in his possession, Bismarck could readily have obtained the recall of Prokesch; but he refrained from doing so on the ground that he preferred an incautious to a cautious adversary. For their own parts, the Austrians hated the wary Prussian minister with a deadly hatred, and did not spare him actual insults. An archduke asked him sneeringly at a ball if certain medals, which were in reality tokens of valuable diplomatic services, had been won before the enemy. "All won before the enemy, all won right here in Frankfort," was the ready answer. The eight years spent at the Diet were mainly devoted to raising the sunken prestige of Prussia, to seeing that no slight should go unavenged; — that was the first step in the task of transferring the balance of power from Austria to his own state, and placing the latter at the head of Germany. By holding his own he paved the way for the final reckoning.

Bismarck upholds Prussia's dignity at Frankfort.

At the time of the Crimean War, Bismarck's advice maintained Frederick William in the path of neutrality, — even though the king's dearest friend, Bunsen, urged him to join with England and France; and though his brother, the Crown Prince William, was very zealous for war. Bismarck pointed out, that Prussia had everything to lose and nothing to gain, that there was no *casus belli* with Russia, that it was the height of political folly to provoke this "perpetual neighbor." In an interview with the Crown Prince, who strongly opposed him on this point, he protested against playing the rôle of an Indian vassal

Prussia and the Crimean War.

prince, and fighting England's wars under England's patronage. This policy toward Russia,—which prevailed in the end, and which was to be repeated at a later date,—stood Prussia, at the last, in good stead. Bismarck was the first of her statesmen to look far ahead on the political horizon and reckon with every possible disadvantageous element.

For a time, during the early stages of the Crimean War, Austria and Prussia had gone hand in hand. They had joined with the Western powers in presenting the famous four demands : abolition of the Russian protectorate over the Danube principalities, and of the Russian preponderance in the Black Sea; free passage of the Danube, and a general, not a particular, protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Porte. But, when these demands had been accepted by Russia as a basis for negotiation, and Austria joined with England and France in asking for still more,—then their ways parted. Prussia had nothing to do with the war and barely secured representation in the peace congress at Paris. Only on the ground that she had signed a former maritime treaty that had now to be abrogated was she finally admitted.

Prussia and the Franco-Austrian War.

When, in 1859, Austria's war with France and Sardinia broke out, the first-named power assumed, as a matter of course, that Prussia would stand by her, notwithstanding the fact that purely dynastic interests were at stake. Even in other parts of Germany, there was a great outcry that the Rhine must be defended on the Po; that in case of Austria's defeat this new Napoleon would turn upon Prussia, as his namesake had done in the days of Jena. But Prussia could not accept the conditions which Austria imposed. She was willing to aid her if treated as a great power, but not to subordinate the direction of her armies to commissioners from the federal Diet. Rather than yield the

point, Austria preferred to lose the main part of her provinces in Italy. When signing the Peace of Villafranca the Emperor Francis Joseph declared, in a manifesto to the powers, that he did so because he had been deserted by his nearest and natural ally; and it was long before the wound ceased to rankle.

Prince William as regent of Prussia.

Frederick William IV., at this time, was passing into the entrance of the valley of the shadow of death. Early in 1857 his intellect gave signs of clouding, wild excitability alternating with mute despair. His brother William was named his vicegerent; and, after nine painful months of subserviency to the old policy and to the old advisers, was formally declared regent. Already sixty years of age, the prince, — whose one opportunity of distinguishing himself had been the insurrection in Baden, — had come to consider his career at an end. When answering the congratulations of the future Field-marshal Roon, on the occasion of his birthday, he declared that he had reached the age when men continued to live only in their children. He spoke of himself as an old man, little dreaming that he was merely on the threshold of a new era which was to bear his own name. Thirty years later the writer saw him strong and erect, the idol of enthusiastic crowds.

King William's proposed army reform.

Yet in these earlier years popularity was the last tribute that was paid to this king. Frederick William died in 1861, and by that time there was culminating a struggle, in which William's opinions were so diametrically opposed to those of the majority of his subjects, so severe were the measures to which he lent his support, that, when he drove through the streets of Berlin, men passed him in stubborn silence, without raising their hats; and once, when a member of his family died, the most ordinary condolences were omitted.

The levies which Prussia had made, against the possi-

bility of becoming involved in the Italian war, had shown forth all the weakness of her military system, which, based on laws and regulations passed in 1814, when the population was very much smaller, no longer corresponded to the needs of the time. While, in theory, every sound man in the kingdom was bound to do military service, in practice there was only room in the existing regiments for two-thirds of the recruits. In time of war, in order to increase the army to the proper size, it would have been necessary to call out the *Landwehr*, which consisted largely of men burdened with the care of families; while some twenty-five thousand younger men remained idle. The essence of the reform that William proposed was to spare the *Landwehr* and to throw the burden of service on the regiments of the line, the numbers and efficiency of which he intended to increase.

Opposition to the proposed army reform.

It is not apparent, at first, why these propositions should have evoked such stubborn and unrelenting opposition on the part of the Prussian Parliament. As a matter of fact, as in most conflicts on special points, there were deeper principles involved than appeared on the surface. Prussia had become a constitutional monarchy; did this mean that, as in England or in Belgium, the sovereign had practically renounced all political power? It was the service of William I. to his country to answer this question in the negative. He admitted the legislative functions of the Parliament, he reserved the executive for himself; and he was ready to resign the office rather than not wield it as his fathers had done.

The change in the army presupposed an expense of only about nine million thalers. The country was prosperous, and the additional taxation was not likely to be felt. But the party of opposition, which possessed a clear majority in the House of Representatives, was determined

to make its grant contingent on various concessions,— among them the shortening of the term of service from three to two years. They attacked the policy of the feeble Hohenzollern ministry, and asked, why should they place forty-nine new regiments at the service of a government too weak to use them? It was whispered that the chief object was to supply young nobles with positions as officers, and the whole movement was cried down as a reflection on the *Landwehr*, which had done such glorious service in 1813.

The refusal of the army grant.

There is no doubt in the minds of men to-day but that there were serious errors on both sides. The government obtained its grant for the first year under something like false pretences,—the finance minister, Patow, explaining that the definite settlement of the army question would not be prejudiced by the provisional granting of the sum required, and hinting that the desired concessions might later be made. At all events, the regiments were formed, the officers appointed, the men enrolled, and the flags consecrated.

The weakness of the position of the liberal party rests on the fact, that it had authorized acts which could not well be undone, however much it might regard them as provisional. Indeed, in the following year, 1861, the parliament repeated its grant of nine millions, though placing it in the budget among the "once-recurring and temporary expenses." The trouble began in September, 1862; the elections to the new Diet had fallen out most disadvantageously for the government, there had been a ministerial crisis and a dissolution of the Parliament. In spite of pressure, fair and unfair, the opposition in the new house was stronger than ever. The majority had determined to take the last and decisive step. In the most abrupt and insulting manner every penny was refused for the support of the new

regiments, notwithstanding the fact that money was due for the payment of officers' salaries. No greater blow had ever been struck at the prestige of the Prussian king. These were men whom he himself had appointed, who wore his uniform and carried his ensigns. They were dismissed against his will and without pay. In the most conservative state of civilized Europe, forty-five regiments were told to strike their colors at the voice of the democracy.

The interview at Babelsberg.

It was at this juncture that Bismarck first entered the stage as a leading character, not to leave it until, a generation later, a new, young impresario saw fit to dispense with his services. He was well known to William, who had often had interviews with him in Frankfort; but passed for too violent, too reactionary. The idea had often been broached of making him prime minister, but he had been appointed instead as ambassador to St. Petersburg — sent to cool on the banks of the Neva, as he himself expressed it, like champagne for future use. His name had always stood for a strong progressive policy; and to him William turned, at a moment when his people, and even his own wife and son, were against him, and when the very foundations of his throne were tottering.

Bismarck was summoned to Babelsberg, and held a private interview with the king in the park of the castle. He found William dejected and discouraged: between his desire not to break the constitution and his conviction of the need of a strong army, there seemed nothing left but abdication; and he had the document before him, already drawn up and signed. "To that let it never come," urged Bismarck; and then and there he undertook the task of ministerial government without a majority, without a budget, and without a programme — at the same time giving a promise that he would never renounce the army reform.

The main question, he declared, the one on which all others hinged, was whether in Prussia the crown should govern, or a majority of the House of Representatives. And, indeed, looking back, it is impossible to overrate the importance of the four years' struggle that now began. Had Bismarck been driven by the overwhelming majorities against him to resign, had the king abdicated, had that army which at the crucial moment proved strong enough to defy the rest of Germany been reduced to its earlier level: it is hard to see how German unity could ever have been established.

Drastic measures of the government.

It was an up-hill fight that had to be fought by the new president of the ministry. His first step was to withdraw altogether the budget the House had failed to approve, and to carry on the business of governing — paying the regiments as well — without giving an account of his expenditures. He found a technical excuse in the wording of the constitution which declared, that "the amount of the budget shall be fixed yearly by a law;" but which also provided, that "to pass any law the consent of the king and of both Houses of Parliament is needed." That there was real danger in the game they were playing both Bismarck and William were aware: the latter once looked out upon the square before his palace, and expressed his dread lest the minister's head might fall, and his own after it. Bismarck replied with words to the effect, that there were worse deaths than those that had been inflicted on Strafford and Charles I.

At all events the game was played with the greatest boldness. The press was gagged, unfriendly government officials deprived of their places, political discussions forbidden at public meetings, and even freedom of speech in the House itself interfered with by the police. The climax was reached, when the bayonets of the king's soldiers were

literally turned against the breasts of members of Parliament, who had accepted an invitation to the city of Cologne to a festival on the Rhine.

Altercations in the House of Representatives.

In the House, in spite of the harshest criticism, in spite of the remark of the presiding member, that "the country was tired of having a mountebank at its head," Bismarck held his ground unmoved. He thundered, he bullied, he threatened; he let loose the immensely powerful weapon of his wit. One day, in committee meeting, he drew forth a little twig from his pocket, and exclaimed to a progressionist member: "This olive branch I plucked in Avignon, to offer to the people's party as a token of peace: I see that the time has not yet come." "Prussia's kingship," he once exclaimed, "has not yet fulfilled its mission. It is not yet ripe enough to form a purely ornamental trimming of your constitutional structure, not yet ready to be inserted as a dead piece of machinery in the mechanism of parliamentary rule." And again, "Germany does not look to Prussia's liberalism, but to her power. . . . The great questions of the day are not decided by speeches and majority votes, — therein lay the weakness of 1848 and 1849, — but by blood and iron!" When Virchow accused him of "downright dishonesty," he rose to ask if political differences were to be settled after the manner of the Horatii and Curiatii, and sent a challenge to a duel. There were times when the personalities grew fairly Homeric. When the king was asked to restrain his ministers, he replied that he shared their views. A convention signed with Russia for putting down the Polish insurrection added fuel to the flames. The sending of soldiers to the boundary was likened to the selling of Hessians to England. Representative Twesten declared, "The honor of the present government is no longer the honor of the state and of the land!"

To add to his other difficulties, Bismarck was obliged to contend with adverse influences at court. The sympathies of the queen and of the crown prince were openly on the side of the House: "Two weeks of Baden-Baden and of Augusta," writes Bismarck in one of his letters, "had almost shaken the courage of the king." Bismarck was greatly hated at the court of London. Queen Victoria felt that her daughter's interests demanded her intervention in Prussian affairs, but could not but see that her advice was unwelcome. Once, indeed, she went so far as to hold an interview with the Emperor Francis Joseph, and to implore him not to ruin the prospects of her daughter's husband. The story is told of Princess Beatrice, that when asked what she would have for her birthday, she demanded the head of Bismarck on a charger. The crown prince himself, in a public speech, branded a measure of Bismarck's as "criminal"; and, on another occasion, formally asked to be allowed to give up his offices and dignities and retire into private life. He complained bitterly, as late as during the Franco-Prussian War, that he was being dragged against his will from one scene of carnage to another, and made to wade through blood to the throne of his fathers.

Bismarck and the English influence at court.

Into the conflict in the Prussian House, a new element was introduced by a revival of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulties, which gave Bismarck the opportunity he had been waiting for of testing the reorganized army, and which furthered his schemes for uniting Germany under Prussia's leadership. The turns and intricacies of this most involved of questions need not concern us here — Lord Palmerston once said that only three persons had ever understood the matter: one was dead, one crazy, and he himself, the third, had forgotten what it was all about. Prussia had fought first for, then against, the insurgents, —

Genesis of the Schleswig-Holstein troubles.

the Czar having upbraided Frederick William for joining hands with revolution. The last peace with Denmark, in 1850, had left the provinces to their own devices; but the London protocol of that year and the London Treaty of 1852, signed by all the great powers, had declared for the integrity of the Danish kingdom. It stipulated, however, that Schleswig-Holstein should retain its separate political organization, even though under the same ruler as Denmark; and that the rights of the Germans, who formed five-sixths of the population of the duchies, should be respected. In order to provide against future dangers, the protocol had further arranged that,—contrary to the rule of succession in Holstein at least,—the heir to the duchies should be a prince of the house of Glücksburg, who was also heir to the Danish crown. The Duke of Augustenburg, the nearest of the other claimants, had resigned his pretensions in return for a large sum of money.

The prince of Augustenburg.

The "protocol prince," Christian of Glücksburg, succeeded, in 1863, to the throne, and immediately crowned a decade of Danish oppression by publishing a constitution which treated Schleswig as an integral part of the monarchy,—disregarding its union with Holstein, which had lasted for five hundred years, and defying the very protocol to which he owed his own accession. In his defence it must be said, that the powerful, so-called Eider-Danish, party had driven him to this step, under threat of revolution. But the news of his act roused a flood of indignation in Germany. When the son of that Augustenburg who had sold his claims in 1852, came forward with the assertion that he had never consented to the act of renunciation, he was received with enthusiasm by the people of Germany as the rightful heir; and the various parliaments voted him their support.

Bismarck's plans with regard to Schleswig-Holstein.

But Prussia and Austria had signed the Treaty of London as independent European powers, not as members of the German Confederation, — which organization, indeed, had not even given its sanction. For a moment they forgot their own rivalries, which had become so bitter, of late, that Austria had been categorically refused admission into the *Zollverein*. William, ostensibly because of a slight implied in the manner of the invitation, had not attended a meeting of the princes held at Frankfort, under Austrian auspices, for the sake of settling the German question. Even now, in this matter of Schleswig-Holstein, although the immediate interests of the two powers were the same, their ultimate aims were very different. Francis Joseph would have liked a return to the basis of the London protocol; while to Bismarck the whole incident was simply a step to greater things — to the annexation of the duchies to Prussia, to the assumption by Prussia of the supremacy in Germany. Only a few months previously he had written: "War alone can solve the Danish question in a sense favorable to us; provocation to such a war can be found at any moment in which our relation to the great powers is favorable for military operations." He would go hand in hand with Austria. He would uphold the London protocol, until some open act of hostility on the part of Denmark should, by the very principles of international law itself, render all treaties null and void, and give him free play. Then, if obtainable, he would achieve the annexation; if not, he would be content to see the duchies under an independent prince. From the very first, he had urged the appropriation of the prize, — whereat, as he writes in his memoirs, "his Majesty seemed to think I had spoken under the bacchanalian influences of a breakfast party," and the crown prince had "raised his hands to heaven, as if he doubted the soundness of my senses."

Austrian-Prussian ultimatum to Denmark.

When the Diet, in its enthusiasm, voted federal execution in Holstein, and sent an army of Saxons and Hanoverians against Christian IX., Austria and Prussia, although they had voted for the execution, held their armies aloof. It vexed them that the young Augustenburg took the whole demonstration as in favor of himself; that he formed a little court at Kiel, chose a cabinet, and began to exercise influence in public affairs. Bismarck, especially, objected to binding his hands by acknowledging this new candidate; and the two powers at last determined to checkmate the pretender by occupying Schleswig themselves. The Diet was informed that Austria and Prussia, having seen their wishes persistently thwarted, intended to act alone in the matter by virtue of their position as European powers. An ultimatum was sent to Denmark, and Prussia and Austria came to an agreement to determine the future of the duchies not otherwise than by mutual arrangement and common consent — as if mutual arrangement and common consent were ever likely to be obtainable where one of the parties had the preconceived idea of appropriating the whole!

During all this time, in the Prussian House of Representatives the bitter contentions continued. Virchow declared that, through Bismarck's policy, Prussia was becoming a mere satellite of Austria; that the very existence of the state was being threatened; that the president of the ministry had no conception of a national policy. The desired loan of twelve million thalers was refused; and Bismarck thundered out that he would make war with or without the consent of the Diet, and would take the money wherever he could lay hands upon it.

Initial events of the Danish War.

The great trio that were to lead Prussia through immeasurably greater wars were already beginning their activity. It was Roon, then minister of war, who had

warmly recommended the calling of Bismarck to the ministry. It was Moltke who drew up the plan of campaign, which, however, was modified in practice by the commander-in-chief, Wrangel. The latter, already eighty years old, and lacking in vigor and decision, needlessly protracted the war.

As it was, the army, about sixty thousand strong, crossed the Eider, on the 1st of February, 1864; and, by the 20th of July, the final truce had been declared. The great events of the war were the capture of the Danewerk, the storming of the redoubts of Düppel, and the clearing of the Danish islands.

The Danewerk was a line of fortresses, extending for fifty miles or more, between the town of Schleswig and the source of the river Reide. All that nature and art could do had combined to strengthen this line of defence; and the Emperor Napoleon III. was of the opinion that, by it, the advance of the Germans might be checked for a space of two years. Within five days, on the contrary, the Danish army had been dislodged, or, rather, had dislodged itself from its strong position. It was bitterly cold, and the marshes, which were otherwise a great protection, were frozen over. General de Meza, the commander-in-chief, dreaded a long bivouac in the snow. He might have taken the offensive, but feared to risk all on the result of a pitched battle — his orders being to avoid running Denmark's one available army into unnecessary danger. He preferred, instead, to retire to the heights of Düppel, facing the island of Alsen.

The redoubts of Düppel.

Great as was the triumph of the Germans, it would have been greater had Wrangel followed Moltke's plan and, in the beginning, cut off the retreat of the Danes by sending a part of his forces across the lower Schlei, and around the Danewerk. One of Wrangel's colonels wrote to Moltke:

"Few men are capable of carrying out a simple idea in an equally simple manner. . . . The Danes were cleverer on the 4th of February than we. We were two days late in surrounding them." The capture of the redoubts of Düppel, which was undertaken by Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, was a longer affair, and required weeks of active preparation. The storm itself was the matter of half an hour, the Danes having taken refuge in improvised earthworks, a short distance away, from an incessant cannonading. At a given signal the cannon ceased, and the Prussian storming columns rushed upon the redoubts. A few hours more of fighting, and the Danish army had suffered a signal defeat, their guns being captured and many prisoners taken; although the losses in dead and wounded were about equal on both sides. The whole of Schleswig now lay open to the conquerors; and King William of Prussia came himself to the scene of war, to express his thanks to his brave army. The Danish forces withdrew to the islands of Fünen and Alsen, and the German troops proceeded to Jutland.

The London Conference.

The next link in the chain of events was a European congress, held at London, under the auspices of England and France. It was an assembly full of peaceful intents; but, as Sybel has said, there was the wish among the powers concerned to take as little as possible from Denmark and to give as little as possible to Germany. Every plan imaginable was discussed: Schleswig-Holstein was to be politically independent, but joined by a personal union with Denmark; Schleswig was to be divided between Prussia and Denmark — and any number of division lines were suggested; the Prince of Augustenburg was one moment to be recognized, the next he was not. Russia thought of reviving an old claim of her own Czar, and of transferring it to the Duke of Oldenburg. Prussia

was willing that the people of Schleswig should vote to what nation they should belong; but the conference refused to consider such a plan. Now that blood had flown, Bismarck considered himself no longer bound by the agreements of 1852. England and Russia, and even Denmark herself at the last, wished the maintenance of those treaties. After two months of negotiation, during which time hostilities had been suspended, the conference separated.

Bismarck interviews Augustenburg.

During the sessions of the London Conference, the king of Prussia received an address from the people of the duchies, with thirty thousand signatures, begging that Schleswig-Holstein might be freed from Denmark, and might become either an independent state, or, if need be, a part of the Prussian monarchy. The idea of Prussian annexation had by this time been freely discussed in more than one direction. Austria was naturally alarmed at such a possibility, and had tried at the conference to make propaganda for a personal union of the duchies with Denmark,—a proposition which Denmark herself had scornfully rejected. Austria had then turned to the oft-discarded idea of acknowledging the Prince of Augustenburg; but Prussia had felt bound to require certain assurances as to what policy that candidate would be likely to pursue as regarded herself. Bismarck had himself looked into the matter, had tried the prince in the balance, and had found him wanting. Augustenburg was too sure of his position, backed as he was by public opinion both in the duchies and in Germany. He was unwilling to submit to any trammels. "It would be better to try and win my heart," he said, "than to bind me fast with paragraphs." "We had hoped," Bismarck answered dryly, "by driving out the Danes, to have won your heart already."

The landing on Alsen.

Hostilities were reopened within three days after the closing of the conference. The outspoken goal of Austria and Prussia now was the definite separation of the duchies from Denmark; it was to depend on circumstances what should happen after that. Wrangel had resigned the chief command, and his mantle had descended on the shoulders of Prince Frederick Charles. The latter had intrusted General von Bittenfeld with the task of landing his army on the shores of Alsen, which was garrisoned by ten thousand Danes. The manœuvre was carried out with perfect success, batteries on the shore protecting the troops, as they crossed over, from the attacks of the Danish war-ships. Seven hundred of the Danes were killed and wounded; twenty-five hundred were taken prisoner; and the rest were driven to an extremity of the island, whence they were allowed to escape to their fleet. The blow was a final one for Denmark; and the German army pressed forward unopposed, in Jutland as well as on the islands.

The peace with Denmark.

It was the Eider-Danish party that had brought Denmark to such a pass by plunging her into this unhallowed war. In dismissing his cabinet, King Christian covered his departing prime minister with bitter but well-merited reproaches. The new ministry at once sent to Berlin and Vienna, to ask for a truce and for proposals as to the grounds of a final peace. According to the preliminaries drawn up in August, and definitely accepted in October, Denmark was to surrender unconditionally to her two enemies: Holstein, Lauenburg, and almost the whole of Schleswig, and was to accept any arrangement as to the future of the duchies that Austria and Prussia might make. The sundered provinces were to be saddled with their due proportion of the Danish national debt, and were also to bear the costs of the war. On this latter

point, Denmark was inflexible. The country was on the verge of ruin, and, bereft of nearly half its territorial possessions, could never have borne a great financial burden. The Danish commissioner, Quade, refused to sign the peace rather than comply with such a demand.

The Danish War had been brought to a final, and, for Germany, happy conclusion. It was Bismarck whose policy had effected such brilliant results. He later declared repeatedly, that he considered the diplomatic moves of the year 1864 as the most difficult and the most successful of his life.

Irreconcilable designs of Austria and Prussia.

After the war, the court of Vienna did its utmost to come to a lasting understanding, and to form a lasting treaty, with Prussia. The old question of entering the *Zollverein* or Customs Union, was revived; and the Austrian minister, Rechberg, tried every means to induce Bismarck to relent in the matter. The latter considered that a treaty of close alliance between the two powers would answer all necessary purposes; that a unity of mercantile interests did not exist; and that the plan of entering the Union was simply a political move. The matter led to a ministerial crisis in Vienna; and Rechberg, reproached with the futility of his previous policy, and with having brought about the isolation of Austria in Europe, lost his place. Had he remained in office, it is probable that the Austrian-Prussian War would have been greatly delayed; for a close alliance was his constant goal. However, as Bismarck once said, "Sooner or later it had to come to war, and it is, perhaps, fortunate that it happened then, under comparatively favorable circumstances." Already, in the Frankfort days, he had written home, "I foresee that one day we shall have to fight for our very existence with Austria."

More and more the designs of the two powers showed

themselves absolutely irreconcilable. William made his recognition of Augustenburg contingent on conditions that would have reduced Schleswig-Holstein to a vassal state: her commerce was to be restricted, her strong places occupied, and even her armies placed under Prussian leadership. Austria, on the other hand, was willing to support Augustenburg, if the latter would engage to conclude no private treaty whatever with Prussia. Her ministers declared the formation of a half-sovereign state the most incomplete of all possible solutions of the difficulty. To the military suzerainty she never would and never could give her consent. On the receipt of this answer, Bismarck called upon Moltke to calculate just what forces Austria would be able to muster in case of war. From being indifferent to the person of Augustenburg, the king began to regard him with great aversion; while Austria came more and more to espouse his cause.

The Treaty of Gastein.

From now on, the breach between the two powers widened relentlessly. When King William issued an order transferring Prussia's marine station from Danzig to Kiel, a stern protest was sent to Berlin which was answered politely but equally firmly. In June, 1865, on the other hand, King William complained to the emperor of Augustenburg's conduct, declaring it to be a derogation to his own royal dignity. Pending the answer, which was evasive when it came, an inquiry was made into the military resources of Prussia; and the plan was discussed, in a ministerial conference, of carrying off the prince on a Prussian war-ship. Bismarck was already negotiating with Italy for an alliance which should gain Venice for the latter power, and should draw off to the southern frontier a larger portion of the Austrian forces. Steps had also been taken to render amicable the Emperor Napoleon, who desired a free Italy, and, beyond that, some little compen-

sation for his own kindness — some "trinkgeld," as his enemies called it. The Treaty of Gastein, brought about by Austria's internal troubles and King William's sincere desire for peace, proved but a momentary obstacle to the warlike current. It was agreed that Austria should administer Holstein, and Prussia, Schleswig, until a better arrangement could be made; that Kiel should be a federal harbor, Rendsburg a federal fortress. Lauenburg was sold outright to Prussia for two and a half million thalers.

Annoying demonstrations in Augustenburg's favor.

Again the brand of discord was the Prince of Augustenburg. His party continued to make propaganda in Holstein, and Prussia considered that the Austrian governor, Gablenz, did too little to stop the public demonstrations. Newspapers spoke of "his Highness, the Duke." In many of the churches prayers were made for "Duke Frederick of Holstein" instead of for the emperor. The Princess of Augustenburg travelled from Altona to Kiel as only royal personages are accustomed to travel — past gayly decorated stations, and greeted everywhere by deputations and by maidens in white garments bearing gifts of flowers. The climax was reached, when Gablenz permitted the holding of a huge assembly which gave cheers for the "lawful, beloved prince, Duke Frederick." Bismarck at once told his ambassador to demand redress in Vienna, and to inform that court that "a negative or evasive answer to our request would convince us that the imperial government has no longer the desire to proceed with us along a common way." The answer came, sharp and clear: "The emperor's minister must decidedly disavow the claim of the royal Prussian ambassador to receive a justification for an act of the administration of Holstein."

Even this did not necessarily mean war, but the situa-

tion had become so tense that the wildest rumors as to mobilization of forces were believed on both sides, and a mere playful remark of Bismarck's to a lady at a dinner party was magnified into a declaration of intended hostilities. "Is it true," asked the Countess Hohenlohe, "that you are going to fight Austria and conquer Saxony?" "Of course," was the answer, "that has been my object since I first became minister." Strangely enough, the minister's laughing prophecy, that the Austrians would be defeated near the countess's own estates in Bohemia, was to prove almost literally true.

Austria threatens federal execution against Prussia.

Prussia struck a new blow at the party of Augustenburg by decreeing, that any attempt to undermine the provisional government in the duchies would be punishable by house of correction. Austria inquired officially if Prussia still considered herself bound by the Gastein Treaty; and informed the German courts that, should the answer prove unsatisfactory, she would submit the whole matter to the decision of the federal Diet, and move the mobilization of a federal army. This mere threat set Prussia to arming in furious haste, brought about the consummation of the Italian alliance, and caused Bismarck to make one of the master moves of his career by bringing into the discussion a plan for reorganizing the whole constitution of Germany. He was determined, should Austria find it possible to pass such a vote of federal execution, that Prussia should no longer belong to the German Confederation. He would found a confederation of his own, which the other states, should they not do so voluntarily, must be forced into joining. He, the ultra-conservative of 1848, was willing now that the German people should have a general parliament chosen by popular election. If war was to come, posterity should not say that the cause was a trivial dispute regarding the

ownership of a province. It was to be a fight rather for the holiest privileges of man — for nationality, for free government.

The voting of federal execution.

Early in June, Austria carried out her threat of bringing the Schleswig-Holstein matter before the Diet, and — what Prussia deemed a direct breach of the Gastein Treaty — ordered Gablenz to call together the Holstein estates, thus conjuring up the spirit of revolution. Manteuffel, the Prussian governor of Schleswig, announced that, since a return had been made to the condition of things before the Treaty of Gastein, he must once more place garrisons in Holstein. As his troops advanced, Gablenz retreated, complaining loudly, for his own part, of the breach of the treaty. The fateful vote in the Diet — the most fateful, doubtless, in all German history — took place on June 14, 1866. By a majority of three, the mobilization of the federal forces was decreed, — Austria's chief supporters being Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, Würtemberg, Nassau, electoral Hesse, and the free city of Frankfort. The original form of the motion had had to be changed, as the kind of execution that Austria wanted was unknown to the Act of Confederation. It was this earlier form — betraying, as it did, Austria's real intent — that the Prussian envoy referred to when, rising from his chair, he declared that the law and the federal constitution had been broken. His Majesty, the king, he proceeded, should consider the treaties of confederation at an end; but intended to hold fast to the principles of national unity. He then laid before the assembly the programme of a new confederation, which excluded Austria, divided the highest military command between Prussia and Bavaria, and arranged for a German parliament to be chosen by popular election. The German states were invited to join. Refusal meant war. When the president of the Diet inveighed against Prussia's conduct,

and declared the confederation indissoluble, the majority did refuse.

Prussia and Austria at war.

The whole machinery for starting the great war had been so perfected on the Prussian side that, before four days were over, King William could issue a stirring manifesto to his people: "The fatherland is in danger," it began; "Austria and a great part of Germany stand in arms against it. . . . Austria will not forget that her princes once ruled Germany. In the younger but powerfully developing Prussia she will not acknowledge a natural ally, but merely a rival and an enemy." "The old unhallowed jealousy," the writing continued, "has flared up anew into blazing flames. Prussia must be weakened, annihilated, dishonored. . . . We are surrounded by enemies whose battle-cry is, down with Prussia!" "Should God lend us the victory," was the solemn and prophetic conclusion, "then shall we also have strength to renew, in a firmer and more hallowed form, the loose bond which, more in name than in deed, holds together the German lands, and which now is being torn asunder by those who dread the might and right of the national spirit. May God be with us!"

In numbers the Prussian and Austrian armies were not unequal, the scale being rather in Austria's favor. But that was a mere fortuitous circumstance. In everything where human foresight was concerned, Prussia had immeasurably the advantage. A great part of the Austrian soldiers were enjoying leave of absence; and, as a matter of principle, on account of conflicts of nationality, their regiments were quartered far from their homes. The Prussians, whose breech-loading needle-guns could fire three shots to one of the Austrian muzzle-loaders, had been trained in intricate evolutions; the Austrians pinned their whole faith on weighty onslaughts. Prussia had reserves and

a trained *Landwehr;* while Austria, for want of funds, had exempted hundreds of thousands of soldiers from their longer term of service in the line, and had no organized forces from which to draw.

Benedek commands the Austrian army.

Under capable leaders a little enthusiasm might have nullified these evils; but Benedek, the commander-in-chief on the northern scene of war, a man of tried and proven personal bravery, went into the struggle with a despondency and a dread of the worst that never left him. Against his own will he was withdrawn from Italy, where he knew every inch of the ground, to a field where — to use his own simile — he felt like an ass, and did not even know which way the Elbe flowed. He well knew the evils of the military system of Austria, and had often spoken of them with bitter mockery. He had long utterly refused to accept the command, and had urged the emperor to give it to another. Only after a remarkable interview with the Archduke Albrecht — who solemnly adjured him to accept the position as a sacrifice to the imperial house, which could not afford to have one of its own members suffer the odium that would come from defeat — had he at last relented. He knew, as he declared a few weeks later, that Austria was playing *va banque;* that he was staking his own civil and military honor. And to add to his misfortunes, he chose as military adviser a man whose reputation stood very high, Major General Krismanic, but whose counsels proved most faulty.

Overthrow of Saxony, Hesse, Hanover, and Nassau.

While Austria labored under the disadvantage of having a double line of boundary to protect, it must not be forgotten that Prussia had against her the greater part of Germany. By rapidity of movement, however, she proposed to prevent a union of the forces of the small states; and, with forty-eight thousand men — which was all she could spare from the main army — to hold one hundred

and nineteen thousand in check. The definite problems of the campaign were four in number: Saxony, Hesse, Hanover, and Nassau were first to be overcome; then the same army was to be sent against Bavaria and the other South German states; nearly a quarter of a million men were to oppose the main Austrian army in Bohemia; while Italy, with some one hundred and sixty thousand more, was to invade Austria from the south.

Saxony and Hesse were disposed of immediately. Within a space of three days, King John and his son were exiles, and the elector was a prisoner in one of his own castles. The conquest of Hanover was marked by painful incidents. The land itself fell an easy prey, but the army of eighteen thousand men was allowed, through carelessness, to march away to the south. Moltke at Berlin, having ordered Falkenstein to cut off its retreat, supposed that he had done so, which was not the case. He informed King George accordingly, thus inducing him to capitulate. Injured in his feelings and considering himself betrayed, the king ordered an attack on Eisenach, which was countermanded by the Duke of Coburg and a Hanoverian major, under the impression that George had not received the latest despatches from Berlin. A skirmish at Langensalza ended favorably for the Hanoverians; but the Prussian troops soon closed in on them, relentlessly, from all directions, and they were obliged to surrender. The king and his son were forbidden to enter the confines of Hanover. Falkenstein pressed forward almost unopposed, but had scarcely entered Frankfort in triumph, when, on account of his earlier disobedience, he was superseded by Manteuffel.

From Frankfort Manteuffel led his forces, which were greatly augmented, to one victorious field after another. At Bischofsheim, on the Tauber, the federal troops were

repulsed; and, after several successful encounters near Würzburg, the Prussians drove an army nearly double the size of their own across the river Maine. They remained in this region until the truce of Nikolsburg put an end to hostilities.

The Italian field of war.

On the extreme southern field of war, in the meantime, the Italians had allowed themselves to be defeated by forces vastly inferior in numbers to their own. Never was the science of dallying carried to such perfection, and never was a commander torn by more conflicting interests than the chief of the general staff, La Marmora. About two hundred and thirty thousand regular soldiers had been brought together, and Garibaldi had raised a troop of thirty-five thousand volunteers; in addition to which one hundred and fifty thousand men guarded the fortresses and stood in reserve. Yet this immense force accomplished less than nothing, although the Austrians only opposed it by one hundred and forty thousand men, — nearly thirty thousand of whom were stationed far apart from the rest in the Tyrol, in Istria, and in Friaul. La Marmora was, unfortunately, a politician as well as a leader of armies. He had learned that Austria did not lay much stress on the possession of Venice, and that Italy was likely to secure it whatever the outcome of the struggle. Napoleon had hinted that Austria's honor required her to strike a few blows, but that the Italians had better not make war too seriously. There is scarcely a doubt but that La Marmora hoped and expected to carry through the campaign without any serious encounters. He found it most inconvenient to treat with the Prussian envoy, Bernhardi, who had been sent to discuss with him the plan of campaign: Bernhardi's suggestion that the Italian army should fight its way to the Danube and effect a junction with the Prussians, was received as an attempt at witticism; while the Prussian plan of sending

Garibaldi to raise a revolt in Hungary was most distasteful, the ruin of Austria being the last thing the Italian politicians desired.

The battle of Custozza.

When, on the 23d of June, La Marmora crossed the little river Mincio, which formed the western boundary of the Austro-Venetian territory, he did so in the belief that no Austrians would oppose him this side of the Adige. But he soon found that he was greatly mistaken. Early on the morning of June 24 the Italian army, the divisions of which were widely scattered, was forced into a desperate struggle with a large Austrian force, under the cautious and determined leader, Archduke Charles. The battle of Custozza was a long and hard-fought one, and individual Italian regiments did brave and brilliant service. By midday, the result was by no means decided, and the crown prince, Humbert, — who had thought of a manœuvre by which the enemy could be attacked in the flank, and its line of retreat cut off, — sent to submit his plan to La Marmora, and to ask his consent before executing it. Strange to say, the commander-in-chief was nowhere to be found. He had already given up the day for lost, had left the battlefield, and had hastened in person to the headquarters of General Cucchiari, who was miles away, asking him to come to the assistance of the oppressed army. Cucchiari informed him that it would be nightfall before the command could even reach his different brigades. La Marmora broke into a fit of weeping, and threatened to shoot himself. No wonder the day at Custozza proved disastrous. The Sardinian crown prince and the other generals waited in vain for their commands. Each brigade fought where it stood. There was no one to order a retreat, no one to summon the reënforcements, although regiments enough were at hand which had hardly engaged at all in the fray. For ten hours the brunt of

the attack had been borne by sixty thousand men; while as many more had stood idle in the immediate neighborhood, or, at all events, within a few hours' march. It is surprising that the troops did as well as they did; surprising, too, that the Austrian losses outnumbered, if anything, those of their antagonists.

The skirmish at Gitschin.

But all the military operations that had as yet taken place were small in comparison with what was occurring at this time in the hilly districts of northern Bohemia. Here it was that Benedek had decided to strike a blow with his full and undivided forces — either against the army of Prince Frederick Charles, which was advancing from the north toward the Iser, or, as the case might be, against that of the Prussian crown prince, which was moving westward from Silesia over the Sudeten Mountains, and in the direction of the Elbe. The Prussian armies — that of Frederick Charles had been joined by the troops with which Herwarth von Bittenfeld had occupied Dresden — had been ordered to unite in the neighborhood of Gitschin. It remained to be seen whether or not the Austrians could prevent this junction.

Gitschin forms the middle point of the irregular quadrangle formed by the bending Elbe, the Sudeten, and the Iser. It was in this quadrangle that, in a quick succession of conflicts, the fate of Germany was to be decided. The first fighting took place at Podol and Münchengrätz, — points on the Iser which had been reached, separately, by divisions of Frederick Charles's and of Herwarth's armies. The Austrians were worsted in both skirmishes, their total losses being about six times as great as those of their antagonists.

At Gitschin itself a deadly struggle took place. The Prussians had been obliged to advance between towering and wooded heights, which were crowned by the batteries of

some Austrian divisions. But the latter were hampered by orders from headquarters, which reached the troops after the fighting had already begun, but which instructed them to avoid a contest with forces numerically greater than their own. The result was a disastrous retreat, which ended in panic and confusion; and Frederick Charles's army was soon in possession of Gitschin. The Prussian losses amounted to fifteen hundred, the Saxon-Austrian to five thousand men.

The battle of Königgrätz.

The army of the crown prince, meanwhile, had crossed the Sudeten Mountains by three different passes, and had met with serious opposition. Near Trautenau, at the foot of the northernmost pass, the Prussians had been defeated, — with the unusual result, indeed, that the losses of the Austrians were three times as great as their own. At Nachod, Skalitz, Burkersdorf, and Schweinschädel, they had been successful. Their losses during the whole march had amounted to about five thousand men; those of the Austrians, to twenty-one thousand.

By the 30th of June a regiment of Frederick Charles's army was able to join the crown prince on the Elbe. The first great task of the Prussians, that of uniting all their armies, had been accomplished. It remained, with the combined forces, to deal a crushing blow to the enemy. That blow was struck between Sadowa and Königgrätz on the 3d of July. King William, Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon had left Berlin four days before, and were there to see the result of all their plannings, and the realization of all their hopes.

Königgrätz is one of the great battles of history, not only on account of its results, but also because of its actual operations. Seldom indeed have two such colossal armies stood over against each other. Two hundred and twenty-two thousand men, on the Austrian side, opposed two

hundred and twenty-one thousand Prussians. The comparative discipline of the two armies, as well as the actual condition of the men after their week of fighting and of long marches, was very different. As late as the day but one before the battle, Benedek had telegraphed to the emperor at Vienna: "Most earnestly pray your Majesty to make peace at any price; catastrophe for army unavoidable." Francis Joseph had answered: "Impossible to close peace; I command, if only alternative, to begin an orderly retreat. *Has a battle taken place?*" On the afternoon of July 2 Benedek had telegraphed again: "The army remains to-morrow in its position near Königgrätz. Rest and care have accomplished much; hope that further retreat will not be necessary."

The Austrian army was utterly defeated — in spite of the facts that its position on the low hills, which it had crowned with its batteries, was an exceptionally strong one, and that the army of the Prussian crown prince, which had remained at Königinhof not knowing that the crisis was so near, had had to march from ten to fifteen miles on the very day of the battle. Benedek's plan of campaign had not been a bad one, but his generals — chief among them those scions of an effete nobility, the Counts of Thun and Festetics — had prevented its being carried out. They had imagined that they themselves knew more than their commander, and had disdained to obey his orders. The brunt of the attack had been turned against the army of Frederick Charles, while very insufficient forces had remained to cope with that of the crown prince. The divisions which Benedek had ordered to complete the chain that would have blocked the latter's way, engaged instead with Fransecky's division, the brave resistance of which formed the most heroic episode of the whole battle. Hour after hour, these fourteen thousand men resisted the attack

of forty-three thousand. Hour after hour with but twenty-four guns they resisted the fire of one hundred and twenty-eight. By the time the long-looked-for crown prince arrived every seventh man had fallen.

Horrors at Königgrätz.

The crown prince's appearance decided not merely the fate of this one encounter, but also that of the whole day. Some sixty thousand Austrians were soon in wild flight — only to be overtaken by a worse fate than that which they were striving to escape. The commandant of the fortress had closed its gates and opened the sluices of the Elbe. From the one narrow way that led to these inhospitable walls, thousands were crowded into the slimy marshes. War is never without its horrors; but there is something supremely awful in the idea of this human bridge over which, in a state of indescribable panic, passed the comrades of the fallen, followed by horses, cannon, and heavy wagons. The total losses of the defeated army, including the prisoners that fell into Prussian hands, amounted to 44,393 men — a terrible chastening for any responsible people. Yet the light-hearted Viennese seem scarcely to have felt the blow. The theatres continued their performances, and Strauss's concerts were well attended. A reliable witness relates how, on the very day on which the news of the battle arrived, some two thousand persons took part in a masked festival, a sort of Venetian Corso, and how, in the *cafés*, the public applauded and encored the little scenes and chansonettes. "I asked myself," he writes, "if I had been only dreaming and if we had really received a bloody and signal defeat. Will not fire and shame descend upon us?"

The intervention of Napoleon.

Two days after Königgrätz, on the 5th of July, the Paris *Moniteur* announced to the world that Austria had ceded Venice to the French emperor, and had asked him to mediate between the warring powers. Napoleon had

taken upon himself a difficult office, — the more so as he had to reckon with fundamental differences of opinion in his own cabinet. The minister of foreign affairs, Drouyn de Lhuys, was in favor of intimidating the Prussians, and preventing them from placing their demands too high, by stationing an army of a hundred thousand men on the eastern frontier. Marquis Lavalette, minister of the interior, declared that a mediator neither commands nor threatens; and that, besides, France was in no condition to go to war. Prussia accepted Napoleon's intervention, but kept him on tenter-hooks before stating the terms on which she would make peace.

Italy, on the contrary, hitherto a mere fledgling under Napoleon's wing, refused the overtures of her former patron, who was ready, now, to buy her over at any moment for the price of Venice. Italian pride rebelled at receiving, as a gift, what the country's weapons had failed to win. "I will never," cried one of the ministers, "consent to such a piece of 'piggery.'" Victor Emmanuel ordered General Cialdini, whose army had remained inactive as yet, to cross the Po into Venetian territory. He did so, and Garibaldi broke into the Tyrol; while the forces of the Italian fleet engaged with those of the Austrian general, Tegethoff, on the heights above Lissa. But Lissa, on a smaller scale, was a repetition of Custozza, Admiral Persano proving a worthy disciple of La Marmora. The second Italian campaign was as inglorious as the first had been.

The delay of Prussia, meanwhile, in stating the conditions of a possible peace, began to make the French emperor ridiculous in the eyes of Europe. It seemed as though Bismarck intended to dally with the would-be arbiter until the Prussian army should have reached Vienna. Napoleon could not even bring about a tempo-

rary truce; and, on June 16, a skirmish took place at Tobitschau, on June 22, another at Blumenau.

The credit of having prevented Napoleon from raising an army, and from breaking with Italy and Prussia, belongs to the Prussian ambassador in Paris, Count Goltz. Goltz held a discourse before the Empress Eugénie on the general state of things in Europe. He pointed out that the English government was momentarily friendly to Germany; that Russia still remembered the support furnished by Napoleon to Poland; and that Austria had never forgiven the emperor for aiding to free Italy. He ended by asking the empress if this were a time to mortally wound King William's just pride of victory, or to tamper with Italy. The ambassador's representations seem to have been effectual. Napoleon adopted a milder tone, and, when the Prussian proposals had finally arrived, and been formulated and laid before him by Goltz, he was graciously pleased to approve them, — adding for his own part this one paragraph: "Austria's integrity, save as regards Venice, shall be preserved." This coincided well with Bismarck's views. On the day of Königgrätz, as he rode over the battlefield with King William, who made light of the stray bullets that were falling about him, he had said to his sovereign: "The question at issue is decided; what now is at stake is to regain the old friendship with Austria."

Truce of Nikolsburg and Treaty of Prague.

The proposals submitted to Napoleon, and adopted as a basis of peace, ran that Austria should recognize the dissolution of the old German Confederation, and not oppose a reorganization of Germany in which she should have no part; that Prussia should form a North German Confederation, and not oppose a similar union of the South German states; that Austria and her allies should make good the costs — or, as Napoleon emended it, a part of the costs — of the war; that Schleswig-Holstein, with the possible

exception of the northern districts of Schleswig, should be incorporated in Prussia. Goltz had omitted to mention one chief item, and Bismarck telegraphed to him on June 17: "The most important thing for us at the present moment is the annexation of from three to four million North German inhabitants." Fortunately for the cause of peace, Napoleon, who had his own ulterior motives, showed himself tractable as to this point also. He declared that the desired annexations were details, indifferent to him, of the inner German organization. He entered the lists, however, for the kingdom of Saxony, begging that it should be allowed to remain intact. The Saxons had been the chief allies of the Austrians, and it was a point of honor with the latter that the country should not be dismembered.

Bismarck saves Saxony.

The preliminary Peace of Nikolsburg was concluded on June 26, on the basis of the proposals approved by Napoleon. The final one, in which Italy was included, was signed, two months later, at Prague. At Nikolsburg, a strong difference of opinion had shown itself between Bismarck and the king of Prussia. The latter wanted to make the most of his victory, and to annex at least two Saxon provinces. Bismarck's stern insistence on the necessity for moderation was, as even his enemies acknowledge, one of his greatest acts. He pointed out that the present moment was the time for peace; that clouds were rising on the political horizon; that the desire to gain a little more should not tempt Prussia to jeopardize the results already won. Bismarck tells himself, in his memoirs, how, during the interview with the king on the subject, the latter became so excited that it was necessary to drop the discussion; how, under the impression that his views had been rejected, he had asked permission to abandon a diplomatic career, and had retired to his own room; how

the thought had come to him of ending all his troubles by falling from a fourth story-window, — when he heard the door open and a hand was laid upon his shoulder. It was the crown prince, who, knightly and frank in all his acts, had come to offer him his alliance. "You know that I have always been against the war," he said. "You have considered it necessary, and for it you bear the responsibility. If now you are convinced that the purpose has been achieved, and that peace ought to be concluded, I am ready to stand by you, and defend your opinion against my father." The old king eventually relented, but not without a final thrust at the minister who had deserted him before the enemy, and forced him to "bite into the sour apple" and sign this "disgraceful peace."

France wants compensation.

Bismarck had conquered. Saxony remained intact, and joined the North German Confederation. Austria's indemnity was reduced from fifty million thalers to less than half that amount. On the day on which the preliminaries of Nikolsburg were signed, the French ambassador, Benedetti, laid before Bismarck a despatch from Paris. France had desired not to disturb the negotiations; but, these being now ended, would like to have it known, that her consent to the Prussian annexations presupposed a moderate compensation for herself. What that compensation should comprise was to be the subject for future deliberations.

CHAPTER X

THE RECKONING WITH FRANCE AND THE ATTAINMENT OF GERMAN UNITY

LITERATURE: See under previous chapter. Of works dealing with the military events of the Franco-Prussian war that of Junck, *Der deutsch-französischer Krieg* is one of the best. Sybel gives only the genesis of the war. The letters of the *Times* correspondent, gathered into two volumes under the title of *International Relations before and during the War of 1870*, are extremely interesting reading. These *Times* correspondents were frequently furnished with their information by Bismarck himself. Count Frankenberg's *Kriegstageblätter* are exceptionally vivid war pictures written from day to day.

Growing popularity of William and Bismarck.

THE events that culminated in the battle of Königgrätz and the fall of the old German Confederation, had served also to clear the storm-laden atmosphere in other directions. King William and Bismarck were no longer the most unpopular men in the kingdom; for, from the moment that war became imminent, the tide had begun to turn. An attempt on the minister's life by a fanatic, who thought thus to prevent the struggle, and who, on Unter den Linden, fired five shots at him, gave rise to an address signed by three hundred thousand names. Bismarck's coolness after the event, in entertaining invited guests as if nothing had happened, and in only casually informing his wife in an undertone of the danger he had escaped, excited general admiration. The return of the king from the battlefield — and especially his first appearance at a state performance in the opera house — was the occasion of such an ovation that, when William rose to make his acknowledgments, tears

choked his voice and he was forced to retire. The *élite* of Berlin gave a festival at Kroll's famous establishment in the Thiergarten, in the course of which, the burgomaster of the city drank a toast to: "Bismarck, who had taken time by the forelock, and with unflinching resolution realized the yearnings of his race for unity; Roon, who had organized the army that shattered the enemy; and Moltke, the unseen moving spring of all those splendid operations."

The end of the struggle with the Prussian Parliament.

It still remained to hold a final reckoning with the Prussian Parliament; but so bent was Bismarck on conciliation, so completely did he throw aside every idea of humbling his former adversaries, that the matter was soon arranged. In his first speech from the throne to the two Houses of the Prussian Parliament, the king confessed that the government had been obliged for some years to carry on the financial affairs of the state without the proper basis. This had been done, however, from a supreme sense of duty, and William now demanded indemnification for his acts. In its reply, the House of Deputies was very outspoken, hoped that henceforth there would always be a timely enactment of the budget, and that moneys refused by the House would not be expended under pretence of being required for the public weal. The king answered that he was ready to admit that the case was unique of its kind. Were a similar emergency possible, he knew of no other expedient that could well be adopted, but the like never could occur again. In his great speech of defence, Bismarck warned against demanding a too specific acknowledgment of wrong-doing, and declared that his party required peace, not because it had been rendered unfit for combat, but because the great task was not yet finished, and the fatherland needed unity in word and deed. The act of indemnity was passed by 230 out of 305 votes; and, as a mark of

especial esteem, the sum of a million and a half thalers was set aside as a dotation for those who had most distinguished themselves in bringing about such great results. Bismarck received four hundred thousand, Roon three hundred thousand, and Moltke two hundred thousand thalers, with the recommendation that the money be expended in buying landed estates.

Sorrow of the Hanoverians.

By the addition of Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, and Frankfort, Prussia received an increase of four and a half million population and of more than five thousand square miles of territory. The small states that were now received into the North German Confederation added a further four million inhabitants to that organization, and raised the numbers of the army at its disposal to some eight hundred thousand men. As a rule the annexations were accomplished without difficulty; but, in Hanover, the king carried away all the state funds he could lay hands on, and the nobility presented a pathetic address, asking that the dynasty which had ruled for so many centuries should not be driven out. William answered this address at great length, and the deputation departed in sorrow and sadness: "henceforward," it declared, "the most loyal and reasonable Hanoverian has no other resource but to endeavor to convert the bitterness and excitement, partly created by the intention of annexation, into a sentiment of hopeless resignation to the unavoidable decrees of Providence." As a matter of fact, far from showing "hopeless resignation," the Guelph king and his son proved such a thorn in the side of the Prussian government, and went so far in their hostility, that an indemnity originally granted them was withdrawn. For many years, their revenues went to make up the so-called "reptile fund" which was secretly used to suppress intrigues against the safety of the state.

"We must follow these reptiles into their holes," Bismarck had said, in his virile way.

The constitution of the North German Confederation.

It remained to draw up a constitution for the North German Confederation; and this, as far as the essential points were concerned, Bismarck did with his own hand. It was he who invented the name *Bundesrath* for the federal council that was to represent the interests of the individual states: as opposed to the *Reichstag*, which was the organ for the whole confederation, and the members of which were chosen merely on a numerical basis — one for each hundred thousand of the population. The states retained the utmost freedom, save where the general good absolutely demanded a sacrifice. The president of the confederation was the king of Prussia, who, however, had no initiative in introducing laws, and no veto power. To the threat of some progressionist members of the first general Parliament, that the constitution must be made to conform to the less liberal one of Prussia, or that otherwise the Prussian Diet might refuse to accept it, Bismarck replied with overwhelming eloquence: "did the opposition really believe that the movement which had called men to arms from the Belt to the Sicilian Straits, from the Rhine to the Pruth and Dniester, was to have no result; and that the million German warriors who had fought and bled on distant battlefields could be deprived of the benefit of this national decision by the vote of a local Diet? What! he cried, would these gentlemen answer to a wounded soldier of Königgrätz, asking what he had achieved by all his sufferings? Oh, yes, — they would say, — again nothing has come of German unity, but we have saved the right of the Prussian Diet to render doubtful every year the existence of the Prussian army. "And herewith," he thundered in conclusion, "shall the wounded soldier console himself that he has lost his limbs,

herewith the widow that she has buried her husband?" He constantly urged to haste. "Set Germany in the saddle," he cried; "she will soon know how to ride." After less than two months of deliberation, the constitution was finally adopted; and, already in the autumn of 1867, the first regular Diet was held.

Treaties of Prussia with the southern states.

It was a grief to Bismarck, a grief to the states themselves, that Bavaria, Baden, and Würtemberg, and their satellites, had been excluded from the Confederation. But during all these years a strong factor to be reckoned with was the possible enmity of Napoleon III. At the time of the Peace of Prague, he had laid down his fiat that these southern states should be allowed to form their own union. So shaken was the emperor's own position by the fiasco in Mexico, that he was considered ready to take up any quarrel that might restore his lost prestige. He hoped to exercise great influence over this second confederation, — which, indeed, he was never able to bring to pass. He had not counted on the strength of the commercial ties that bound north and south together: with the Prussian market closed to Bavarian beer, the wholesale price had fallen to nearly one-half. The southern states were glad enough to enter the *Zollverein*, and even to relinquish the veto power in that organization, which each member had formerly possessed. They were glad enough to enter into secret treaties with Prussia, offensive as well as defensive, the publishing of which, in 1867, completely checkmated Napoleon.

Napoleon's craving for compensation.

The French emperor's efforts to gain compensation were like the grasping at a straw of a drowning man. He hinted, he threatened, he implored. Bismarck, when it suited his purposes, would encourage him with a ray of hope. In the summer of 1866 Napoleon made a specific demand of the left bank of the Rhine, including Mainz:

his envoy, Benedetti, declared that could public opinion in France not be placated by such a concession the existence of the dynasty would be in danger. Part of the territory demanded belonged to Bavaria, and Bismarck used this circumstance to thoroughly embroil the emperor with the southern states. The chancellor's curt refusal to cede an inch of German territory, led to the fall of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and to a disavowal of his policy, but not to a relinquishment of the hope of compensation. The emperor's star was waning fast. After his abandonment of the unfortunate Maximilian, the latter had been captured, court-martialled, and shot,—to the lasting disgrace of the French government. The rôle which Napoleon was playing in European politics was becoming farcical. The rapidity with which Prussia had crushed Austria had upset all his calculations. The French looked upon Königgrätz as a defeat, almost, of their own arms, and called loudly for revenge; and no amount of stuffing the ballot could prevent the rise of a strong parliamentary opposition at home.

The Luxemburg question.

For a moment it seemed as though, by purchasing Luxemburg from Holland, Napoleon could throw a sop to his detractors. Luxemburg was practically German, although it had refused to enter the North German Confederation. The king of Holland was willing to sell. Bismarck, at first at least, seems not to have been averse to the transaction. But Russia and England interfered, and among the German people at large there arose a perfect storm of opposition. The member from Hanover, Bennigsen, denounced the project in the federal Parliament in most scathing terms. "Luxemburg," he declared, "is German, and has given emperors and margraves to the nation. It is a border country, the defence and preservation of which is a demand of honor. It is a fortress of extreme military importance, the loss of which would not a little impair

our strength. . . . If France does not hesitate to insult us, the earlier that we say that we are all for war the better. It would be sullying our honor were we to act otherwise. It would be an indelible stain on the national escutcheon, were we to submit to arrogance and cupidity combined." And to war it all but came: there were moments when the mobilizing of the German forces hung on the turn of a hand. Bismarck, when asked later what had held him back, acknowledged that for a week the matter had occupied his whole attention. "It was not the possibility of defeat that concerned me," he declared, "for Moltke had assured me we should conquer. But it was a question whether we wish to begin war with France, even with the certainty or extreme probability of victory. This question we answered in the negative, and determined only to make war under absolute compulsion. We considered all the immense losses, all the grief and misery in thousands of families. Yes, gentlemen, stare at me if you will, do you think that I, too, have not a heart? Believe me, I have one that beats just like your own. War will always be war — the misery of the devastated lands, the wails of the widows and orphans — it is all so terrible that I for one would only grasp at this expedient under supreme necessity."

French jealousy of Prussia.

Although the Luxemburg matter was settled peaceably, its sting remained behind. "The Prussians need not be the most suspicious of men," wrote the correspondent of the *London Times*, "to regard this Luxemburg bargain as the shadow of coming events. If Napoleon III. deem it conducive to the interests of his dynasty to satisfy the inordinate ambition of the French, the rebuff he sustained in the present affair will only render it the more indispensable for him to engage in some similar venture as soon as he can." Numberless were the hostile acts com-

mitted by the French during the next two years. Unremittingly the press egged its readers on to war. The official *Moniteur* once described the Prussian soldier as the "pitiable slave of a despotic government," and said of General Benedek and his defeat at Königgrätz, "This proves him to have been even a worse ignoramus than the Prussians, his adversaries." A pamphlet issued in May, 1868, speaks of war as sure to come, but expresses the condescending hope that Prussia's conquerors would not abuse their victory as they did after Jena, for "it is never good to drive a courageous people to despair." Napoleon III. was repeatedly saluted by his troops with shouts of "*Au Rhin!*" and "*Vive la guerre!*" while the Hanoverian Legion, with which King George hoped to recover his lost dominions, was invited to France and allowed to muster and drill on French soil.

Bismarck and the Spanish candidature.

But all these menaces were without a focus until, in the autumn of 1869, it became known that the Spaniards had offered their throne, rendered vacant by revolution, to Prince Leopold, of the Sigmaringen branch of the House of Hohenzollern — a very distant relative of the king of Prussia, it is true; indeed, an actually nearer one to Napoleon himself, and a Roman Catholic to boot — but he bore the hated name, and the cry was raised to beware of the new Charles V. on his double throne. Behind this Spanish candidature there was suspected a wile of Bismarck's, as to some extent was the case. The minister, in view of France's constant hostility, was glad to have a friendly prince in her rear. He egged on the Hohenzollerns with the whole weight of his influence, knowing that the choice would not be agreeable to the French government. He urged secrecy to the last moment, intending to prepare a blow for Napoleon. But, with all this, he never once placed himself formally in the wrong, and the

final renunciation of the throne of Spain by the Prince of Hohenzollern freed him from all responsibility. All the aggression, all the clumsy blundering, was done for him by the other side; and the French ministry must ever stand before the world's judgment-seat as having entered into a bloody struggle on grounds of the most unhallowed frivolity. The ultimate cause of the Franco-Prussian war was French jealousy of German unity. The immediate provocation was an insult to the Prussian king, at the news of which, as imparted in Bismarck's sharp, concise language, the whole of Germany, north as well as south, rose as a single man.

The famous telegram from Ems.

At a time when the political horizon seemed perfectly clear, and the high world of Germany had dispersed to the springs and the seashore for the summer, a perfect bomb exploded in the nature of a telegram from Ems, where the king was taking the waters. This was published in the North German *Allgemeine Zeitung*. It ran as follows: "After the news of the renunciation of the hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern had been officially announced by the royal Spanish to the imperial French government, the French ambassador made the further demand on his Majesty, the king, in Ems, that he should authorize him to telegraph to Paris that his Majesty, the king, would bind himself for all future time never again to give his consent should the Hohenzollerns revert to their candidature. His Majesty, the king, thereupon refused to receive the French ambassador again, and caused his aide-de-camp to say that his Majesty had nothing further to impart to the ambassador."

There is little doubt but that, had this telegram been worded differently, the Franco-German struggle might have been postponed. It might, too, have turned out less advantageously for Prussia. It was all true what the tele-

gram stated, yet the impression given was a false one. As it stood, it seemed to verify the report that Benedetti had come with instructions to *brusquer le roi;* that he had invaded the privacy of the promenade; that the king had turned his back — "shown him the door," as the French ministry figuratively put it.

What really happened at Ems.

As a matter of fact, there had been, not one, but three, interviews, and all polite forms had been observed. Benedetti seems to have acquitted himself of his first instructions,—that he should demand of the king to order the Hohenzollern prince to revoke his acceptance of the crown, — with skill and moderation. William had disclaimed the right, as king of Prussia, to issue any such order, having merely given his consent as head of the family. He had told Benedetti, however, that he was expecting a despatch from Sigmaringen, and had made it clear enough what he hoped that despatch would contain. He would not abandon the standpoint that the Sigmaringen branch of the family were acting on their own responsibility. Yet it was doubtless his doing that the renunciation was made, and that it was announced in Paris earlier than in Ems. Nor did he hesitate to express his full and frank approval of what had occurred. At the next interview, on the morning of July 13, Benedetti,—instructed by wild, impatient telegrams from the French minister, Gramont, who felt that his place depended on subserviency to the party of war, — had brought forward the demand, that the king should bind himself for all future time. William had refused, but, far from turning his back, still arranged with the French envoy that, when the Sigmaringen letter arrived, he would communicate to him its contents. This he had done in the course of a few hours, — but through an adjutant, not personally, — declaring that, as the prince had resigned, the affair was to be con-

sidered closed. Twice, after this, Benedetti had demanded an audience in the matter of the future guarantee, but had been told that his Majesty must refuse utterly to discuss this latter point. In the matter of personal relations there was no breach. Benedetti came to the station on the following day to pay his respects to the king, who was departing for Coblenz, and who received him politely. In the meantime there had come, through the Prussian minister in Paris, Werther, a demand of Gramont's that shows the whole madness and thirst for war of the French government. The ministers desired the king's signature to what amounted to a formal letter of apology for ever having sanctioned the candidature of Leopold: it was to be clearly stated that no offence had been intended to the French people. William was beside himself with anger. But already matters had gone over into other hands, for, in the course of the afternoon, he had caused an official of the Foreign Office, Abeken, to telegraph to Bismarck an account of the whole proceedings with Benedetti, with instructions to use the despatch as he saw fit. He saw fit, as we have seen, to redit Abeken's too benevolent and lengthy statement, shortening it, rendering it much more terse, and making out of it, according to Moltke's approving dictum, a *fanfare*, or signal for attack, rather than a *chamade*, or signal for parley.

Bismarck's sending of the telegram to resident envoys.

Bismarck had been infuriated by the whole Benedetti episode. From the beginning he had found the king's attitude too yielding. This was a question for diplomatic intercourse, not for private and informal interviews. When the Prince of Hohenzollern renounced the throne, Bismarck considered it such a blow to Prussia that he spoke of handing in his own resignation. He purposely made the Ems telegram as decisive as he could, and took the further

step of sending a copy of it to consuls and resident envoys at the different German capitals.

The French are hurried into war.

It was this last act, as misrepresented by the French government, that roused the excitement of the French Chamber to a white heat, and drove it into a formal declaration of war. The Prussian king had refused to receive the French ambassador, declared Olivier. If such refusal were harmless and innocent, why did the Prussian government officially bring it to the knowledge of the European cabinets by means of circular notes? "If ever a war was necessary," he declared, "it is this war, to which Prussia drives us. . . . Had they given us any satisfaction in the matter we should have been contented, but the king of Prussia persistently refuses to enter into a promise. Have we in any way allowed ourselves to be carried away by passion? Not in the least. We continued to negotiate when they called us a ministry of cowardice and shame, and in the meantime they announce to Europe that they have shown our envoy the door!" The official war manifesto, finally — issued on the 19th of July, 1870 — set its seal on the weakness of the French cause by declaring that the emperor's government was obliged to perceive in the king's refusal to make the required promise an *arrière pensée*, dangerous alike to France and to the balance of power in Europe. For an *arrière pensée*, then, France went into this struggle, which was to cost hundreds of thousands of lives and billions of money! It was not the emperor, it was his ministers, Olivier and Gramont, who were to blame. It was they who pretended to have in their hands insulting despatches from the Prussian government, which they refused to show and which did not exist. The declaration of war was the first communication that passed through the ordinary diplomatic channels. There was no ultimatum, no

formal refusal. And the Empress Eugénie took the side of the excited ministers. "*Votre trône tombe dans la boue!*" she cried to her husband; and, when the die had been cast, "*C'est ma guerre à moi!*"

Patriotic enthusiasm of the Germans.

As for the German people at this crisis, their enthusiasm for the king of Prussia and his cause surpassed anything of the kind that has ever been chronicled in the nation's history. William's journey from Ems to Berlin was one hearty ovation. Everywhere the stations were decorated with garlands of oak, — the national tree, the symbol of German sturdiness. From the Potsdamer station to the palace, the streets were filled with an excited multitude in which all differences of rank were forgotten. "The king looked majestic as ever," writes the *Times* correspondent, "but with a melancholy shade overcasting his features. He had scarcely arrived when tables were brought out and placed *unter den Linden*, and loyal addresses, promising to lay down life and property for the country, signed *al fresco*." "As our fathers stood by the father of your royal Majesty from 1813 to 1815," — ran one of them, — "so will we all devote our lives and property to the support and security of your throne." Not only was the mobilization of a million soldiers carried on with feverish haste, but thousands of men, exempt for various reasons, pressed forward to share in the war. "Servants are running away," says the *Times*, "and tradespeople cannot trust their messengers to come back when sent out on errands. . . . One trade only flourishes at this moment. A universal change of costume has been made over night. The uniform has superseded the black garb of the judge, the merchant's overcoat, and the mason's apron. . . . In Bremen a merchant who dared to open his mouth against the king of Prussia has had his house demolished." And again, later: "If determination and resolve, if a longing

for the war that is unavoidable, coupled with a melancholy thought of the horrors it will bring in its train, may be said to constitute excitement, the country must be pronounced in a fever heat. . . . It is a sentiment which not only strengthens the will, but actually elevates the morals of the people. Never were the taverns emptier than now; never was the number of crimes and offences smaller than during the last agitated week. . . . The Greifswald and Marburg universities have had to be shut up because of the students volunteering in a body. . . . At least fifty gentlemen [the number rose later to nearly a thousand] have offered prizes to soldiers who may capture French flags and cannon. . . . The Germans at St. Louis telegraphed to Speaker Simson they would send him a million dollars as their contribution to the expenses."

North and South of one mind.

Not the least surprising feature of the preparations for war was the complete forgetfulness of all local differences. Napoleon tried to pose as the friend of the South German states and the liberator of those recently annexed lands, which he represented as groaning under the Prussian yoke. "Hanoverians, Hessians, inhabitants of Nassau and Frankfort!" wrote the Paris *Journal Officiel*, "it is not enough that you should be the victims of M. Bismarck's ambition; the Prussian minister desires that you should become his accomplices — you are worthy to fight in a better cause." Hostilities had been declared against Prussia alone, ignoring the newly formed North German Confederation. "By his mere declaration of war," writes the observant *Times* correspondent, "Napoleon has done more toward unifying Germany than in the ordinary course of things could have been accomplished in a generation or two." In Munich some fifteen thousand people went to the palace to thank the king for siding with the North; Iburg, a small town

in Hanover, offered a hundred thalers to him who should seize the first French standard. The Saxon minister of war waited on King William to solicit for the Saxon army the honor of forming the van of the German forces.

Orderly mobilization of the Germans.

On July 16, throughout the length and breadth of the land, the telegraph bore the message: "The army is to be mobilized according to plan;" and so completely had all details been arranged months beforehand that Moltke, as he said himself, needed but to announce the hour of departure of the trains to set the whole machinery in motion. Time and again, with his famous little tin soldiers, he had worked out the initial problems of the campaign. Roon, the minister of war, declared that the two weeks of mobilizing were the quietest of his official life: so clear had been the instructions that no questions remained to be asked or answered. There was no undue haste, no confusion. When the soldiers left the barracks they were all equipped, all ready for action. More than a million men were called out, about half of whom were actively engaged in the field.

Confusion in the French camps.

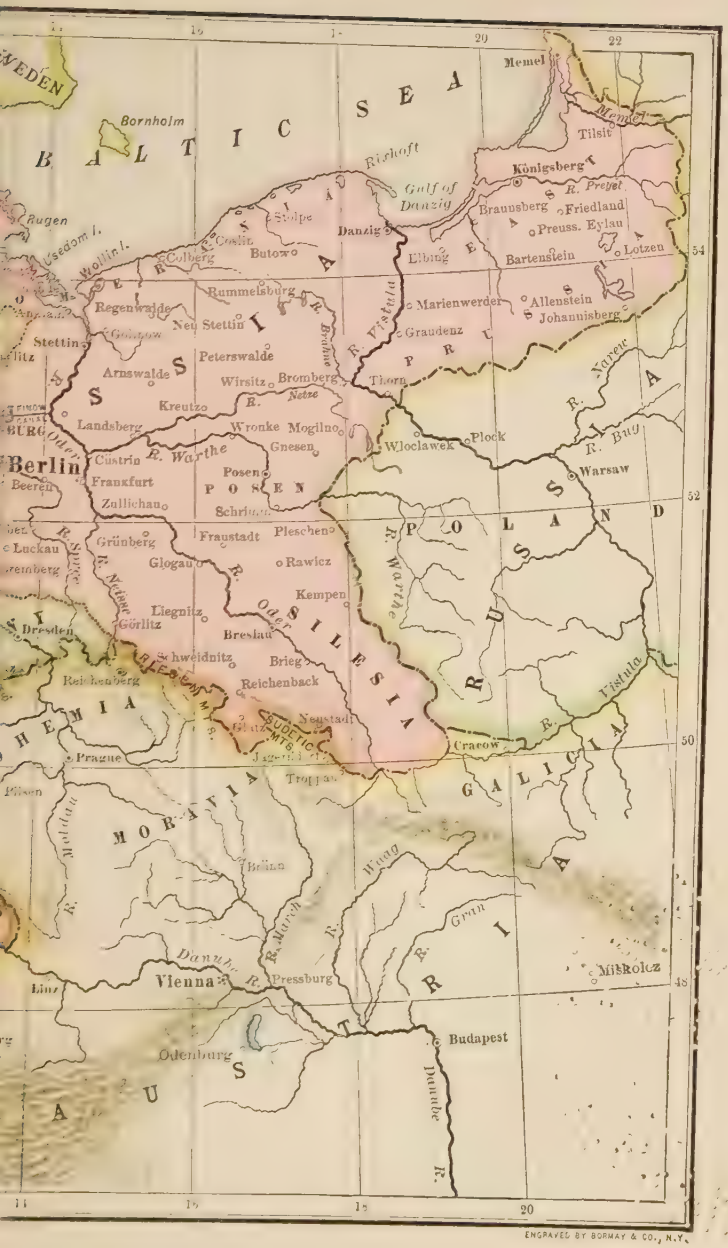
With the French it was all different. The minister of war, Le Bœuf, had, indeed, declared that the army was *archiprête*, that it was ready to the last button. The soldiers were huddled off to the neighborhood of Metz and Strassburg, but without the bare necessaries of existence. They had had the advantage of proximity, of convenient access by railroad, of so-called "standing camps," from which they were supposed to be all ready to march out. The army of the line was not so inferior in numbers to that of the Germans, though the reserves were weaker by several hundred thousand. The men were brave and devoted, but the central direction was altogether lacking in vigor and in forethought. The reports of the generals to the war office are monotonous

in their similarity, in their constant tone of complaint: "no money in the corps treasury," "no sugar, no coffee, no rice, no brandy, no salt, very little ham and *Zwieback;* send at once a million rations." Or, worse still: "we have not a single map of the French frontier." One general of artillery writes that five hundred out of eight hundred harness collars are too tight for his horses, while another sends word in utter despair: "not found my brigade, not found my division general. What shall I do? Don't know the whereabouts of my regiments!"

Ignorance and conceit of the French.

Perhaps the worst fault of the French — the one that caused them to commit the gravest errors — was their self-sufficiency, their ignorance of what was happening in other lands. Their original plan of campaign had been based on the hope that the South German states could be separated from the North by thrusting an army in between. They had fancied that foreign countries would feel a vast sympathy for them. Their information about the Prussians — their character as well as their movements — was ridiculously false. The rumor was believed that two hundred persons had died in Berlin from dysentery caused by fear of invasion. It was supremely typical of the general ignorance, when, as late as September 5, 1870, the Paris *Figaro* announced that it now knew the name of the Prussian general who had played France such scurvy tricks and disclosed so many secrets: it was a General Staff, who had been allowed to move in the very best society of Paris. Well for them had their own general staff been more efficient, and had it busied itself more with gathering information with regard to the enemy. But its members were chosen largely on the showing of examinations for graduation from the military academy of St. Cyr, passed years before; and it is not strange that the organization itself was immeasurably behind the gen-

MODERN GERMANY
SCALE OF MILES
0 25 50 75 100
NORTH SEA
North Frisian Ids.
Helgoland
East Frisian Ids.
Cuxhaven
Emden
Groningen
Oldenburg
Bremer Hafen
Altona
Hamburg
Lüneburg
Bremen
Verden
Celle
Hanover
Minden
Hildesheim
Osnabrück
Rheine
Steyerberg
Lingen
Amsterdam
Zuyder Zee
Hague
NETHERLANDS
Münster
Hamm
Dortmund
Arnsberg
Soest
Göttingen
Geldern
Barmen
Elberfeld
Düsseldorf
Antwerp
Julier
Mühlheim
Ostend
Brussels
BELGIUM
Cologne
Aix la Chapelle
Bonn
Marburg
Eisenach
Gotha
Neuwied
Coblenz
Lille
Frankfort
Amiens
Neuerburg
Luxemburg
Trèves
Mainz
Würzburg
Darmstadt
Worms
Mannheim
Rheims
Paris
Metz
Landau
Spires
Carlsruhe
Ludwigsburg
Nancy
Strasburg
Stuttgart
Ulm
Freiburg
Auxerre
Versoul
Dijon
Mülhausen
Lake Constance
Constance
Basel
Zurich
Neuchâtel
SWITZERLAND
FRANCE
GERMANY
DENMARK
Flensburg
Kiel
Rendsburg
Fünen



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eral staff of the Germans, whose one idea was to employ the best talent the country could command.

With rare diplomatic skill Bismarck had almost eliminated the chance that foreign countries might prove inconveniently favorable to France. Well knowing that England would bitterly resent any attempt on Belgian independence, — which, indeed, it had formally guaranteed, — he had, two years before, lured Benedetti into committing to writing the most distasteful proposition that could well have come to the ears of a Briton: Germany was to aid France to acquire or conquer Belgium; France was not to hinder German unity, and to favor a Prussian increase of territory at the expense of North Germany. This draft Bismarck now published, sending the facsimile to the diplomatic corps, and showing the original to whom it might concern. "A predatory treaty," writes the *London Times*, "in the good old-fashioned style of the seventeenth century; . . . since the days of Napoleon I. the world has not seen the like of it." Benedetti's feeble defence, that the whole plan had originated with the Prussian minister, that he had written it down at Bismarck's dictation, and that the idea had been repudiated by the French emperor, was refuted by the publication of a letter in which the ambassador spoke of receiving his original instructions from Vichy, the temporary abode of Napoleon. Other disclosures followed, showing a greed of German territory which Bismarck had always refused to gratify. There arose a great wave of patriotism for this Prussia which had disdained to aggrandize itself with the help of a foreign dictator.

Exposure of French plans of aggrandizement.

As to Austria and Italy, it was well known that a few French victories would have encouraged them to take part in the war; while Russia, bound by ties of gratitude for the neutrality observed in the Crimean War, and influ-

enced by the blood relationship between the king of Prussia and the Czar, declared her intention of remaining aloof so long as Austria did the same.

German zeal and devotion.

The general plan of the Germans, as officially formulated, was simply "to seek the main force of the enemy and attack it when found." Rapid successes were absolutely necessary in order to keep Austria and Italy at bay, and to prevent France from calling out her *levée en masse*. That is why, from the beginning, such desperate chances were taken. The daring charges up steep heights in the very teeth of batteries of *mitrailleuses* were very costly of human life. In the case of almost every victory the Germans lost more in killed and wounded than their adversaries, but in the end it shortened the war. "Men, *it must be!* Forward with God!" shouted brave Captain von Oppen as he rushed his men up the fatal Red Mount of Spicheren, and his was the spirit of the whole German people.

The engagement at Saarbrücken.

Moltke had divided his forces into three great armies: the first and smallest, under Steinmetz, marched southward from Treves, on the Mosel, and joined on the river Saar with the second and largest, under Prince Frederick Charles,—which had left Mainz, and passed down by way of Kaiserslautern, Landstuhl, and Homburg. The third army, consisting of South German troops, commanded by the crown prince of Prussia, moved in a southwesterly direction from Spires and Landau, arriving at the French boundary near Weissenburg, on the river Lauter. In a larger sense the German force formed one great army, of which Prince Frederick Charles commanded the centre, Steinmetz the right, and the crown prince the left wing.

The first skirmishing fell to the lot of the advance guard of Prince Frederick Charles's army. For days, a small force of fusiliers and Uhlans, under Lieutenant Colonel

Pestel, were able, at Saarbrücken, to hold in check some ten times their own number of the enemy. The French thought themselves opposed by a considerable force — French newspapers estimated it at two hundred thousand — an illusion which the Prussians kept up by riding one day in full uniform, another in white drill jackets, now with one kind of a cap, now with another. On August 2 Napoleon ordered Frossard to reconnoitre in force, and himself appeared on the field with his son and heir, who, to shouts of *vive le prince imperial*, turned the crank that discharged the first mitrailleuse. For the first and almost the last time, victory smiled affably on the French arms. The great invasion of Germany had begun auspiciously, and, after three hours of fighting, the Prussians withdrew. Napoleon telegraphed home that "Louis" had sustained so well his baptism of fire as to move the soldiers to tears. The engagement, in which the total losses on each side had been about eighty-five men, was magnified into a great victory. The mitrailleuses and the chassepots were lauded to the skies, and newspapers declared that, with this second of August, a new era had begun. In the streets of Paris strangers fell upon each other's necks, weeping for joy. Singers from the opera were stopped in their carriages, and made to sing "The Marseillaise" in the open air, while fifty thousand voices joined in the chorus. Thick and fast came rumors of fresh triumphs. It was said, and believed, that the crown prince had been captured, with his whole army.

Weissenburg.

The first serious encounter occurred at Weissenburg, two days later, when the crown prince's army defeated a division of MacMahon's forces, under Douay. The two weeks that followed were crowded with more desperate engagements than had ever taken place within a period of the same length in the history of either nation. Weissen-

burg resulted in the capture of a thousand prisoners, and in a loss in dead and wounded, on the German side, of fifteen hundred, on the French, of twelve hundred. The feature of the day was the storming of the Geisberg, a steep little hill, crowned by a stone chateau, the garrison of which were finally taken prisoners.

Wörth.

Twelve miles to the southwest of Weissenburg, on the steep heights near Wörth, MacMahon drew up his army in line of battle, strongly fortifying his position by trenches and redoubts. Here, on the 6th of August, — while Frederick Charles was occupied with Frossard at Spicheren, — was fought a battle, in which the German losses were greater than at Königgrätz, but in which MacMahon was completely routed, losing nine thousand prisoners, thirty-three cannon, and even his own personal belongings. Under the necessity of reorganizing his forces, he marched off in the direction of Châlons.

Spicheren.

Meanwhile, at Spicheren, behind Saarbrücken, Frossard's corps had stood upon a hill a hundred feet high, and considered absolutely impregnable. Moreover, the French forces greatly exceeded in number the portions of the German first and second armies that could be employed against them. Yet Frossard was put to flight, and two thousand prisoners taken; while the important result was achieved, that the main French army, to which Frossard's division had belonged, now beat a retreat in the direction of the protecting walls of Metz. Not even yet were the boastful tones of the Parisian press reduced to silence, though a horrible faint-heartedness had seized upon the people at large. "General Frossard is retreating . . ." wrote the *Journal Officiel;* "it almost seems as if the enemy wished to offer us battle on our own ground. That would have for us great strategic advantages." Wörth was dubbed a "misfortune full of triumph," and the praises sung of the

splendid retreat. When Edmond About, the writer of romances, spoke of what he had actually seen in the way of panic and disorder, he was cried down as a Prussian and a traitor. More in accordance with truth was the wail of a wounded officer as he saw the Germans clambering up the impregnable hill of Spicheren, "*La France est perdue!*"

The battles around Metz.

One important consequence of these defeats was that Napoleon gave up the chief command to Bazaine, — whose problem now was how to unite most readily with the new army that MacMahon was organizing at Châlons. On Bazaine's track, endeavoring to drive him back into Metz, were the armies of Steinmetz and Frederick Charles; while the crown prince's army was making for Châlons, taking a number of small forts on the way. A division of Baden troops, in the meantime, — which was reënforced from Germany until it numbered fifty thousand men, and over which General Werder was given the command, — had begun the siege of the all-important Strassburg, which was heroically defended by the French general, Uhrich.

Among the villages that lie among the hills around Metz are Colombey, Borny, Nouilly on the east; Vionville, Rezonville, and Mars-la-Tour on the southwest; and, on the west, Gravelotte and St. Privat — the latter controlling the northernmost road from Metz to the fortress of Verdun. At each of these groups of towns, with a view to preventing Bazaine's escape, there were furious and bloody battles on the respective days of August 14, 16, and 18. The Germans were victorious except at Vionville, — which was indecisive, and which cost each side sixteen thousand men. At Gravelotte, where the king of Prussia conducted operations in person, the Germans of the first army were needlessly ordered by Steinmetz into such a murderous hail that the latter, for this and other mistakes, was later

dismissed from the command. The main part of his army was joined to that of Frederick Charles. During these two terrible weeks the Germans had lost some sixty thousand men, and their line of communication with Berlin was one continuous line of lazarettes.

Gravelotte.

Bazaine might have effected his retreat after Mars-la-Tour had he not been tempted into trying once more the ordeal of battle. But after Gravelotte the last avenue of escape was cut off, and, with his huge army of one hundred and seventy thousand men, he was forced to retire to Metz. This great fortress, strong by position and well built, was now hastily placed in order, a part of the neighborhood inundated, the moats filled with water, supplies and ammunition brought together—in short, every preparation made for withstanding a siege. To the regular 643 fortress cannon there were added as many more from the field army, not to speak of 72 of the deadly mitrailleuses. The main disadvantage was an overcrowded condition of the city that necessitated an enormous consumption of food: from having an ordinary population of but 47,000, Metz was now suddenly called upon to shelter and nourish some 260,000, among whom were 16,000 wounded soldiers. There was no chance of removing the feeble or the sick, for, within four days after Gravelotte, Metz was completely surrounded at a distance of seven thousand yards by the army of Frederick Charles. All supplies were cut off, and the terrible process of reducing by starvation begun in all form.

The battle of Sedan.

The Emperor Napoleon had left Bazaine's army and taken refuge with MacMahon. He would have returned to Paris had not the Empress Eugénie telegraphed that his life would not be safe from his own subjects in his own capital. The Parisians were determined that MacMahon should march to the relief of Bazaine, underestimating

the danger from the crown prince's army, as well as from the seventy thousand men — the new fourth, or Maas army — that Frederick Charles had been able to spare from the siege of Metz. It was a wild hope, that of evading these vigilant forces and descending from the north on Metz; and Napoleon III. and his general both realized their danger. The French forces, already vastly inferior in discipline and *morale*, were actually outnumbered by two to one. On the last three days of August there were skirmishes, the results of which boded ill for the final engagement.

On September 1, 1870, was fought one of the decisive battles of the world — a battle that resulted in the surrender of the largest army ever known to have been taken in the field, a battle that dethroned a dynasty and changed the form of government in France. Aware at last of the impossibility of breaking through to Bazaine in Metz, and hoping for nothing more now than to save his own army, MacMahon took up a defensive position near Sedan. Here some protection at least was offered by the winding Maas on the west and south, and by the Givonne on the east. None the less it proved a death trap: the French called it *la souricière*. Fighting from early dawn to evening the Germans gradually surrounded them; drove them down from their positions at Bazeilles and la Moncelle, from Daigny, Haybes, and Givonne, from Floing, Illy, and St. Menges, and from the sheltering Bois de la Garonne; crowded them into such a narrow space that manœuvring became impossible, then, finally, after a significant pause to see if they were not ready to save further horrors by surrender, trained their heavy cannon on the worthless old fortress and on the chaotic mass of men, horses, cannon, and vehicles that overflowed the streets.

From the hill of Frénois, the king of Prussia, the crown

The surrender of Napoleon.

prince, Bismarck, and Moltke looked down on the most impressive spectacle that man could have well devised. Just below them, at Floing, took place a terrific conflict, at closest quarters, between German sharpshooters and a body of *chasseurs d'afrique*, who had remained hidden in a little valley : the whole troop was half annihilated by the relentless fire of the *Jägers*. The horses plunged madly down steep descents, or turned, riderless, and dashed into the infantry behind them. In Bazeilles, and in Sedan itself, fire broke out, and blood-red columns of flame rose in the air.

During the whole day none of the Germans had dreamt that Napoleon himself was in the fortress. He was known, indeed, to have joined MacMahon's army, but was believed to have slipped away — as his namesake had done in that other disastrous retreat on the icy plains of Russia. First came rumors to the contrary; then, — when the situation in Sedan had become too terrible for human beings to endure, and the cry for mercy had gone forth, — an officer of the general staff, Bronsart von Schellendorf, stepped up to the king and said, "Your Royal Majesty, Sedan capitulates with the whole army and with the emperor, who is in their midst." "For a moment," writes a distinguished bystander, "the breath of every hearer stopped in his breast ; but then broke forth a storm of rejoicing that for a few minutes carried with it even the gravest men." A white flag rose over the fortress, and another waved in the hand of the emperor's adjutant, Count Reille, who came riding up with a letter for the king. "My brother:" it ran, "having failed in the attempt to die in the midst of my troops, nothing is left me but to render my sword into the hands of your Majesty." For the last time the wretched man addressed a crowned head as his equal. It was ended, the struggle of a tottering despot for the

allegiance of his people. Napoleon III. had had to contend, not only with the misfortunes of war, but with a bodily sickness so great that he is said to have painted his face to hide its pallor. "My eyes chanced to wander a little to the left," writes Count Frankenberg on the day after the battle, "and I crossed glances with a faded, bowed man who was sitting on a wooden stool in front of a peasant's house. It went through me like an electric shock — this was Napoleon! He feebly answered my military greeting by lifting his fatigue cap."

Napoleon sent into exile.

The fallen emperor at the moment was waiting to be taken to an interview with the Prussian king. Bismarck had already talked to Napoleon and had tried to settle the terms of a peace; but the emperor had shifted responsibility by declaring that, as a prisoner, he had no power to treat. He hoped that the king would give him better terms for the army than Bismarck was willing to grant; but the chancellor delayed the meeting until the capitulation had been signed by the commanding generals. When it did take place, it was short but most affecting. "We were both deeply moved," wrote the king to his wife. "I cannot describe what I felt at this interview, having seen Napoleon only three years ago at the height of his power." The prisoner was, indeed, bowed and broken. "Your army is sublime," he said to William, and, — speaking of the superiority of the artillery, — "*that* touches me personally." Napoleon was treated with great consideration. Being offered several alternatives, he chose as a place of banishment the castle of Wilhelmshöhe in Cassel, which had been the residence of Jerome Bonaparte when king of Westphalia. He was allowed to take with him a suite of forty persons, with their servants, besides some eighty-five horses, and numerous carriages. As the emperor would have been an object of curiosity along the route, it was

arranged that his train should stop at none of the regular stations.

The terms of the capitulation.

Meanwhile in Donchery the terms of the capitulation had been discussed by the military commanders until far into the night. General Wimpffen, who had taken over the command from the wounded MacMahon, had tried in vain to procure better terms than the unconditional surrender of fortress, men, and supplies, which Moltke and Bismarck demanded. Either this, he was told, or, at nine o'clock on the following day, the guns must recommence their deadly work, — and Moltke had drawn a ghastly, but true, picture of the helplessness of the French. After a council of war, held at six o'clock in the morning, and face to face with the fact that provisions and ammunition were at an end, Wimpffen sought out the king at Frénois, and in dignified terms acknowledged the necessity of complying with the German demands. He thanked for the one concession, that the officers might go free on parole, — a concession of which but few availed themselves. The rest were sent off to various towns of Germany, where at least they increased their geographical knowledge. Those banished to Breslau expressed their pleasure at finding that it was not, as they had supposed, a lonely village, but a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants.

The news of Sedan received in Paris.

For a moment it was believed that Sedan would bring about a truce to hostilities, — that an end would be put to this ghastly butchery for an *arrière pensée;* to these shallow graves where hundreds of shattered corpses were laid at a time only to be exposed by the next severe rain; to these forgotten wounded, who sighed their hearts out in dim forests and under hedges; to these improvised hospitals with the rough blood-red bench, and the slowly mounting heap of severed arms and legs and stiffening bodies in the corner; to the halt and maimed and blind, sent out to be a

burden to themselves and to the world. At Sedan 23,000, during the war thus far, some 170,000, men had been killed or wounded; and as yet the horrors of siege and cold and disease had scarcely been experienced.

In Paris the news of the capitulation of Sedan was not fully known until thirty-six hours after it had taken place. Press and government united in putting down the rumors of disaster. The *Gaulois* feared the destruction of its quarters should it publish the ghastly truth. On the day but one before the battle, Minister Palikao, Olivier's successor, had assured both Chambers that the Prussians had lost two hundred thousand men. On the 3d of September, he promised to have ready within five days an army of five hundred thousand men. There were stories, even at this critical time, of French successes, — that a band of volunteers, with bottles of kerosene, had invaded Germany and set aflame the whole Black Forest; that King William and Bismarck had both suddenly lost their minds, had been seen dancing a can-can together, and had been expedited back to Germany. All the more dismal, all the more crushing when it came, was the news of the capture of the whole army: of so and so many officers, as a German telegraphed home, so and so many soldiers, and — ONE EMPEROR.

Proclamation of the French Republic.

Gladly would the French have now made peace had it not been for the intention of the Germans, made known throughout the press, to demand the cession of territory. Napoleon, against whom alone the Prussian king was considered to have been making war, had fallen, and the land was filled with bitterness against him. Scarcely a voice was raised in his behalf when, on September 4, a tumultuous Assembly, headed by the brilliant lawyer, Leon Gambetta, declared him deposed, appointed a committee of national defence, and confirmed General Trochu as military head of

Paris. Jules Favre issued a circular proclaiming the republic, and asked if William meant to furnish the nineteenth century with the spectacle of two nations destroying one another, and heaping corpse upon corpse and ruin upon ruin! "Yet, if it is a challenge, we accept," he declared; "not an inch of our territory, not a stone of our fortresses, will we cede." But the time had come for the Germans to requite past wrongs and to secure themselves against future attacks. "Against whom are you fighting?" asked Thiers in Vienna of the Prussian historian, Ranke. "Against Louis XIV.," was the answer. Twenty times, declared Bismarck, had France been the aggressor in wars against Germany. It was not, now, with these "gentlemen of the pavement," as he called them, but with some more stable government that the chancellor intended to make peace. No amount of such florid eloquence as Victor Hugo poured forth — when, in his manifesto to the German people, he declared that Prussia might win the victories, but France would have the *gloire* — could delay the fatal march on Paris, or prevent the formulation of the new claim to Alsace and Lorraine with their strong fortresses of Metz and Strassburg.

The negotiations at Ferrières.

To Ferrières — the magnificent château of the Rothschilds, which the Prussian headquarters had appropriated to its own use — Jules Favre came to try his powers of persuasion; while Thiers started on a fruitless journey to the different courts of Europe in a vain search for armed intervention. Bismarck would not treat with Favre concerning a final peace, but proposed a truce of three weeks, during which elections should be held for a new and stable government. In the meantime Toul, Bitsch, Mont Valerien, and Strassburg were to be handed over to the Germans, and the garrison of Strassburg were to be considered prisoners of war. At this last proposition Favre burst

forth, "You forget, count, that you are talking to a Frenchman!" He called Strassburg the key of the house — "of our house," corrected Bismarck — and refused to sanction the sacrifice of this heroic garrison, which had withstood a siege of six weeks, coupled with a fierce bombardment, but which now was at the end of its resources. It surrendered a week later. Toul fell on the very day of the interview with Favre.

The beginning of the siege of Paris.

All negotiations having failed, the siege of Paris was begun — the most elaborate single undertaking of which military history bears record. An immense area, that of the largest fortified city in the world, was to be surrounded by an army from which, at the moment, detachments were needed to conduct other important sieges, to guard innumerable prisoners, and to keep open a long line of communication. This army numbered, at first, but 150,000 men. The garrison of Paris, on the other hand, reached to the considerable total of 400,000, of whom less than a fourth, however, were regular soldiers of the line. Even these latter in the skirmishing that took place on September 19, the day of the closing of the iron ring, showed a deplorable want of bravery and discipline. The Germans trusted much to the effect of famine in an overcrowded town with a regular population of 2,000,000. They calculated that resistance could last, at the utmost, not more than ten weeks. But, in the few days of grace, Herculean efforts had been made to provision the city: from the neighboring towns, by ship, by rail, and by wagon, thousands of tons of supplies were brought in; cattle in great numbers were let loose in the Bois de Boulogne; chemists were set to work to invent nourishing compounds, and much that had been considered only fit for the manure heap was handed over to the sausage-maker. Whole stretches of vacant land were enclosed with glass, and florists devoted their energies

with great success to the growing of lettuce and cabbage. On the forts which surrounded the city, work was pushed with the utmost zeal. There was no lack of cannon, no scarcity of ammunition — indeed, it was reckoned that Mont Valerien, on one occasion, discharged some thousands of shots, at nearly 500 francs a shot, without hitting a single German.

The provisional government at Tours.

The hope of the besieged was that, now that its holy of holies was in danger, the population of France would rise as one man. And, indeed, new armies were at once started at all four points of the compass; while a provisional government was established at Tours. Communication was kept up, at first, by means of telegraph lines running under the Seine, which were not immediately discovered; and, later, by the aid of carrier pigeons — to the feathers of which were attached messages reduced to the smallest possible compass by the aid of the camera and microscope. A sheet as large as the London *Times* could thus be brought within the compass of four square inches. When it became evident that, for want of central direction, the efforts at relief were not proceeding as fast as needful, the minister of war, Gambetta, determined to leave Paris and to proceed himself to Tours. To break through the German lines was an impossibility; but balloons had already been tried with some success for reconnoitring, and for sending despatches. To one of these, Gambetta committed himself. Though discovered and shot at by German rifles, he reached his destination safely, and soon, with the powers of a virtual dictator, had the so-called army of the Loire well under way. Early in November the *levée en masse* was decreed; and only bodily infirmity could excuse a man between the ages of twenty and forty from joining the standards, or one under sixty from forming a reserve.

Gambetta at Tours.

The German investment of Paris was a triumph of mili-

tary art. Obliged, with a comparatively small force, to guard a line some fifty miles in length, and with few siege guns at their disposal, they set to work to remedy all defects by enormously strong fortifications. Thousands of men were put to digging trenches; to throwing up earth-works; to hewing down trees and piling them together, so as to form barricades of incredible thickness; to building blockhouses and subterranean refuges; to erecting posts of observation, from which, with the aid of the telescope, the whole field of operations could be surveyed; to damming up streams to render whole districts impassable; to cutting roads so as to afford a continuous means of communication for their own troops; and, finally, to drawing a network of telegraph lines in all directions. Much of the work had to be done by night in order to avoid the merciless hail from the enemy's forts. An elaborate system of pickets and out-posts, and of special and general reserves, provided for speedy massing of troops at points of danger.

Wonderful German intrenchments around Paris.

Victorious as the Germans had been, their position now — with armies forming on all sides of them, and with French *francs tireurs* extremely active — was far from enviable. It was found necessary to detach troops in all directions to protect the newly drawn lines. Bismarck and Roon were in favor of hastening matters by proceeding to bombardment. But the bringing up of siege guns was a slow and laborious process, and, furthermore, a very strong sentiment, fostered particularly by the ladies of the royal family, against inflicting such injury on the most beautiful city in the world, had first to be combatted. Roon, especially, chafed against this delay in the "bombardment of Babylon." "The Parisians have too much to eat and too little to digest," he wrote in November — "iron pills, namely, of which too few have been employed. Though certain female intrigues stand in our way here, I hope that

The question of bombardment.

they — the pills — will take effect; it would be too great a shame to let all the glory of the war go to the devil in this way." The question was violently discussed, both in the field and at home in Germany, and the majority were on the side of Bismarck and Roon. Moltke, who, for a time at least, was opposed to the bombardment, received the following characteristic poem: —

"*Lieber Moltke, gehst so stumm*
Immer um den Brei herum;
Bester Moltke, nimms nicht krumm,
Mach doch endlich, bumm, bumm, bumm!
Theurer Moltke, schau Dich um —
Deutschland will das bumm, bumm, bumm!"

But the delays were to continue until Christmas time. For the moment, the hope of the besiegers lay in drawing more forces from Germany, and especially in the prospective fall of Metz, which would set free the two hundred thousand men under Frederick Charles.

The fall of Metz.

By the middle of October, the situation of affairs in the Lorraine fortress had become desperate. In the one great sally which had taken place on the day before Sedan, for the purpose of forming a junction with MacMahon's army, and which had cost each side over three thousand men, Bazaine had shown himself a poor commander. From that time on he had played such a rôle as to give ample color to the charges of treason that were later brought against him. The besieging army was scarcely greater than his own, and must have had points at which a successful attack could have been made. But, — whether from a constitutional lack of energy, or, as was charged, from a desire to keep his army intact in order, later, at its head, to play a more important political rôle, — the commander had remained strangely inactive, attempt-

ing only operations on the smallest scale. Early in October, he entered into communication with Bismarck; who would have allowed the army to go free, had it declared for the Empress Eugénie, and had she been willing to accept the German terms of peace and call an assembly to provide a new government.

Meanwhile, the sufferings within and without the fortress grew more and more severe. One-fifth of the whole German army was in the lazarettes from maladies caused by the rains, by the pestilential vapors from the uncovered bodies, by the unavoidable monotony of the fare and the want of good drinking water. The camps had become great marshes, the improvised shelters proved small protection. Frequently officers and men spent the long nights on foot, shivering in the wet. The condition of the French, however, was growing desperate: the only meat was horseflesh, and the horses themselves were starving. They had eaten all the bark from the trees, and the Germans could see them in the barren fields tearing at each other's manes and tails. Finally, on the 27th of October, after long attempting to gain better terms, Bazaine ran up the flag of truce, and handed over the unprecedented number of 3 marshals, 6000 officers, 173,000 men, 1500 cannon, 72 mitrailleuses, and 260,000 rifles. This immense army was sent off to Germany, and French wits still had the heart to remark that Bazaine and MacMahon had at last effected their junction.

The Loire campaign.

None too soon was the army of Frederick Charles left free. The Bavarian General von der Tann had taken Orléans, but, soon after, at Coulmiers, had fallen in with a French force four times as large as his own, and had been obliged to retire with a loss of fifteen hundred men. Information of the victory, couched in such terms as to fill the hearts of the people with joy and hope, was brought

by carrier pigeon to Paris. The fortune of war was turning, proclaimed Gambetta, and the brethren within and without the walls would soon join hands and free the soil of *la patrie*. But Coulmiers proved of no strategical advantage, and the army of Frederick Charles, after defeating the forces of Crouzat at Beaune-la-Rolande, and those of Chanzy at Loigny and Bazoches, dislodged Aurelles from Orléans.

The end of Bourbaki.

Into the countless small engagements, with the different armies that were attempting to relieve Paris, it is impossible here to enter. France outdid herself in these months in the raising of troops. Up to February, 1871, it was reckoned that she had armed and placed in the field 1,893,000 men. But, here, the German reserve and *Landwehr* system showed its immense superiority over these hasty musterings of untrained youths. Nowhere were the latter successful save at Orléans: not at Châteaudun, Étival, Ognon, or Dijon in October; not at Amiens on November 27; not at Beaugency in the early days of December, although they possessed an overwhelming superiority of numbers; not on the Hallue, December 23 and 24; not at Le Mans or St. Quentin; not at Belfort or Villersexel. More than once, the odds had been so enormous against the Germans that Moltke, although he countenanced taking the risks, asked the king not to blame his generals if they should fail. The battle that took place at Montbéliard, in the middle of January, between the French general, Bourbaki, and Prussian and Baden troops under Goltz and Werder, was one of the most remarkable of the war; and William may be pardoned for having compared it to the greatest feats of arms of any age. Bourbaki had conceived the notion, fairly astonishing at this stage of the conflict, of invading Baden and inflicting all the injury he could. With only forty-three thousand men, to oppose his one hundred and

thirty thousand, the Germans gave him battle on three successive days and forced him to retreat. Manteuffel's corps lay in his way, and Bourbaki was finally obliged to seek refuge near Pontarlier, on Swiss territory. At the news of his intention to do this, he was deposed from the command by telegraph, and wounded himself in an attempt to take his life. His successor, Clinchant, lost fifteen thousand men in a series of skirmishes. Twenty thousand more had escaped in small detachments, and the remaining ninety thousand were disbanded on Swiss territory.

Sufferings of the Parisians.

By this time the crisis had occurred in Paris, though Favre, expecting great things from Bourbaki, had exempted this eastern army from the general capitulation. Late in October, Thiers, returning from his journey to the different courts, had made renewed efforts to effect a truce; but had failed, because the Germans refused to allow the reprovisioning of Paris, save in exchange for Mont Valerien, and also because disturbances within the city, where the radical element all but succeeded in gaining the upper hand, showed Thiers himself that the government was too unstable to make a lasting treaty. The situation of the besieged had grown appalling: horsemeat, even, was growing dear; while rats were selling at sixty centimes apiece. Almost all the infants had died for want of milk, and the whole death rate had trebled as compared with the same period of the previous year. The alternations of hope and fear were terrible. The frequent sallies, invariably unsuccessful, were costing great numbers of lives. In Christmas week there came on a bitter, unusual cold; while now, at last, the dissensions at the German headquarters with regard to the bombardment had been settled, and the first shells began to burst over the heads of the unhappy people, and to fall in the gardens of the Luxemburg and in the Rue St. Jacques. Mont Avron

was the first fortress to fall, and proved a valuable acquisition for the Germans. Some fifty-six thousand shots were fired in all, and fort after fort was gradually silenced; though the damage in the city was comparatively slight. On the 19th of January took place the last sortie: one hundred thousand strong, under Ducrot, Bellemare, and Vinoy, the garrison issued forth. But many hours are needed for such large numbers to pass through a narrow space. They were driven back with a loss of seven thousand, and the doom of the city sealed. Its own factions began warring amongst themselves. Trochu was deposed from the governorship of Paris: the communists freed their comrades from prison; while, in the effort to put them down, blood was shed.

The Convention of Versailles.

And now a canvas of the city resulted in the dreadful certainty that the end had come, and that, by the first week of February, all supplies would have been consumed. Authorized by his government, Jules Favre issued forth on January 23, and was granted an interview with Bismarck at Versailles. He was none too soon. At the very same time agents of Napoleon III. were negotiating with the chancellor for a restoration of the empire, and with every chance of success. Better this than the commune, although the republic was preferable in German eyes to either. After three days of negotiating with Favre, the armistice was agreed to, which is known as the Convention of Versailles: for twenty-one days hostilities were to cease, and the forts were to be garrisoned by Germans. During this time, elections were to be held and an assembly to be called for the purpose of choosing a responsible head with whom the Germans could treat. The latter were to help in provisioning the starved city, but were not to enter it. The two armies were to keep within their own limits, at a distance from each other of about five miles. Although Gambetta bitterly opposed the truce and tried to spur the

people on to fresh resistance, he was overruled. The Parliament came together within the allotted time; and, by the so-called Compact of Bordeaux, chose Thiers as executive head of the French Republic, regardless of the decision to which the nation might come with respect to its final form of government.

The Treaty of Frankfort.

On February 21 began the formal negotiations for peace. The German demands were Alsace with Belfort, a portion of Lorraine with Metz, and a war indemnity of six billions of francs. Thiers, after days of discussion, in which the Frenchman more than once lost his temper and used abusive language, procured the remission of one billion francs, and saved Belfort by the counter concession that the German troops might make an entry into Paris. This agreement was reached on February 26, and the final treaty of peace was to be drawn up and signed at a conference to be held in Brussels. As a matter of fact it was signed in Frankfort on the 10th of May. On the 1st of March, thirty thousand Germans marched into Paris, and occupied the southwestern portion of the city; but withdrew after forty-eight hours, having completed the formal humiliation of the enemy.

The question of German unity.

Long before this the Germans had celebrated a still greater triumph over an enemy that had been besetting them since the days of the Hohenstaufens — over the wretched dissensions that had so long prevented them from acting as one nation. What Charlemagne, what the Ottos and the Fredericks, had found impossible, — the consolidating of their empire in such form that its crown could be handed down, without disturbance, from father to son, — was now to be achieved. The people had been educated to it by centuries of bitter experiences; the way had been prepared for it by unparalleled successes in the field, and by a broad statesmanship, the like of which had rarely been seen.

After the very first victories in August and September, the question had been broached of admitting the South German states into the North German Confederation. Baden, bound by family ties to the court of Prussia, was a prime mover in the affair; but the real inspiration came from Bismarck. During the siege of Paris, there had been a busy coming and going of envoys at Versailles. There had been talk, indeed, of holding a federal Diet on French soil.

Concessions to Bavaria.

Baden and Hesse made the least difficulty and were the first to hand in their allegiance, Bavaria wished the federal constitution changed in no less than eighty points before she would subscribe to it, and Würtemberg held her in countenance. But Bismarck could afford to wait; — which was more than could be said of the Bavarian ministers, seeing that they had against them on the one hand their own king, on the other public opinion. Gradually the demands were pared down to a degree which made them acceptable, though not palatable, to the Parliament of the confederation. Indeed, but for Bismarck's threat of resigning the chancellorship at this the moment of his greatest glory, it is doubtful if the treaties would have been passed.

"Unity at any price" was now the watchword of Prussian diplomacy. For that reason Bavaria was allowed to have six votes in the new confederation — a number very much larger in proportion to the population than Prussia's seventeen. For that reason, although retaining her right to veto any modification of the military and naval arrangements, Prussia agreed never to make war without the sanction of the federal council. Bavaria retained the exclusive control of her army in time of peace, of her railroad, postal, and telegraph systems, of legislation regarding the remunerative industry of beer-brewing; and was also accorded some two dozen minor privileges.

The question of an empire.

Just when and where the idea of turning the German confederation into a German empire originated is not clear. The crown prince, in the diary that was surreptitiously published after his death, shows that much of the credit should be ascribed to himself; and certainly he did much in persuading his father to allow the time-honored title of "King of Prussia," to which he clung so passionately, to be overshadowed. But the kind of empire the crown prince wanted was somewhat different from that which was finally brought into being. His plan would have tended to reduce the minor sovereigns to peers in an upper house, and would have brought them to submission, eventually by force. The chancellor, with better foresight, was determined that the initiative should come from the states themselves, and it was he who prevailed on the king of Bavaria to personally suggest the change of title.

Bismarck wishes a "German Emperor."

Bismarck argued that it was more consistent for a king of Bavaria to renounce rights to an emperor than to a king; and he actually drew up the draft of the letter that Louis, on December 4, addressed to William. On the latter, too, who cared not the least for the imperial title, and would gladly have remained merely president of the confederation, Bismarck brought to bear all his powers of persuasion: "Your Majesty will not always remain a neuter — *das Praesidium?*" he said to him on one occasion. To the very last the Prussian king made difficulties: at all events he would be "Emperor of Germany," not "German Emperor," he declared — Emperor of Germany or nothing at all. To this, Bismarck objected that it would involve a claim to non-Prussian territory; that the king of Bavaria had expressly invited him to become "German Emperor"; that the federal council had used this designation in altering the old constitution to suit the new circumstances; and that the minor German sovereigns would

be very likely to make difficulties. The discussion grew very stormy, and the old king lost his temper, and brought his hand down heavily upon the table.

The proclamation at Versailles.

With the matter still unsettled, the morning of the 18th of January dawned — the anniversary of the first coronation of a Prussian king, the day that had been set aside for proclaiming the empire. "How are you going to name the new emperor?" asked Bismarck, just before the ceremony, of the Grand Duke of Baden, who was to read the solemn announcement. "Emperor *of* Germany, according to his Majesty's command!" was the reply; but the chancellor, who relates the scene in his memoirs, prevailed upon him to return once more to the attack. At the last moment his Majesty gave in, but took the interference so ill that he publicly slighted his mentor as he entered the hall, and, walking past him, shook hands with the generals behind. The forts of Paris were belching forth their last defiant shots as the Hohenzollern raised the crown of a united fatherland and placed it upon his own head.

The coolness with the chancellor lasted but a moment. These two men — the strong, dignified, benevolent king, and the statesman endowed with wisdom and foresight — were born to supplement each other's work. It was a combination, an alliance that put an end, in Germany, to the anarchy of ages. Had William been an absolute autocrat like Frederick the Great, or had he, on the other hand, been merely a figure-head, it is difficult to see how German unity could have been accomplished. But fortunately he possessed the very qualities that made all Germans willing to accept his leadership, while Bismarck showed the strength of a Hercules in levelling the supervening obstacles.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE[1]

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1658–1705 *Leopold I.:* The rise of the Prussian monarchy, — early margraves; acceptance of the Reformation in Brandenburg; the Cleves heritage (1614); John Sigismund becomes a Calvinist (1612); the Thirty Years' War; the accession of the Great Elector (1640–1688); Prussia and Brandenburg united (1618); the Great Elector takes part in Swedish-Polish war (1655–1660); the battle of Warsaw (1656); the Peace of Oliva (1660); subjugation of the Prussian estates (1660–1662): the Great Elector and Louis XIV. — the Diet of Ratisbon becomes perpetual (1663); wars of the empire with the Turks (1663–1699); battle of St. Gothard (1664); devolution war of Louis XIV. (1667–1668); second war of Louis XIV. against Holland (1672–1679); the Great Elector conquers the Swedes at Fehrbellin (1675); rebellion in Hungary under Emmerich Tököly (1678–1687); Peace of Nymwegen (1679); Peace of St. Germain-en-Laye, by which the Great Elector gives back Hither Pomerania to Sweden (1679); Maximilian II., Emmanuel, elector of Bavaria (1679–1726), exiled (1705–1715); the "Reunions" of Louis XIV. (1680); Louis XIV. takes Strassburg (1681); siege of Vienna by the Turks (1683); revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685); William of Orange becomes King of England (1688); Frederick III., elector

[1] This table contains some facts that are not in the text.

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	of Brandenburg (afterward King Frederick I.) (1688–1701); war with Louis XIV. (1688–1697); devastation of the Palatinate (1688); Peter the Great, Czar of Russia (1689–1725); Prince Eugene conquers the Turks at Slankamen (1691); ninth electorate formed for Hanover (1692); Augustus the Strong, of Saxony, becomes king of Poland (1697); Peace of Carlowitz with the Turks (1699); the great Northern war (1700–1721); Prussia made a kingdom under Frederick I. (1701);[1] the Spanish Succession War (1701–1714); the battle of Blenheim (1704).	1–74
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[1] A list of the kings and queens of Prussia: —

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Frederick William III. and Louise of Mecklenburg (1797–1840).	245–340
Frederick William IV. and Elizabeth of Bavaria (1840–1861).	340–379
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